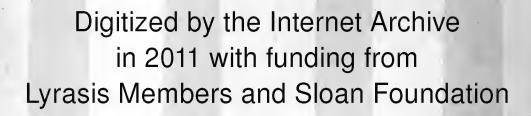




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# Cower Light

October • 1944



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Volume XVIII, No. 10

November, 1944

# Letter to The Freshmen

#### DEAR FRESHMEN:

I was going to write this letter particularly for you, but now that I think of it, it wouldn't be a bad idea for those of us in the upper classes to "review and revise." I know how I felt when I first entered S.T.C. and I would have been very grateful if some one had taken a little time to point out the liberties and the restrictions that were mine. Maybe you won't need this information; maybe you don't want it, but for those of you who would like to be "in" with the spirit and

the activities of the College, I write this list of DO's and DONT's.

#### DO -

- I. Put spirit and energy into whatever you are doing whether it be work or play.
- 2. Cooperate this means with fellow-students, faculty, and administration (nearly everyone could be a help to you if you'd let him).
- 3. Look at your problems squarely face the issue, don't avoid it or it will only pop up again in a more trying situation.
- 4. Go out of your way to help someone else. This is one of the best ways to pep up your own morale.
- 5. Express your opinions, if they are worthy of expression.
- 6. Keep an open mind at all times.
- 7. Develop a sense of humor teaching can be fun for both you and the classes you teach IF you are willing for it to be fun.
- 8. Be yourself . . . If we want acting, we can wait until the Dramatic Club gets into action. (Plug!).
- 9. Have a good time at S.T.C., but not at another's expense.

#### DON'T -

- 1. Forget the other fellow. He has rights and opinions also.
- 2. Gripe! Try smiling when you'd rather tell a certain individual how you feel about him.
- Abuse your freedoms. Others have worked hard to secure these liberties and it is your part of the job to use them in the right manner. Assume your share of the responsibilities.
- 4. "Apple-polish" it's a sure-fire way of getting on the "outs" with your classmates and, anyhow, the professors can spot you faster than you think.
- 5. Put yourself in a bad light just to get attention. You wouldn't want your students to act that way.
- 6. Develop a "college" accent. Your friends and family won't be impressed.
- 7. Take the other fellow's idea and assume the credit that is due him.
- 8. Forget the Tower Light IT'S YOUR PAPER!!

Azzever,

EDDA TORR.

# Campus Chatter

THE HOUSE LIGHTS DIM — THE FOOTLIGHTS go up and the Voice of Education resounds once again through the halls of S.T.C. Each year the "Lighting of the Way" is more impressive and the Freshman Procession by candlelight is lovelier. This year the entrance of almost seventy new freshmen into our ranks made the ceremony unforgettable.

To each freshman we extend a hearty welcome. You are now part of the tradition of S.T.C. — one of us. We sincerely hope that you'll like us and want to stay.

NE, TWO, THREE — yes, count them again if you don't believe us. Three more men have invaded the campus here at the College. Well, that gives us a batting average of 4 now — that's more than Goucher and Vassarf can say (meow). But seriously speaking, boys, not every day is Sadie Hawkins Day at S.T.C., and it's nice to have you around.

MUSIC NOTE: MISS WEYFORTH HAS THAT gleam in her eye — Bass Voices in the Glee Club! (Now Morris can sing regular alto again.)

R. DUNLAP HAS GAINED A CAPABLE AND energetic assistant and we at S.T.C. have lost a friend and inspiring teacher. Dr. Lynch has left the College to aid Dr. Knight Dunlap in his studies in California. We all miss her. We miss her guiding hand on the Tower Light, those "lab" discussions we used to have, and her friendly counsel that she was never too busy to give. We, at home for the present, will wish Dr. Lynch success in her work and we'll look to the future when she'll be back with us again.

NIONS! UGH! BUT BELIEVE IT OR NOT IT WAS fun! What am I talking about? Why, the Freshman Party that the Dorm girls threw on Registration Eve (and I mean threw.) The Dorm "gals" entertained royally, and we danced, sang and had a swell time. Well, what if we did munch onions for a pastime? (Kay Koenig's penalty for a Mop Dance we danced.) It was strictly in fun and no one minded too much.

#### POETIC NOTE:

Onions are a perfumed treat, For all the ones that eats 'em. But what about the suffering weak, Who must be sweet and greet 'em. (I mean the ones who eats 'em.) BY THE WAY, IF YOU SKIPPED ANY OF THE Assemblies this summer, you missed some great entertainment! (Of the varied type, too!) A breath-taking and surprising entertainer, one of the noted psychologists from Boston University, presented a fascinating program on mindreading and the magicians tricks of the trade. "But it just ain't so," we shouted, and he agreed. It's all in understanding the human emotions — not evoking the supernatural.

And we had a good movie, too — "The Maid of Salem," a rip-snorting thriller with hero, heroine and villain. Fred Mac-Murray and Claudette Colbert were the same old lovable team, while we in the audience booed and cheered. Talk about superstitious people — Whew!

But the most impressive and well enacted was the Fourth of July ceremony, held on the steps of the Administration Building, a time when we looked back on our fight for independence, and ahead on that which we're fighting to save and perpetuate today. Then the whole College had a picnic lunch in the Glen. Doesn't that sound good?

HOT DOGS! WATERMELON! ICED TEA! WATER-melon! Potato chips! Pickles! Watermelon! Rolls! Cookies! Watermelon! Watermelon! The Junior Class will never forget watermelons after their luscious class picnic in the Glen. It sounds as if they just might have had some watermelon. If at any future day this fruit shows up in the College, BEWARE!

ERE AT SCHOOL WE ALWAYS HAVE NEW faces and fresh ideas among the students, and now among our faculty there is an addition: Mr. Kaiser. The students are glad to welcome him to the halls of S.T.C. and hope he'll like us as much as we do him. The science department continues to carry on.

YOU DO KNOW ABOUT THE GREAT SCHOOL Spirit aroused this summer over the discontinuation of Summer School Sessions, don't you? Originally the charter specified that three extra terms would be held at this College, the time which terminated at the end of this last summer. Members of all classes held a rush meeting, drew up a petition for two more summers, signed and pledged themselves, and presented it to Dr. Wiedefeld. Our President has promised to work for our cause. Now we must watch and wait for administrative and state action. (Continued on page 8)

W E WERE VERY PROUD TO HEAR THAT MAjor Joshua Wheeler has received the Bronze Star Medal. Josh, a member of the Class of '35, was awarded the medal at an Eighth Air Force Bomber Station in England. The citation accompanying the decoration read: "For meritorious achievement in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States." Good work, Major Wheeler!

Lieutenant (s.g.) Rebecca C. Tansil, U.S.N.R., attended the September graduation at the College and was back for another visit in October. The Glee Club got lots of new Navy songs (all with a Southern accent). If we could all look as dashing as she, our registrar would have an easier job recruiting WAVES than she had recruiting students for S.T.C.

We were pleased and surprised to be visited by Lieutenant Crook. Our former science instructor is now stationed in Washington, D. C. That glitter about him was caused by a brand new silver bars. It was good to see Lieutenant Crook "at home" in the science corridors — wasn't it?

Lieutenant Ken Martin of the Class of '43 was among recent visitors at S.T.C. His remark was: "Things at College are much the same despite the lack of males." Our remark is: "That is an entirely masculine point of view." Ken is stationed at Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin, doing work on radio and related matters.

We were also glad to welcome Lieutenant A. H. Baer, Class of '34, who is now at Base Classification, Langley Field, Virginia.

Private Stan Mullineaux, who served for many years as State Officer, is now located in the Deshon General Hospital, Butler, Pennsylvania. We were pleased to have him as a visitor recently.

(What is there about our returning G.I.'s that is so fascinating? It must be that "man about camp" look!)

Bring GI's Home
with
6th War Loan

THE CLUBS HAVE BEEN VERY ACTIVE THIS summer. In fact, so active that some of the clubs that have been hibernating came out and showed themselves for the first time in ages. No names will be mentioned, please!

If you hear, "I'm not going to Glee Club practice this afternoon," don't believe a word of it. Every member is there or else — or else she's escorted personally by Miss Weyforth. From the results shown at graduation of summer practicing, one can easily see that none of the members had missed one Monday's afternoon of vocalizing. Perhaps they did miss one, the afternoon that Miss Weyforth gave a delightful picnic in the Glen for her loyal members.

The Natural History Group fulfilled its promise and held another breakfast "between the trees and the boids." As usual, everyone had a super time — especially the girls who took the science elective. They proved themselves to be quite competent ornithologists while leading the rest of the group on a bird walk before breakfast.

The Marshalls have been doing a bit of celebrating also. One Wednesday afternoon they put aside their window sticks and attendance slips, and paraded to the shelter armed with ginger ale, cup cakes, peaches and a guest, Betty Mussington. The main event of the afternoon was the giving of awards. Betty Mussington and Mary Shipley received a TC pin for two years of service and Dorothy Beatty an MTC pin for three years of service.

If you're planning to go to the convention which the International Relations Club attends every year, you had better be looking for notice of the next meeting. At the meeting of the I.R.C. this summer it was decided that anyone who does not attend the next meeting of the group will be unable to attend the convention, which will be held some place in Pennsylvania this fall. As you know, these conventions are loads of fun so be sure not to miss the next meetings. Everyone is invited to attend.

The Student Christian Association has been entertaining again. The entire club threw a party in the dorm for the dorm students one night. The most distinguished of the latter wore housecoats, while others were seen in shorts and abbreviated PJ's.

The Athletic Association was really on the ball this semester. A very extensive program was not only planned but also carried out. We can't offer enough thanks to Mary Ellen Perrin, Mr. Minnegan and the rest of the A.A. Board for making so many activities possible. Included in the sports were tennis, archery, and soft ball.

## -A COUNTRY CHRISTMAS

TTOW WELL I REMEMBER THAT DAY before last Christmas Eve! Ev, my girl friend, and I were standing on the deck of the Bay ferry, watching the blustering wind ruffle the water into white caps, which splashed the sides of the laboring ferry. It was quite rough sailing-windy and wet, with the ferry cumbersomely ploughing into one trough of water, then another. The sky was icy gray, streaked with yellow and with little black puffs of clouds scudding back and forth overhead. When the ship docked and we began to walk the country backroads to the farm, flakes of snow were already beginning to drift silently down, settling on the barren landscape, with its gaunt bare trees and bushes-the empty furrowed brown fields. We'd be glad to get to the farm and settled in the little house, pockmarked with the storms and winds of the years. Just the housekeeper would be there when we arrived, and Queenie, the collie dog. They'd welcome us with light and warmth and food. We'd put our packages of supplies and Christmas gifts on the hearth, and after warming up a bit we'd go out into the storm again, to our neighbor's house, a mile away. Our first Christmas on an isolated farm! It sounded like fun-but how exciting it was to be we had no way of knowing.

The Dawsons were our nearest neighbors. Dawson was an oiler on a Merchant Marine tanker and, they believed, was now on his way over-seas. Mrs. Dawson was running the farm alone and taking care of Irma and Ben, the two children. We were to share our Christmas with them-help them trim the tree and open the gifts at midnight. We had planned to leave for the Dawson farm about seven o'clock, taking the stable lantern and a flashlight with us. The drifts would not be too deep by then, and if the storm became worse, we could stay overnight. We were preparing to leave when the telephone rang. I remember being surprised at the time that the telephone lines weren't down. We waited to see who could be calling, and the white face of the housekeeper, after she had answered, warned us that something was wrong. I grabbed the telephone and said, "Yes, who is it?"

A small scared voice came thinly over the line—a voice I recognized as belonging to seven-year-old Ben Dawson. He was half crying.

"Mommy's so still—she won't wake up. I know she's awful sick, 'cause she kept her hand to her side and kept moaning and tellin' me to call somebody quick."

"All right, Ben—we'll come right away! Keep your

mother covered up, and we'll get a doctor and get there as soon as we can."

"Help us to—Hello, hello!" The line went dead. I turned to Ev. "Quick, Ev! Walk down to Fox's store and get him to take his car and drive me to Stevensville for Dr. James. The line's out. I'll go to Dawson's and see what I can do for her until the doctor gets there. Hurry!"

We hurried out into the storm and the blizzard seemed to increase in fury. My coat and boots were heavy with snow and my eyelashes frozen together by the time we reached the other farm. Ev went on ahead to see about the doctor. Neither the lantern nor the flashlight helped much, for the wind was blowing handfuls of snow into the feeble light.

Ben was watching at the window and hurried to open the door-tow-headed Ben, still showing a trace of his summer tan. But he was frightened now almost to the point of panic. As I stepped inside, I looked around quickly. Mrs. Dawson was a still, dark, huddled mass on the living-room couch. The fire in the room's pot-bellied stove had died down and the room was lighted by a small kerosene lamp on the old-fashioned roll-topped desk. The room was chill and dark, and groping shadows stole out from the corners, merging with other shdows thrown out by the furniture. The naked, untrimmed tree stood in a corner of the room, looking forlorn and dispirited. Scattered balls and unopened packages cluttered the floor around it. There were just three sounds, the tick of the kitchen wall-clock, the sputtering of a piece of green kindling in the stove, and, from a darkly hidden chair, the muffled sobs of a frigtened child.

"That's Irm crying," said Ben, trying to muster up a last shred of courage.

"I'll see about her later. Right now we're got to look after your mother. Go get some kindling wood from the shed and bring it in here. Don't get it wet."

Mrs. Dawson was not asleep, but was almost unconscious with pain. It looked like appendicitis to me. I had Ben pump some water from the kitchen sink and applied towels to Mrs. Dawson's hot forehead. The house was beginning to warm up, but I was plenty worried. What if Ev had been lost in the storm? The drifts were almost up to the windows by now and snow was pelting down harder every minute. Could the doctor get through to us? I tried to put such things out of my mind, but there wasn't much I could do, and I had more than enough time to think—with that white wall of silence cutting us off from

everything but God. "God!" I began to pray as hard as I'd ever done before. No. I didn't get down on my knees, but I prayed silently. "Please God, hear me now! Don't let Mrs. Dawson get any worse! Make the doctor hurry! Please, God!"

I think some tiny hope in miracles kept us going as the minutes ticked around the kitchen clock. The children were getting restless—Irm was beginning to whimper again. I wasn't able to do much for Mrs. Dawson, so I turned to the children.

"How about trimming the tree? Your mother would like to see it all finished before the doctor gets here, I'm sure."

They agreed and the tree began to bloom like a flower, first with balls, then tinsel. The kerosene lamp shone on it and it sparkled into a haloed triangle. The children quieted down, became interested in their fascinating work Mrs. Dawson rallied a bit. I bent low over her, and she murmured in semi-delirium asking if we could sing Christmas carols. We began with "Silent Night, Holy Night." The children's sweet young faces and voices seemed to give deeper meaning to the comforting message, and to lend some sort of calm to the harassing situation. Mrs. Dawson at last fell into a troubled doze. The doctor came about an hour later, took one look at the patient, and decided that he must operate immediately-one of the many kitchen-table emergencies the country physician must face.

Ben and Irma were becoming frightened again, so while Ev helped Dr. James, I put them to bed, with promises that Santa Claus would surely visit them before morning. Poor tykes, they were exhausted, and fell asleep immediately. One of the hardest things I had to do was resist the temptation of crawling into bed myself. But I dragged downstairs to help as much as I could. Ev was holding a flashlight for the doctor, for the glow from the kerosene lamp was too feeble for the delicate operation. It was like a bad nightmare—so vivid and grotesque, and seemingly so long, although over so quickly. When Mrs. Dawson was in bed and the red swabs and gauze cleaned from the floor and table, Dr. James left us with careful directions, saying he would come early next morning.

All night, Ev and I took turns watching Mrs. Dawson. Though tired, we were relieved and happy in the knowledge that it would not be too sad a Christmas, after all.

By morning, Mrs. Dawson was completely out of danger. The doctor brought her more good news in a letter he had picked up at the general store, giving her word of Mr. Dawson's safe arrival overseas.

DECEMBER · 1944

As Ben and Irma put it, when they opened their gifts, "Gosh, we're pretty lucky after all. Santa took care of just everything!"

"Yes, he did," I assured them. "And don't forget that God helped us all, and that He will always help us all!"

EILEEN LYNCH



#### Clubs

THE MEMBERS OF THE LITTLE THEATER Guild have rolled up their sleeves and gotten to work. A committee is cleaning out the costume room (which most of us didn't know existed) in the Ad Building. Now don't think they're not doing anything in the line of drama. The members are planning a program to be at a Christmas assembly. They also have visions of presenting a play in the spring.

Having the twenty some Goucher girls on the campus with us has brought about a feeling of, "Gee, you're nice, I want to get to know you better." The Hockey game held Wednesday, November 15th helped our girls to really get acquainted with some of the Goucher girls. After the game the Athletic Association provided cider and doughnuts for the players. By the way, the score was one to one.

The Natural History Group wasn't satisfied with furnishing those deligtful breakfasts which we enjoyed so much in the Glen. The members gave a supper with Mother Nature as hostess one evening and talk about fun! And the food? Delicious!

Although the orchestra hasn't made an official appearance since the Clubs Assembly last month, it has been functioning, and very well too. The membership has increased just about double. One little blonde senior has even taken to playing the trumpet. If you just can't wait for the orchestra to make a public appearance stop outside the auditorium some Friday morning between eight and nine and you'll hear some music "what sends you."

Mrs. Cuthbertson, secretary of the Middle Atlantic region of the Student Christian Movement, visited the campus this month to talk with and advise the officers and members of the S.C.A. Mrs. Cuthbertson gave some very helpful suggestions to the Student Christian Association for spreading its membership to the day students of this college. To start this movement the S.C.A. presented a chapel assembly.

# Our Appointments

T WAS EXACTLY THREE YEARS AGO — IN SEPtember, 1941 — that we entered S.T.C. For some of us, the time passed quickly. In February, 1944, we could hardly believe that we were the seniors who, in seven months, were to slip from under the responsibility of the state and slip into our own responsibilities arising in our own classes. Now we are on the *other* side of the desk. Because there were so few of us, we were pretty close to each other, but now the vast systems of Baltimore City and Maryland counties will separate us physically — even though we will wonder how the others are getting on.

There seems to be a concentration of new teachers in southern Baltimore. Curtis Bay boasts a fair percentage of '45 (alias '44). Rose Silverberg has a 5A (and is she happy; she did her practice teaching in the same grade); Judy Flower has a fourth; Vera Schunke delves into second-grade material; and Margaret Dryden is trodding a brand new path in her first grade. Brooklyn added Cecelia Hoffman and Shirley Adams in six and 3B respectively, to its faculty. Louise Davis, also with a third grade, "commutes" to Brooklyn, but in a different school. Number 84 — the former practice center — claimed three girls. Alice Ziefle in a combination 3A-4B ("but what a room I have - no closets!"), Dorothy Beatty in a 3B1 (she likes the 1 after the grade), and Edith Weaver in the second ("I wish my desks were movable!"). All three have done one term of their student teaching, in the school, and Alice has her third-graders in her fourth now. Katherine Millman is in Number 4—combination 1B1A—"all that seat work", moans Millman. Dorothy Mayers has a 6B in School 92 — with all the fifth and sixth grade science. Poor Mayers - no music at all.

West Baltimore schools "profit by our experience," too. Kitty Cragg at School 68 in Catonsville, has a combination 5B-5A. It's just around the corner, and she knows many of the people there. Edna Mae O'Keefe teaches a second grade in Irvington — not far from her home, either. Naecarma Collector rides to Ten Hills every day for her combination 3A-4B. In a slightly different direction, Doris Lample puts pictures on her numerous bulletin boards for second graders in School 34.

East Baltimore has been slighted a little in number but not in quality. Irma Di Marcantonio has the fourth grade in Highlandtown — just a short walk to school — nice, isn't it? Marguerite Ruppertsberger was scheduled for the fifth grade in the same school, but Henry comes first, so she's in Florida. To the north, Dorothy Cox is situated in Number 99 — fifth grade. How long will it be before you are another practice teacher there, Cox?

Because of junior and senior teaching, there is a dearth of news about permanent positions for the county girls. The majority follows in November. Our only two are Mary Shepley, who has a combination third and fourth grade in Germantown, Montgomery County (will your model be the campus school, Mary?), and Alice Lee Jones. Alice Lee is in Brooklyn Park ("I wish I knew what grade I have"). Guess she knows by this time.

So now we're on our own - Good Luck to us all!

#### Strictly Feminine — (Continued from page 5)

Have you noticed Alice Gartrell's shoes? They have "Duke 2" written all over them.

Annie Naegele plays the field — but definitely? Flash! The Navy's top man at the moment. Anchors Aweigh.

Jean Warfield's interest lies in South Carolina in the form of a certain "Harry." When do we see a ring?

Doris Hale's interest lies in the farm, but the Navy seems to be holding it's own.

Ellen Carroll, personality plus, likes letters from Cumberland. Do you ever write him some of your clever poetry?

Well, Well! Another man-hater is Dot Long! What have the men been up to?

Playing the field seems to be Ruth Jane Poff's preference, too. When are you going to settle down?

Pretty Audrey Crawford should put down her books and concentrate on the boy next door. How about it?

Cute Eleanor Van Dyke made quite a hit with a dashing soldier at the prom.

We hear Severna Park holds an attraction for Leah Koutch. Wonder what he looks like.

Ruth de Hoff has been seeing star dust with a boy from Hopkins.

Angela Grochowski and Helen Pennock are two very sweet girls who keep their personal life really personal, as do Margaret Hennlein and Dorothea Chenworth. Sorry, no info.

A certain soldier certainly finds scatter-brain Betty Brooks very attractive. Could be love.

We've noticed June Stevens and Connie Gruhn taking attractive-looking letters out of their mailbox. Does anyone know who they're from?

Ruby Kemp certainly spends a lot of time in front of the mirror. Which one is she getting ready for?

A perfect word to describe Mary Hartman is gadabout. Where does she find the men?

Little Louise Koch has one fear in life—that is getting fat.

Pardon us while we laugh. (Continued on page 8)

## Glimpses in Retrospect

YESTERDAY I CAME TO TOWSON — MADE that first second-fare ride from Dunkirk — made my way up the hill to the structure I soon called (with everyone else) the Ad Building.

Yesterday? Well, nearly so . . . At least it seems so . . . Sounds crazy, calling 1942 yesterday when so much has happened since and I've advanced from lowly freshman to lofty senior. No, not really . . . Believe me, not really . . . You know . . . You've experienced that . . . here seemingly no time at all but nearly through four college years. If you haven't experienced it, you will. These years will go all too quickly.

Yesterday . . . that first class with Dr. Lynch . . . Science . . . What would it be like? What would it do for me and . . . to me? Someone came into the room to talk to the instructor. I had time to look around. Stuffed owls in the case . . . an evolution chart on the wall . . . a snake skin . . . embryos preserved in formaldehyde . . . and the sign up high on the wall — "Nothing is constant but change" . . . Sounds paradoxical. No — change is the only constant; everything else changes . . . Getting involved. The most revolutionizing of classes — the one with Dr. Lynch . . . Makes you think . . . really think . . . challenges you . . . your attitude changes . . . I know what it is — for the first time. You're really beginning to understand and even to USE the scientific approach . . . take nothing for granted . . . experiment . . . prove . . . The Scientific Approach.

Yesterday ... a freshman ... really green ... College was so new ... no homeroom classes ... Free times on your schedule ... use it as you please ... in the library usually ... or under the trees on the campus ... maybe even in the Glen ... Picnics in the Glen ... lunch there sometimes ... So different from high school.

Men in the College . . . faculty members . . . seniors . . . juniors . . . new. That one there . . . Who's he, a senior? Must be . . . so young . . . even walks like a senior . . . the only senior with a green bagslung over his shoulder . . . wonder why? Walks like a senior . . . more reserved than most, though . . . Who is he, I wonder? . . . beautiful voice . . . nice smile . . . quite dignified — more so than most seniors . . . A faculty member? Him? Good heavens! What's his name? Millar? How do you spell it? MILLAR . . . there's a Miller here, too; both teach English . . . both swell . . . Millar from Harvard . . . jolly. A faculty member! . . . Looks like a senior.

Yesterday . . . my first Girl's Demonstration Night . . .

more fun with the class stunt . . . all faces were funny . . . seniors were the best . . . always are . . . Dances and games . . . games were most exciting . . . Newcomb . . . that slam stunt of mine . . . helped win our game . . . other side used it, too . . . almost lost because of it . . . Juniors won that night . . . Mr. Crook's class . . . Felt awfully disappointed because we came in last . . . freshmen usually do . . . dances count most . . . we're not so good at them . . . give us time . . . We'll win before we leave . . . (did, too). Sang Alma Mater in conclusion . . . wonderful song . . . brings tears to my eyes . . . makes me really proud . . . makes me want to shout . . . means Teachers College to me . . . my song . . . my Alma Mater . . . wonderful song.

Yesterday . . . a sophomore . . . established now . . . been here a whole year . . . know all the faculty members . . . by names at least . . . have for a long time . . . Things changed that year . . . most of the men students gone . . . graduated . . . armed services . . . Lots still here, though . . . not for long . . . This is war . . . Lot changed that year . . . elected to Student Government Board . . . Remember that induction service? . . . just a freshman then, but quite impressed . . . Henry Astrin coming into office . . . impressive service . . . job . . . You'd like to be there someday, wouldn't you? . . . "Hitch your wagon to a star."

Got a new gym that year ... saw it grow from first plank up ... took a long time ... not really long ... we were just impatient ... finally completed ... Remember dedication assembly? Such hilarity ... Dr. Walther in farmer costume ... Miss Weyforth a riot ... Warren Wendler was best ... Superman ... stole the show

Momentous event that year ... new faculty member ... Who is he? What's he like? ... on our schedule — Golly! ... American History ... had it in high school ... Wouldn't like it with him ... new faculty member ... I ate my words ... class is solid ... History really lives ... teaches so humanly ... instructor super ... not what he says it's how he says it ... became the joy of the campus ... student's pet ... H. is for Harrison ... fellows named him Curly Bill ... versatile as anything ... Irish wife ... better 9/10th ... better 1/10th ... "I'm just nothing at all" ... Could write volumes ... don't have to — others already have ... suffice it to say, College wouldn't be the same without him ... Great Guy.

Yesterday . . . a junior . . . took a long time . . . were freshmen 3 semesters, sophomores 3 semesters . . . finally became juniors — Junior 6. This was the year . . . all men gone . . . all but one — a freshman . . . that's all right . . . Took an individual advisor this year . . . quite a time de-

#### Literary

ciding. Came in contact with one of S.T.C.'s most dynamic and charming personalities . . . might not seem so — get her in class . . . you'll see then . . . Education classes are really educational . . . do all sorts of things . . . invaluable in student teaching . . . invaluable period! "Maine in summer, Maryland in winter . . . marvelous combination" . . . loads of fun . . . keeps you on your toes . . . values student opinion . . . none of this says it, not really . . . she's more than that . . . much more . . . find out for yourself . . . you won't be sorry!

Student teaching . . . what a year . . . tremendous experience . . . swell 6th grade . . . wonderful class . . . tremendous responsibility . . . College is a cinch . . . College is a vacation . . . this is so different . . . but this is what you've studied for . . . a real chance to apply theory . . . keeps you stepping . . . but you like it . . . you really do . . . It's hard, but anything worthwhile always is . . . being hard helps make it valuable . . . You're glad to come back, but you don't want to leave . . . You taught for nine weeks . . . a teacher after so long . . . Well!

Today . . . today a senior . . . not yesterday . . . today ... Your last year's half over ... College is nearly gone ... where'd it go? . . . where are those years? . . . only memories . . . There's something tangible - you reached that star . . . wagon and all . . . But that's going, too . . . nearly gone . . . What have you got after 4 years - nearly? Plenty . . . you're different . . . not the same kid who came in . . . you've grown up . . . you're not a kid . . . you've matured . . . you even look different . . . more grown up . . . You look as if you've been to college . . . it shows . . . you can see it . . . You think differently, too . . . You analyze . . . you challenge . . . you don't accept blindly . . . you help others not to, too . . . You're a part of the world . . . the universe . . . You've a place in it . . . You don't think you're so wise . . . that'll come, though . . . You're wiesr than when you came . . . but that's maturity . . . a part of it . . . Yes, you're different . . . I like you this way . . . much nicer than when you came . . . Everyone ought to go to college . . . They can't afford NOT to go . . . What they're missing . . . You ARE different . . . But you'll be learning ... No, don't talk about it - I'm not ready - not yet ... I will be, maybe, but not yet . . . How horrible to graduate . . . to leave here . . . leave everyone and everybody . . . But you'll be teaching . . . that's what you want, isn't it? Be practical! . . . Sounds good, but I'm not ready . . . hang on to those 18 weeks . . . make them count . . . they're your last . . .

Those years were fun ... wonderful fun ... reminiscing has been fun ... you'll do lots of that, I'll bet ... that's good ... Don't forget teachers ... How can you? ... It's helped to make you ... it's part of you ... and you've left your imprint ... I know some lines that say what you're trying to say ... better than you're saying it ... You'll have to change one word ... Riley won't mind, will he? Not as pretty with the word changed, but it says it ... better than you can ... from Riley's Parting Guest ...

"Lingeringly I turn away, this late hour, yet glad enough
You have not withheld from me
Your high hospitality.
So, with face lit with delight
And all gratitude, I stay
Yet to press your hands and say —
Thanks. — So fine a time! Good night."

That says it.

- E. Spaeth.

#### Strictly Feminine — (Continued from page 6)

Here's an interesting item: Doris Burton and Betsy Fuller met for the first time two years ago and didn't see each other again until the first day of school. Small world, isn't it?

Who was that good-looking boy with the good-looking car who brought Elizabeth Schisler back to school one day?

#### Campus Chatter— (Continued from page 2)

THE MONTH OF OCTOBER SPELLED A GALA occasion for the Glee Club, as it celebrated its autumn festival in the Glen. Eighty hungry mouths enjoyed the delicious Picnic Supper of hot dogs, rolls, potato chips, pickles, tomatoes, apples and hot cocoa. The early evening air was a great stimulus to our food-starved systems, and when happily satisfied, we lustily sang forth the old-time songs. Guessing songs, the musical treat given by the three boys and, best of all, songs of the WAVES rendered by our own Dr. Tansil, were among the splendid items on the program. As the Tower Clock struck six, the light strains of Alma Mater brought an end to this gay evening of song, food, and laughter. It seems a long time to wait until next fall for another such picnic.

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Editor

EVELYN MORRIS

VOLUME XVIII, No. 11

November, 1944



THERE IS A LONG HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL even after V-E (Victory in Europe) Day. Many of us will be tempted to slack, just a little, in our efforts "to beat the enemy" but we should realize, above all else, that a half-won battle needs twice the effort in order to insure a decisive victory. Our boys on the battle fronts could tell you which half of the struggle requires more exertion of power.

NOVEMBER · 1944

Our nation is about to start a 6th War Loan Drive and every loyal citizen should assume as much of the responsibility of this drive as he is able. It's not easy to part with \$18.75 when you're sure you haven't that much money, but isn't it better to do without that new dress, or shoes, or hat, or purse when you know that every bond brings our boys closer to home? Don't nod your heads affirmatively if you don't mean it. This is one time when spiritual support must be enforced with financial backing. Either you DON'T want a short war or you DO buy a bond or, at the least, a sizeable sum of stamps. No purchase in the sale is too small — every single 10-cent stamp counts — but make sure that the small purchase is the largest you can afford.

We just can't say we want the war over and our boys home — we've got to pay their fare home.

# Buy That Bond Today! Support Your 6th War Loan Drive

This Month — November — Seems to be the month of War Activities and this is the opportune time to announce the Red Cross Blood Bank Drive. Everyone who is physically able should participate in this drive. If you can't give blood why not send a substitute? No one has to be convinced that the Red Cross is doing a magnificent job on our battle fronts with plasma. What we do need to be reminded of is that unless every able person gives a pint of blood, there will be a severe shortage of plasma and some G.I. Joe may lose his life if he doesn't receive a transfusion on time.

The Mobile Unit of the blood donor project will again set up a center in the First Methodist Church in Towson on November 21 from 1 p. m. to 4 p. m., and on November 22 from 1 p. m. to 7 p. m.

It is necessary for all persons under the age of 21 to have a blank signed by either one of their parents before they can be blood donors. Those blanks will be available in the Maine Office.

Don't minimize the importance of these "little" war activities that we civilians participate in — every little bit helps to make one big united effort.

# Campus Chatter

THE MUSEUM OF ART HAS OPENED ITS FALL season with a small but wholly admirable exhibition of modern French paintings, and a large, and on the whole, interesting exhibition of "Glass Through the Ages."

The sixteen pictures, to which a delightful Degas bronze figure of a little ballet girl has been added, make up a really excellent anthology of late nineteenth and twentieth century painting in France; perhaps the nearest thing we have to a living "great tradition" in any of the contemporary arts.

The glass ranges all the way from Phoenician amulets and Greco-Roman perfume bottles to big modern vases ornamented with Matisse figures and abstraction in sand-blasted decorations by Joseph Albers. Here is an unusual exhibition and an instructive one.

THE THEATRE SEASON THIS FALL AT FORD'S has been graced with many varieties. Several of us were thrilled by Diana Barrymore's portrayal in "Rebecca," that mysterious and alluring production of the last decade. "Tomorrow the World" attracted our student body, and especially good was the ever-delightful "Life with Father," played by a new company this year. "Tangled Web," a melodrama by Channing Pollock, staged by the author, was produced simply to provide an evening's entertainment, based as it was, on a magazine story, "The Professor's Alibi." The dramatization of John P. Marquand's book, "The Late George Apley," and John Hershey's "A Bell for Adono" brought down the house. Baltimore is fortunate to have these fine plays visit Ford's.

Our College Was Very Fortunate To have as a speaker in assembly an important British visitor, brought here through the British Information Service. Miss Elizabeth Margaret Monkhouse, who came to America as the guest of the Workers Education Bureau, is at the present the organizing tutor to the Workers' Education Association in North Scotland, and in 1941 she became full-time tutor for the Workers' Educational Association in the Eastern Division, working in Norfolk. The youngest child of Allan Noble Monkhouse, novelist, playwright and literary editor of the Manchester Guardian, she delivered a very informational and inspirational talk on the Educational Outlook in Britain. Perhaps we'll have another such distinguished visitor before long.

IS THERE ANYONE NOW WHO DOESN'T BELONG to a school club? After the various presentations in the Club Assembly, surely you've joined one of the many, and

enrolled in the cause. The revived Dramatic Club, under the able leadership of Mrs. Stapleton, should set our school afire with its talented flares. And imagine having a swing band here on our own premises again, raising our low spirits! Don't fail to support the old and new activities in the College. They are all for you!

## Men's Corner

(Editor's Note — After several unsuccessful attempts to get "our men" to elucidate about their Men's Club, we attained at least partial achievement in getting the "case history" of two of the members — or should I say officers?)

DON HAMMERMAN came to Baltimore a few years ago from New England. On graduating from City College a year and one-half ago, he became a member of the Forestry Department, Scout Counselor at Linstead, and a member of the U. S. Army. Don likes best to talk about his Boy Scout Troop, the beautiful blonde date he had Sunday, and his last hunting or fishing trek, especially the one in Canada. He enjoys good music and his idol is Coach Minnegan. "Daniel Boone's" ambition is directed toward being a high school athletic instructor.

MERRILL COHEN, youngest member of the Men's Club, came to S.T.C. after graduating from Baltimore City College. There he shared the enthusiasm which the victorious football yielded. Here, he is continuing in his musical success for which he received due recompense at high school. As a clarinet and saxophone player, he is unsurpassed and will be heard at the coming spring dance as a member of a popular orchestra. All his spare time is whiled away in zoology lab. Until Uncle Sam's waiting list adds this rootin' tootin' jive king, his lustful sense of humor will resound through S.T.C.'s annals.

See Your Name In Print
JOIN THE MEN'S CLUB!

(SADvertisement)

#### IN MEMORIAM

IT IS WITH SORROW AND SENSE OF A GREAT loss that we record the deaths of Lieut, John P. Hackman and Maj. Robert B. Norris.

Lieutenant Hackman was killed on October 22 when the Liberator bomber on which he was co-pilot, crashed during a take-off at Davis Monthan Field, Arizona. Lieutenant Hackman was a graduate of Sparrows Point High School and a member of the Class of '45 at this College. In February, 1942, he signed up for air cadet training, and in July, 1944, he was commissioned as a pilot.

Major Norris, of the Class of '34, was killed in action on August 19. The War Department telegram stated that he met his death somewhere in France.

The memory of these two men will live on at S.T.C. in the minds and hearts of those who knew them.

#### LATEST REPORTS

Ensign Narciss Hutton, U.S.N.R., of the Class of '45, is now serving as a communications officer on a ship somewhere in the Pacific area.

Ensign Carlisle Refo, U.S.N.R., a member of the Class of '43. has also been made ship's communications officer.

On duty in the South Pacific, Ensign Maynard Webster, Class of '43, is seeing quite a bit of action. He is serving aboard an LCT. We'll expect him to be able to give his geography classes first hand information on New Guinea.

#### **VISITORS**

We were recently visited by Lieut. (j.g.) Aaron B. Seidler, U.S.N.R., Class of '42. He has just completed his training in multiple engine school at Atlanta, Georgia, and has been assigned to duty at Pearl Harbor, where he will fly for the Naval Air Transport Service

During a three-day delay, prior to leaving the country, Pvt. Robert S. Bishop, '43, visited us. Bob is with the A.T.C. He says, "Sure would like to have some of the faculty to help entertain the transients as they come through." Could it be that Bob is referring to our own Happy Hartley (or maybe Waving Weyforth)?

#### NOVEMBER · 1944

## The Greatest Profession

IN THE APRIL, 1944, ISSUE OF TEACHERS' DIgest, an article condensed from The Bismarck (N. D.) Tribune, sounds a new note in praise of the teaching profession.

Referring to the teaching profession as "The Greatest Profession," this article describes the decline of prestige throughout the years. At one time in the history of our country, the most respected citizen of the community was the school-master. When the quest for money overcame the quest for knowledge, the profession suffered. Then came the years when jobs were scarce and teachers plentiful. Result — a profession grossly underpaid.

In recent years, some improvement has been made but much remains undone. The teaching profession must be rescued not only from "civilians who presume to impress their ideas on a learned profession," but from those, as well, who have "grown up within the ranks of teachers and have contributed to their decline." A great many wrongs must be righted.

"Teachers who honor their profession by giving it the very best they have are following closely in the footsteps of the Greatest of All Teachers, who gave the world both divine inspiration and a new way of life nearly 2,000 years ago."

We, who are preparing to enter this "Greatest Profession" should realize the important part we must play in restoring our profession to its former heights. Resolve to do your utmost, even though your contribution be small, to raise the status of teachers. Teach your class — yes — but through them, their parents and the community. It can be done and must be done if the America of the future, as an America better educated, and more appreciative, is to be considered. In your hands rests the future of your chosen profession. The outcome — remains to be seen.

## G. I. Visitors - (Continued)

Lieut. Rebecca Tansil, U.S.N.R., visited the College before going to Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, where she will act as liaison officer in charge of placement and supervision of new personnel. She is always a welcome visitor.

What recent visitor to the College could be the author of an opus bearing the title, "I Fly by Night," or "Journey into Darkness"? Most men try one branch of the service at a time, but Ensign Ned Logan, U.S.N.R., Class of '43, tried to use Air Corps tactics aboard a battlewagon. Take it from him — it doesn't work. At least, he bears scars of his two-story flight which began with a take-off from an open hatch.

# The Challenge

N ANY COLLEGE CAMPUS TODAY WE HEAR that plaintive wail: "What's become of all those things that used to make the life of a struggling co-ed worth living?" Well, many of the humble items you miss in store shelves these days have marched off to war. But that isn't news to any of us who have asked for tissues, powder puff boxes, Crepe Paper (apologies to Mrs. Brewster), mirrors, paper cups, waterproof fabrics, and hundreds of other small items that make life beautiful.

Many of these items have gone to war unchanged in general appearance and they're fighting on all fronts — lend an ear as to how: Julietta K. Arthur of *Rotarian Magazine* has made a study of these essential items and the part they're playing in the war.

Steel Springs — The bedsprings you can't buy today are in bunks near the bottom of the sea. So when the bed you bounce into doesn't really bounce, remember that submarine crews must have real relaxation when they rest.

Pipe Cleaners — Dad's pipe smells twice as fragrant (?) as ever before but if you think that's a problem, how about the problem facing General Motors' Diesel engine division — that is, until someone tried pipe cleaners. Now thousands of them are doing a wartime job.

Powder-Puff Boxes — The crystal clarity which gave these cases glamour before the war, now cuts down the number of ammunition duds; an improperly filled case may be spotted at once. The U. S. Marine Corps uses them, too — to keep nuts and bolts clean, dry and visible.

Face Tissues — Cleansing tissues work better than a roller or a blotter smoothing wet decals on airplane instrument panels. An employee at Lockheed Aircraft thought up the idea.

Crepe Paper — Used in peace to wrap Christmas packages. It's now doing military camouflage. This valuable item is being woven into patterns through meshes of textile or wire. The result: a sheet resistant to water, fire, mold or mildew. (Mrs. Brouwer, please note — crepe paper is good for something, isn't it????)

Mirrors — Girls, those handy little mirrors that your new purse is likely to lack, are being used by lost soldiers, ship-wrecked sailors, and downed airmen. A special type of signal mirror, which has a full mirror on the face, a round one on the back, and a sighting cross at the center, instantly supplies range data when aimed between sun and target. Millions of other mirrors are keeping our service women and men well groomed; and still others are used in training, to show would-be Commandos and

ordinary soldiers how to coordinate movements and improve techniques.

Waterproof Fabric — That flexible coating made from limestone, coke, and salt, which used to waterproof curtains, raincoats, and junior's pants is now saving fruit groves from red scale pests. Tents impregnated with it now cover trees while an insect-killing gas balloons up inside.

There's the story of a few of those items that have gone to war. Grin and bear it, gang; they're doing their job—How about you?

#### POINTS OF VIEW

"In shaping its policy through the years, the college has kept in mind that education for women must render a dual service. It must fit them, not only for their obvious function in securing and insuring the firmness, wholesomeness, stability, and moral integrity of family life; but it must prepare them also to be capable economic partners in saving and earning." — President Wood, Stephens College.

"Never was there a greater need for an education which looks forward to a world we hope to make and can make. The sordid world we are now in may drag us down. We can improve the present only if we have a vision of greater things to come." — Dean Messenger, University of Idaho.

#### ONE AT A TIME

In Eureka College, students take one course at a time. Under this plan a shorter, more concentrated study is made of one subject. This shorter period makes it possible for at least four subjects to be taught each term. The result at the end of the year would be a more thorough knowledge of these subjects.

#### TRAINING FOREIGN STUDENTS

A proposal from American educators for the training of fifteen hundred student specialists from the occupied lands of Europe and Asia, has been placed before the State Department because of the devastation of the cultural centers in the war-torn nations. They urge immediate action to prepare men and women to carry on the scientific, technical, and economic life of the Axis-dominated countries as soon as they are freed.

#### IN ENGLAND

The development of the Municipal Universities during the last decade has been astonishing. Some of them have campuses which the best provided American university might well envy. However, only one of them has dormitories. Nearly all are provided with lounging rooms, some have theaters for plays, dances and addresses. The students in most of these universities are day scholars.

# Strictly Teminine

#### Soph. 5 —

It must be true love when a Southern doctor sends a girl red rose buds for her birthday. How about it, Townshend?

Wonder how Crump got her new nickname — "Wings"? Where did Hurley get that Marine pin? I thought Bill was in the Navy.

It hardly seems possible that personally delivered ice cream cones come all the way from France. Towson's much closer, isnt it, Arelyn?

At the present time the Navy seems to have the inside track to Spurrier's heart, but the fireworks will begin when the Air Corps gets home this Christmas with a brand new pair of wings.

Maddy Jackson finally made up her mind this summer — "the Best"!

TELEVISION OF THE PERSON OF TH

#### Soph. 2 —

Why do Brach's week-end visits to Eastern Shore to see her *female* cousin result in those dreamy-eyed expressions Monday morning?

\$64 Question — Carmen Lavara is wearing a diamond but she doesn't know if it's an engagement ring or not. If she doesn't know, who does?

Jeanne Sowter—How's the British "N-i-vy" these days? Ginny Hurry sure knows her stuff when it comes to jitterbugging.

Urey's the charming petite Miss who seems to know all the answers. She and "Smyrkie" make a constant two-some.

Jean Harbaugh, aspirant to opera, is making a beginning by singing in the tub. You know, "soap-opera."

Miss Weyforth thinks that "Hokey" has a flair for conducting. "Hokey's" energy knows no limits so she should do O. K.

"Where is Miss Serio today?"

The Jenny Lind of Soph. 2 — Coryne Harmison.

And of our dormitory hidden talents tending towards charm and beauty —

Mullens will cut it for you.

Lehman will set it.

With old clothes, Harper redesigns 'em.

Causing endless numbers of strained necks and popped eyes, Yokel's luscious marine lands. And that situation seems to be well in hand. Darn! We were looking for something just like that handsome specimen ourselves.

#### NOVEMBER - 1944

#### Poet's Corner

#### ONLY THEN

If I possessed the heav'nly power To make a bush burst into flower In the midst of winter time In a cold and barren clime;

Had I the power to tear a star

From out the sky where God hath placed it,
And in some way its beauty mar

So its light would e'er be wasted;

If, to the rainbow God hath made, I could add a newer shade Of color, more unique and rare Than any tint already there;

Were I strong enough to change the flower, The star, and e'en the rainbow's hue, Only then would I have the power To make myself stop loving you.

- Peggy Johnston.

#### PLEASE NOW

Some bestowed with talents are,
Yet never deign to use them.
While others share the mite they have,
With efforts to suffuse them.

Yes, these two types, alas, exist,

(And pray, do not confuse them.)

Condemn the neither of the two —

The Tower Light could use them!

(HINT!)

- EDDA TORR.

# CLUBS

A CLUB ASSEMBLY, UNDER THE CHAIRMAN-ship of Betty Scitz, was held to introduce the clubs to the new freshmen and to let the upper classmen know that several have been revised and a new one formed. The assembly was super. To start the program, the Glee Club, with its newly added bass section and its greatly increased membership, offered several selections. As usual, they couldn't have been better.

The president of the Men's Club introduced the other officers (vice-president, secretary, treasurer) and the three members — which, by the way, adds up to seven, and I thought we were only blessed with four men. It's all too deep for me — a problem for Mr. Moser.

Members of the Association for Childhood Education distributed pamphlets introducing the officers and explaining the purpose of the A.C.E.

Did you hear the good news about the Little Theater Group? While the club members were putting on a little skit for us, Maxwell Andersen and Eugene O'Neill arrived. They really found the talent, too — Kay Koenig has a flare for acting the part of the modern Romeo; Betty Dunn makes the perfect costumer. Well, everyone was so good Andersen and O'Neill couldn't decide which one they'd use in their next plays — so they didn't.

The Natural History Group informs us that Nature Has Glamour. Since we're all very much interested in Glamour, don't be surprised, NHG, if the whole school turns out for your next hike. Who knows? We may learn something!

Which is the club that helps us send our letters to the ones by selling postage stamps? Which is the club that feeds our tummies by having a candy room in the dorm? Which is the club that feeds our minds by having Vespers and Chapel? The Student Christian Association, of course.

The upper classmen know and the freshmen will know soon how much fun the conventions of the I.R.C. are. There is one coming up soon — to be held in Pennsylvania. All members of the I.R.C. are invited to attend.

The Art Club extended an invitation to all the students to come and make Christmas gifts. The club meets on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons.

Our Men's Club, the Swing Orchestra, really made a hit with the student body, and no wonder. Everyone wants to hear more of that "Sunny Side of the Street" music — a whole lot more. How about it???

# Our War With Japan

THE SIXTH WAR LOAN MARKS A NEW TURN in the war, both on the fighting and the home fronts. It points out tremendous war effort definitely in the direction of the Pacific. During the first five war loans Americans were primarily thinking in terms of beating Hitler.

Now our Government asks us for a loan of 14 billion more dollars, of which five billion dollars must come from individuals. Why? Haven't we nearly finished off our so-called Number I Enemy? Can Japan hold up our powerful war machine very long? Your son, brother and friend in his Pacific foxhole wouldn't raise such questions because they are up against realities, not day dreams. They kill or are killed. They pray every waking moment for a sky-darkening cover of friendly planes. They thank America for giving them the finest medical care in the world when their rendezvous with destiny in a Pacific jungle is at hand. They know that the war with the Japs is just beginning.

Here are some other Pacific realities so that you will understand why there must be a SIXTH WAR LOAN and why it is absolutely necessary that it be a complete success:

The Allied Military Command has estimated that it will take years, not months, to lick Japan.

Japan's present army numbers about 4,000,000, with 2,000,000 more men available and fit for military service who haven't been called up to date. Another 1,500,000 between the ages of I7 and 20, are not yet subject to the draft.

The Jap air force is growing.

In addition to millions of native workers, Japan has a potential slave force of 400,000,000 conquered people. Fifty percent of Japan's labor force is made up of women. Another twenty-five percent boys and girls under 20, the balance men. The Jap workday is twelve to sixteen hours with two days off a month. The Jap cannot leave his job, change it, or strike. The highest daily wage equals about three American dollars — 30% to 75% of which goes to taxes and compulsory savings.

The Jap, as our men in the Pacific know, will fight to the death. As far as the Jap is concerned, the outer Empire — and the men who defend it — are the expendables. The Jap will fight the battle from inside the inner Empire.

The Jap believes that we shall weary of war too easily and too early.

In the invasion of France, supply ships had an overnight run to make. In the coming Battle of Japan, ships in the Pacific will have long-reached round trips that often take five months to make.

These realities are worth thinking about before you keep your home front rendezvous with a Victory Volunteer. Per-(Continued on page 8)

# **Stage-Door Johnnies**

THE SUBJECT OF THE THEATER IS, FOR ME, A fascinating topic. Many persons have attempted to write about the theater, but only a few have been able to make me 'breathe the atmosphere' of the life that exists behind the curtain — both before and after the play. I believe that one must "feel" for himself the experience of being backstage in a large theater after an important performance.

May I take you on a tour of a theater after the performance has ended, beginning with the stage-door entrance? After the uncomfortable heat of the day, the cool, shadowy corridor is a welcome relief. The "No Admittance" sign on the door makes us hesitate for just an instant, but, "nothing ventured, nothing gained," so now the door is behind, and a long catwalk is before us. At first, everyone in sight seems to be hurrying, hustling, for even though another performance is scheduled for tonight, the play is over for the afternoon; the curtain has gone down for the last time. Now comes the opportunity to relax aching throat muscles and hot bodies — to remove some of the heavier makeup.

One of the first persons we see is the busy wardrobe mistress, with a mouthful of pins and an armload of rustling costumes. We have been conscious, from the first moment, of an odor of mustiness and dust, joining the dampness of the immense place. From the dressing rooms come pleasant smells of powder and grease paint, mingled with those of shaving lotion and cleansing cream. The constant hum of busy people helps create an atmosphere of infectious excitement. A flight of white cement steps with an iron guardrail leads from the catwalk to the stage and larger dressing rooms below. Our way is lighted by a glaring, unshaded electriclight bulb. As we descend, the hub-bub is increased by the banging of hammers and the noisy moving of scenery by shouting workmen. As we reach the lower floor, we see a large desk and a call-board, smattered generously with miscellaneous information. Performers and stage hands continually run upstairs and downstairs, slamming doors and calling to each other. Unwieldy scenery, realistically grotesque, makes us feel quite small when we find these tremendously tall props and backdrops "skyscraping" over us.

And now the stage itself — in appearance, a platform of bare, worn wooden boards — but no mere boards inspire such overwhelming awe, as we look out over the vast empty theater, now void of human presence — gaping balconies and boxes; row on row of empty leather seats, the leather catching a gleam of light, now here, now there, in the dusky purple shadows. Our awe is somewhat relieved, however,

by the fact that many people have recently occupied these seats. The footlights stare up from the front of the stage with dimmed, unseeing eyes, the acrid smell of their powerful heat still permeates the air. Occasionally, whiffs of grease come to us from the rope pulleys attached to the curtain.

And now, a somewhat nervous feeling of anticipation as we wait to speak with the actors! First one, then another, strolls out of the dressing rooms, the leading lady usually making her appearance last — to discourage her over-enthusiastic autograph hunters, no doubt! When one finds out that Mr. "Whoozis" — that famous actor — wears glasses to sign his name on proffered programs; or that Miss "What's-Her-Name" — that famous actress — had a run in her stocking, keen pleasure comes with the realization that fine performers are friendly, normal human beings off-stage.

- EILEEN LYNCH.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR THE ARTICLE
THAT NEVER CAME.

(YOUR CONTRIBUTION COULD HAVE BEEN HERE, YOU KNOW.)



# 6th War Loan Facts

DATES - November 20 through December 16.

GOAL — Fourten Billion Dollars, of which Five Billion Dollars is to be raised by individuals.

INDIVIDUAL GOAL — At least one extra \$100 Bond.

ERMANY'S DEFEAT MEANS THE END OF only the first phase of the war. The last, and more expensive, is ahead — the gigantic campaign needed for the defeat of Japan.

Military and naval authorities recently made the grim statement that it will take at least a year and a hallf to defeat Japan after Germany is beaten and this will only be accomplished if we put every bit of American strength behind the effort. The cost of a full size war must be borne until the treacherous, brutal enemy who attacked us at Pearl Harbor is completely knocked out.

The European war is expensive, but almost everything in the Pacific war will cost more.

Freight transportation costs alone will be 25 percent more to the Pacific than to France. In addition, it takes twice as many cargo ships in the Pacific to support a task force of a given size (due to the tremendous distances.

More equipment of nearly all kinds will also be needed — more B-29 Super Fortresses at \$600,000 each, more P-47 Thunderbolts that cost \$50,000 each, more M-4 tanks with bulldozer blades that cost \$67,417 each, more amphibious tanks, more aircraft carriers, more supply ships, more gasoline and oil than it took for the invasion of Europe.

We will need more battalion aid stations, more clearing stations, more evacuation hospitals, more convalescent hospitals, more hospital ships.

For many years sick, wounded, and otherwise disabled veterans will require medical care and attention as well. That's the least America can do for them in appreciation of what they have done for her.

America also still has an Army and Navy of between 11,000,000 and 12,000,000 men and women to maintain, house, clothe, and transport. Millions of dollars, too, will be required for mustering out pay and for various benefits and services to get the boys started in civilian life.

These are some of the reasons why the Government will continue to need so much money even after the collapse of Germany. They are also the reasons why patriotic Americans will want to invest heavily in War Bonds during the Sixth War Loan.

The purchase of War Bonds as a bulwark against dangerous inflation should be emphasized.

If America is to win the peace as well as the war the cost of living must be kept down and the purchasing power of money preserved.

Putting every penny over rock bottom expenses into the purchase of War Bonds will help to prevent inflation, with its consequent deflation bringing unemployment, breadlines and bankruptcy.

The average citizen can't afford NOT to buy War Bonds, because

They are his means of helping to win the war.

They are his contribution to prevent inflation.

They are the safest investment in America today.

They bring an excellent interest return.

They mean future security for himself and his family.

They insure him additional post-war purchasing power.

"Our Country Is Still at War - Are You?"

#### Our War With Japan (Continued from page 6)

haps you will feel that the National Personal Sixth War Loan objective — purchase of at least one extra \$100 War Bond—is entirely too small for you. The better we face the realities confronting our forces in the Pacific the quicker the whole bloody husiness will be over and the sooner we will welcome home our fighting men. That's an American reality to work for with all our dollars and our sweat!

#### ANOTHER FACT —

The Tower Light is your paper and into it should go, what YOU write. Oh, sure, the EDITOR still loves the Tower Light but she (and rumored others) is tired of her style of writing. How about some really fine contributions for the NEXT issue?

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The John Trockenbrot Co.

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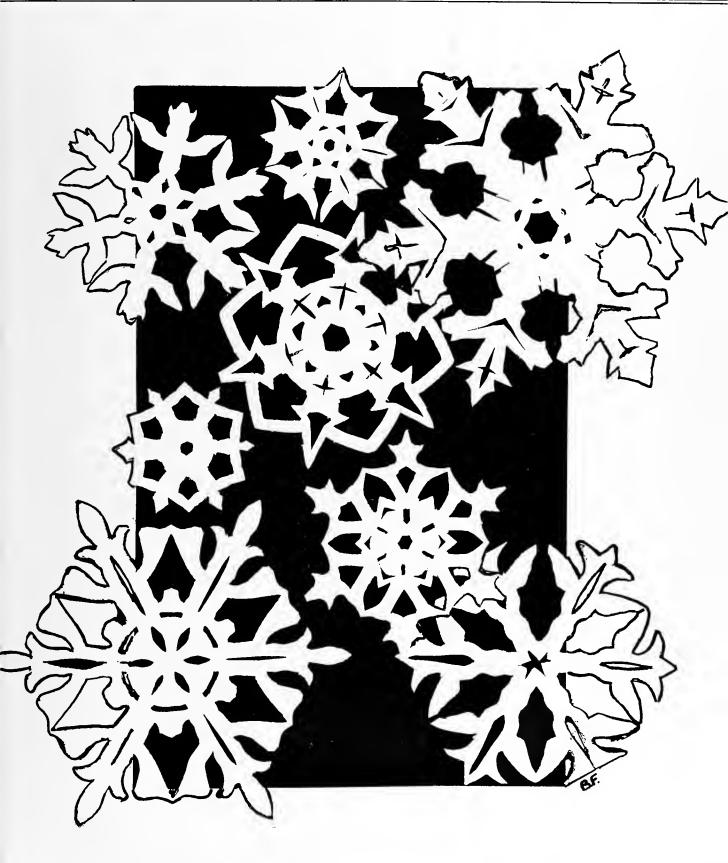
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# The Tower Light \$







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"Going down?"

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VOLUME XVIII, No. 12

DECEMBER, 1944

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2:14

CHRISTMAS—OUR FOURTH YEAR OF WAR
—and seemingly no room for peace, little enactment of good will. Frivolity would seem factitious when our G.I. personnel are facing death and injury on battle-fronts all over the globe. No, there won't be elaborate celebrations on battle fields this Christmas but this holy time does offer one bond that perhaps no other thing or occurrence can offer—the remembrance of the humble nativity of Christ and the hope that lies in this wondrous event. There will be joy at least for this everlasting covenant, shared universally by those who follow the Greatest Teacher.

Christmas—home ties broken, some temporarily, some forever—but all over the world tonight our boys and girls, our men and women are making an even greater effort to remember and cherish the thoughts of Christmases at home. "Merry Christmas," "Loads

of Yuletide Best Wishes" the Christmas cards from that hot, sticky, confining and so remote southwest Pacific isle say. "Merry Christmas?" "Yuletide Best Wishes?" These words are not just habit-formed— they are a promise for the future. These words are of even greater significance today than ever before.

Christmas—caroling, trimmed and tinseled trees, exchanging gifts, holly wreathes, evergreen sprays, crunchy cookies—this year? Yes, we're keeping up the old traditions, even though the tenor and bass sections are sadly depleted, even though trees and trimmings are difficult to obtain, even though there is only a limited selection of gifts, even though the whole family won't be home to share in the holiday activities. Those kids of our generation who are out in a muddy trench or in a desert fox-hole find consolation and pride in the thought that these things which we continue in their absence will be here when they get back. It's our duty and privilege to carry on with these traditions.

Christmas—1944—a lot different from a peacetime Christmas, nevertheless, Christmas. In years to come, when World War II will be just a portion of some thick, heavy, cumbersome history book, the Spirit of Christmas will be as dynamic and as sound at it is today and has been through the ages. With this in mind and heart, we can give a toast to the future with these words of the past: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

# A Christmas Prayer

Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for the return of the Christmas season, freighted with golden memories of hallowed associations and relationships. We thank Thee for the tender sentiments, the generous impulses, the altruistic responses that come easily to the very surface of our hearts and send us on our happy road of service in Thy name. We thank Thee for every heart made lighter, for every burden eased, for every path made smoother, for the happiness brought to little children, for ministries extended to the forgotten, for the ennobling spirit of brotherhood abroad in the land. We thank Thee for these benefits of Christmas.

May the message of Peace and Brotherhood that first found human lodgment in the hearts of Judea's simple sheperds fill our hearts at the season, and may it become so ingraved therein that its spirit will remain throughout the trials and tribulations and triumphs of the coming year—Amen.

MARCLLE ISABELLE

# CAMPUS CHATTER-

Last Month Marked Another Great success to be recorded in the annals of the S.G.A. According to general concensus of opinion, the Autumn Dance (plus the Melodiers) was one of the most colorful in years. Certainly the beautiful hues of a Maryland Fall well duplicated in the decorations of leaves, plaid wool blankets and a glowing fireplace set the mood for the evening. Everyone had a splendid time, especially the servicemen (our guests of the evening) who, needless to say, were overwhelmed by the charm and beauty of Maryland's prospective teachers. PLUG! We're all looking forward to the next social on the calendar and may it be SOON!

ALUMNAE, MEN AND WOMEN, CIVILIAN and military visited us this month. Especially prominent were Lee McCardle, Ned Logan, and Ted Katenkamp, who tripped the light fantastic at the S.G.A. dance. It means so very much to all of us to welcome all of them back to S.T.C. We at home think of you often and are living in the hope that you'll be back en masse soon again.

NOVEMBER ALSO BROUGHT THE ADVENT of Thanksgiving to our doors, a time of feasting, celebration and FREEDOM from school. The occasion in the dorm was gala—a formal holiday dinner with all the trimmings. A plenteous harvest this year brought pumpkin pie, cranberries and turkey for many of us, but did we stop to think what Thanksgiving 1944 really meant to us? The Thanksgiving of turkey and dressing is of little importance this year. It is rather a day when we shall remember that God is providing and will continue to provide for our needs. Let us continue to give thanks for American skies unclouded by Axis bombers and a land that is FREE!

ELECTION DAY WAS NOV. 7th, WHEN A hot and heavy time was had all over the United States. But, boy oh boy, our college certainly represented a slice of American life that day. Campaign posters, pictures, and banners had been conspicuous for several days in halls and classrooms, but the campaign election assembly climaxed our national spirit. Staunch supporters of Roosevelt and Dewy gave vigorous speeches for their favorite candidate for the presidency, and master-pieces of oratory they were too. Then, with all electioneering forbidden, we voted by mock ballot for the future president—our vote was a miniature of the country's.

Roosevelt won by only a slight margin, the man who we now accept as the choice of the country. But S.T.C. was right in there pitching; who knows, maybe one of our members will be running for a government office someday!

(Editor's note:—Are you trying to evade WATSON?)

THIS FALL HAS BROUGHT SOME REVOLUtionary changes to our school through the Student Government Association. The most outstanding of all was the separation of the Athletic Association and the Scheduled Gym Classes, and the rudimentary introduction of a Point System on College and Citizen achievements.

YUMM! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A roasted hot dog sizzling on a stick, held by some of our fellow students down in the Glen, especially in the late twilight and early night hours. Potato chips, hot baked beans, pickles, apples, cocoa, and sticky buns make the picture complete—a tableau of the several weinie roasts held in the Glen this fall. During one, a group of day students stayed overnight, bunking with their dorm-sisters on the sleeping porch. Brother! Was that place cold,—but wrapped in flannel pajamas, robes, and blankets a foot thick, we survivied; and loved it. At least we can still tell the tale.

THEATRE GOERS IN BALTIMORE HAVE had a great treat for the past several weeks. One week the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company presented "The Mikado," "Pirates of Penzance," "Trial by Jury," "Pinafore," "Iolanthe," and "The Gondoliers."

Paul Osborn's dramatic production of John Hershey's best selling novel, "A Bell for Adano," set out upon a brilliant career before reaching our city, and was here acclaimed widely. Many of us read the novel this summer, the story of an American major in charge of the rehabilitation of a captured Italian town.

Also Anton Chekhov's popular classic, "The Cherry Orchard" was as delightful as ever in it's season here.

CHRISTMAS IS IN THE AIR! ALL THE store windows downtown are foretelling the gay holiday season for us.

Here at school we're looking ahead to a great Christmas program and a time-honored celebration on our campus, carol singing. It's just around the corner, so . . .

Merry Christmas !!!

THE TOWER LIGHT

# G.I. COLUMN-

# Resolution for John Hackman

WHEREAS, JOHN HACKMAN, DURING HIS enrollment in this college attained a position of especial prominence and respect,

Whereas, his standards of scholarship and his relations with fellow students were in keeping with those which this college deems desirable, be it

Resolved: That as a student body we shall endeavor to perpetuate the principles so highly prized by him and be it further

Resolved: That this resolution shall become a part of the permanent annals of the Student Government Association of the State Teachers College at Towson.

(Signed)

The Student Government Association of the State Teachers College at Towson November 14, 1944

# **Christmas Greetings**

AT THIS SEASON OF THE REMEMBRANCE of friends, we wish to extend greetings to our G.I.'s. Even a global war cannot extinguish the light of the Christmas spirit. Many G.I.'s will be far from home this Christmas, but we all know that they will not be far from the hearts of those at home. Let's make this Christmas joyful with thoughts and plans for the many Merry Christmases to come.

## **Visitors**

CORPORAL RUTH ROSEN, MCWR—CLASS of '40—flew up from Paris Island, South Carolina in a Martin Bomber. We were glad to have her share in the excitement of our mock election. We hope that you'll be visiting us soon again, Ruth.

Lieutenant (j.g.) Harold R. Manakee—'27—visited us while on a thirty day leave. He has just returned from eighteen months service in the Mediterranean area. He sends "best wishes to all school grads in the services."

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# -MEN'S CLUB-

THE SWING QUARTET IS RAPIDLY TAKING on wider proportions and may soon develop into a full orchestra. Barbara Harper has brought her skill as a pianist and her witty arrangements to the fore. Evelyn Pearl and her violin and Arlene Thomas with her clarinet have come out of hiding. Don has added a cymbal to the battery, while "Professor" Kiser has supplemented his mouthpiece for a real, genuine "Harry James" mouthpiece for the trumpet. This he acquired with six "Wheatie" box-tops and two bits. Sax-tooter Merril furnishes his big time arrangements to our rising "little-time" band.

Now in practice is *Stardust*, with a snappy piano solo, *Tiger Rag* for the hep-cats, and *Till Then* for the smoothies.

Auditions will soon be in order for a soloist and then the whole shin-dig will head for the foyer of Newell Hall where they hope to entertain several lunch hours a week.

(Sounds good, doesn't it!? E.M.)



## Who's Who!

OUR COLLEGE IS ONE OF THE ACCREDited institutions of a group of over 600 American universities and colleges which selects students each year. These students are selected by an unprejudiced committee which bases its decision on a point system, to appear in "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges." The purpose of Who's Who is to serve as an incentive to students to get the most out of their college careers; as a means of compensation to students for what they have already done; as a recommendation to the business world; and as a standard of measurement for students. We should be proud of our girls who made the grade. The 1944-45 issue will include the biographies of the following:

Lucy Goldsmith Mary Baumgartner
Barbara Whitehurst Emma W. Stansbury
Mary Carroll Patricia Waddy
Helen Martin Norma Bretall
Bernice Knell Mary Ellen Perrin
Ann Landis Betty Seitz

Will you be chosen next year? It is an honor for which to work.

# A COUNTRY CHRISTMAS

TOW WELL I REMEMBER THAT DAY ■ L before last Christmas Eve! Ev, my girl friend, and I were standing on the deck of the Bay ferry, watching the blustering wind ruffle the water into white caps, which splashed the sides of the laboring ferry. It was quite rough sailing-windy and wet, with the ferry cumbersomely ploughing into one trough of water, then another. The sky was icy gray, streaked with yellow and with little black puffs of clouds scudding back and forth overhead. When the ship docked and we began to walk the country backroads to the farm, flakes of snow were already beginning to drift silently down, settling on the barren landscape, with its gaunt bare trees and bushes—the empty furrowed brown fields. We'd be glad to get to the farm and settled in the little house, pockmarked with the storms and winds of the years. Just the housekeeper would be there when we arrived, and Queenie, the collie dog. They'd welcome us with light and warmth and food. We'd put our packages of supplies and Christmas gifts on the hearth, and after warming up a bit we'd go out into the storm again, to our neighbor's house, a mile away. Our first Christmas on an isolated farm! It sounded like fun-but how exciting it was to be we had no way of knowing.

The Dawsons were our nearest neighbors. Dawson was an oiler on a Merchant Marine tanker and, they believed, was now on his way over-seas. Mrs. Dawson was running the farm alone and taking care of Irma and Ben, the two children. We were to share our Christmas with them—help them trim the tree and open the gifts at midnight. We had planned to leave for the Dawson farm about seven o'clock, taking the stable lantern and a flashlight with us. The drifts would not be too deep by then, and if the storm became worse, we could stay overnight. We were preparing to leave when the telephone rang. I remember being surprised at the time that the telephone lines weren't down. We waited to see who could be calling, and the white face of the housekeeper, after she had answered, warned us that something was wrong. I grabbed the telephone and said, "Yes, who is it?"

A small scared voice came thinly over the line—a voice I recognized as belonging to seven-year-old Ben Dawson. He was half crying.

"Mommy's so still—she won't wake up. I know she's awful sick, 'cause she kept her hand to her side and kept moaning and tellin' me to call somebody quick."

"All right, Ben—we'll come right away! Keep your

mother covered up, and we'll get a doctor and get there as soon as we can."

"Help us to—Hello, hello!" The line went dead. I turned to Ev. "Quick, Ev! Walk down to Fox's store and get him to take his car and drive me to Stevensville for Dr. James. The line's out. I'll go to Dawson's and see what I can do for her until the doctor gets there. Hurry!"

We hurried out into the storm and the blizzard seemed to increase in fury. My coat and boots were heavy with snow and my eyelashes frozen together by the time we reached the other farm. Ev went on ahead to see about the doctor. Neither the lantern nor the flashlight helped much, for the wind was blowing handfuls of snow into the feeble light.

Ben was watching at the window and hurried to open the door-tow-headed Ben, still showing a trace of his summer tan. But he was frightened now almost to the point of panic. As I stepped inside, I looked around quickly. Mrs. Dawson was a still, dark, huddled mass on the living-room couch. The fire in the room's pot-bellied stove had died down and the room was lighted by a small kerosene lamp on the old-fashioned roll-topped desk. The room was chill and dark, and groping shadows stole out from the corners, merging with other shdows thrown out by the furniture. The naked, untrimmed tree stood in a corner of the room, looking forlorn and dispirited. Scattered balls and unopened packages cluttered the floor around it. There were just three sounds, the tick of the kitchen wall-clock, the sputtering of a piece of green kindling in the stove, and, from a darkly hidden chair, the muffled sobs of a frigtened child.

"That's Irm crying," said Ben, trying to muster up a last shred of courage.

"I'll see about her later. Right now we're got to look after your mother. Go get some kindling wood from the shed and bring it in here. Don't get it wet."

Mrs. Dawson was not asleep, but was almost unconscious with pain. It looked like appendicitis to me. I had Ben pump some water from the kitchen sink and applied towels to Mrs. Dawson's hot forehead. The house was beginning to warm up, but I was plenty worried. What if Ev had been lost in the storm? The drifts were almost up to the windows by now and snow was pelting down harder every minute. Could the doctor get through to us? I tried to put such things out of my mind, but there wasn't much I could do, and I had more than enough time to think—with that white wall of silence cutting us off from

everything but God. "God!" I began to pray as hard as I'd ever done before. No. I didn't get down on my knees, but I prayed silently. "Please God, hear me now! Don't let Mrs. Dawson get any worse! Make the doctor hurry! Please, God!"

I think some tiny hope in miracles kept us going as the minutes ticked around the kitchen clock. The children were getting restless—Irm was beginning to whimper again. I wasn't able to do much for Mrs. Dawson, so I turned to the children.

"How about trimming the tree? Your mother would like to see it all finished before the doctor gets here, I'm sure."

They agreed and the tree began to bloom like a flower, first with balls, then tinsel. The kerosene lamp shone on it and it sparkled into a haloed triangle. The children quieted down, became interested in their fascinating work Mrs. Dawson rallied a bit. I bent low over her, and she murmured in semi-delirium asking if we could sing Christmas carols. We began with "Silent Night, Holy Night." The children's sweet young faces and voices seemed to give deeper meaning to the comforting message, and to lend some sort of calm to the harassing situation. Mrs. Dawson at last fell into a troubled doze. The doctor came about an hour later, took one look at the patient, and decided that he must operate immediately-one of the many kitchen-table emergencies the country physician must face.

Ben and Irma were becoming frightened again, so while Ev helped Dr. James, I put them to bed, with promises that Santa Claus would surely visit them before morning. Poor tykes, they were exhausted, and fell asleep immediately. One of the hardest things I had to do was resist the temptation of crawling into bed myself. But I dragged downstairs to help as much as I could. Ev was holding a flashlight for the doctor, for the glow from the kerosene lamp was too feeble for the delicate operation. It was like a bad nightmare—so vivid and grotesque, and seemingly so long, although over so quickly. When Mrs. Dawson was in bed and the red swabs and gauze cleaned from the floor and table, Dr. James left us with careful directions, saying he would come early next morning.

All night, Ev and I took turns watching Mrs. Dawson. Though tired, we were relieved and happy in the knowledge that it would not be too sad a Christmas, after all.

By morning, Mrs. Dawson was completely out of danger. The doctor brought her more good news in a letter he had picked up at the general store, giving her word of Mr. Dawson's safe arrival overseas.

DECEMBER · 1944

As Ben and Irma put it, when they opened their gifts, "Gosh, we're pretty lucky after all. Santa took care of just everything!"

"Yes, he did," I assured them. "And don't forget that God helped us all, and that He will always help us all!"

EILEEN LYNCH



## Clubs

THE MEMBERS OF THE LITTLE THEATER Guild have rolled up their sleeves and gotten to work. A committee is cleaning out the costume room (which most of us didn't know existed) in the Ad Building. Now don't think they're not doing anything in the line of drama. The members are planning a program to be at a Christmas assembly. They also have visions of presenting a play in the spring.

Having the twenty some Goucher girls on the campus with us has brought about a feeling of, "Gee, you're nice, I want to get to know you better." The Hockey game held Wednesday, November 15th helped our girls to really get acquainted with some of the Goucher girls. After the game the Athletic Association provided cider and doughnuts for the players. By the way, the score was one to one.

The Natural History Group wasn't satisfied with furnishing those deligtful breakfasts which we enjoyed so much in the Glen. The members gave a supper with Mother Nature as hostess one evening and talk about fun! And the food? Delicious!

Although the orchestra hasn't made an official appearance since the Clubs Assembly last month, it has been functioning, and very well too. The membership has increased just about double. One little blonde senior has even taken to playing the trumpet. If you just can't wait for the orchestra to make a public appearance stop outside the auditorium some Friday morning between eight and nine and you'll hear some music "what sends you."

Mrs. Cuthbertson, secretary of the Middle Atlantic region of the Student Christian Movement, visited the campus this month to talk with and advise the officers and members of the S.C.A. Mrs. Cuthbertson gave some very helpful suggestions to the Student Christian Association for spreading its membership to the day students of this college. To start this movement the S.C.A. presented a chapel assembly.

# $-Professional\ Page-$

#### DID STUDENT TEACHING REALLY HELP ME?

The following article was published in the Teacher-Education Journal of September 1944. The author, Miss Edith Weaver, graduated from the college in August.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY CONSCIOUS experience, I was confronted in my student teaching with circumstances where growth was the inevitable course, where static permanence was impossible because it rendered me unable to meet the demands of the situation.

This was a forcing situation—one that stimulated highly, that brought into play many faculties, but rewarding out of all proportion to the effort it necessitated. (Such experiences could never comprise all life: they are so stimulating that no human being could continually give forth the necessary response.)

This was not a perfect experience, one which wholly satisfied. Somerset Maugham says that he is bored with perfectly beautiful objects: perfection achieved is so satisfying that one can find no incentive for further experience. The imperfections, the lack of advantage in my situation, will incite me to further experience satisfying my unfilled needs.

My practice center was not a Utopia. There were drawbacks. I taught in an unreal situation, with close supervision. The burden of writing detailed lesson plans was unconducive to a well-balanced schedule of living. The adult personalities I encountered served as poor guides in a few instances, because of erroneous judgement and subjective criticism. A somewhat distorted picture of reality was presented to me because of the limitations of the situations and my natural tendency to rely heavily on my very limited experiences.

Said Paul, "A great door and effectual is opened unto me and (not "but") there are many adversaries." Perhaps there must be adversaries and obstacles — deterrent factors in any complex life situation. Surely it is in the stimulating experiences of meeting and overcoming difficulties that great growth occurs.

Student teaching then, because of its opportunity for intensive growth, is certainly to be considered one of a teacher's most significant experiences.

EDITH WEAVER

Now that you have read one opinion on the subject of Student Teaching — what about yours? Leave your letters giving your opinion in the Tower Light office. They will be printed next month.

# -Strictly Feminine-

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER, SO Margaret Heinlien, Dorthea Chenworth and Doris Crane think. Every night at bed time if you see some curious creatures hopping in through your doorway, don't be alarmed. It's only those dignified teacher cadets playing leap frog to teach their little darling children.

P.S. Also to keep down those extra inches.

If you think studying is all that goes on in the north wing just creep down some night to any of the rooms. This is what the chattering is all about:

- 1-Doris Crane and her glamorous Ray.
- 2-Bernie and her embraceable Al.
- 3-Gloria Long and her argumentative marine and the dangling baby shoes.
- 4-Betsy Fuller and her tall, dark and handsome farm boy and her romantic trip to Georgia.
- 5-Kathy Smith and her irrepressible Jimmy Bracken.

6-Ilio Leonard and her eye-catching doughboy.

Things sure have been buzzin'. Saturday, November 10th found the members of the KKK dining at the Belvedere. Students and ex-students, and some married, formed the party. Lots of food but mostly gab. This organization was formed last November, 1943, of a group of dormitory girls who resolved to meet together at least once a year just for the chance to see each other again.

Thursday, November 16th, forty of the dorm girls threw a surprise party for the eight dorm seniors who are going away. Yes, it was a going-away party and it really was a surprise this time (generally they aren't). Though a sad note prevailed, we had a gay time watching dignified seniors roll marbles across the floor with their noses and phone the morgue (or so they thought). After "We're Sorry You're Going Away," "Aloha Oe" and "Alma Mater" were sung, their tears flowed like wine and the party ended as the girls waded back to their rooms. We sure are going to miss them.

Merry Christmas from the staff
To faculty and students too
Best wishes for the New Year
And here's our wish for you:
May all your wishes be granted.
May all your days be bright.
Our biggest wish of all is this —
Remember the TOWER LIGHT.

# BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS-

#### BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

THE TALL BOOK OF NURSERY TALES, by Feodor Rojankovsky. (Harper, \$1.00.)

A collection of twenty-four nursery tales, with may illustrations that are gay in color and full of action.

SMALL RAIN, Chosen by Elizabeth Orton Jones. (Viking, \$2.00.)

Verses from the Bible illustrated with pictures of everyday American children.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CRIB, by Katherine Milhous. (Scribner, \$1.25).

The story of how Saint Francis of Assisi made the first creche in the church of the village of Greccio.

RABBIT HILL, by Robert Lawson. (Viking, \$2.00.)

New folks coming to live in the "Big House" on the hill cause great excitement among the animals who live there.

THE HUNDRED DRESSES, by Eleanor Estes. (Harcourt, \$2.50.)

Wanda Petronski lived on Boggins Heights, had a funny name, and wore one faded blue dress every day. She was never accepted as a member of the class in Room 13. Peggy and Maddie had no intention of being cruel, but then they did not know the truth about the hundred dresses. This is a juvenile book with significance for teachers.

PANDORA, by Clare Turlay Newberry. (Harper, \$1.75.)

The experiences of Pandora, a gray Persian, include being locked in the bathroom and getting accidently shut into a bureau drawer. Those who have read "Marshmallow" know the charm of Clare Newberry's pictures.

MOTHER GOOSE, illustrated by Tasha Tudor. (Oxford, \$2.00.)

A beautifully illustrated collection of the nursery rhymes, with pictures in soft colors or gray, having both charm and reality.

WHOSE LITTLE BIRD AM I? by Leonard Weisgard. (Crowell, \$1.00.)

From the first page on a baby bird tries to discover to whom he belongs. Fifteen motherbirds refuse to accept him before his own mother appears on the last page — all with soft gray illustrations.

LIN TANG AND THE LUCKY CRICKET, by Kay Stafford. (McGraw-Hill, \$2.00.)

About a little Chinese boy who finds a singing cricket which brings him luck. Many large pictures.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, illustrated by Natasha Simkhovitch. (Knopf, \$1.50.)

From 1943, a collection of stories, poems, and carols, with gay illustrations.

#### BOOKS FOR ADULTS

ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM, by Margaret Landon. (John Day, \$3.75.)

Narrative of the five years spent by a young Welsh widow as teacher and secretary to the King at the Siamese court.

LOOK AT THE WORLD, by Richard E. Harrison. (Knopf, \$3.50.)

New perspectives on geography in the "Fortune atlas for world strategy."

MEDITERRANEAN SPOTLIGHT, by Attilio Gatti. (Scribner, \$2.50.)

Today and the past in Crete, Greece, Turkey, North Africa, and other countries of the Mediterranean. Excellent photographs.

MEN OF POPULAR MUSIC, by David Ewen. (Ziff-Davis, \$2.75.)

George Gershwin, Duke Ellington, Raymond Scott and others in the story of our popular music.

PEOPLE ON OUR SIDE, by Edgar Snow. (Random House, \$3.50.)

People in Russia, China, and India under the pressure of war.

RIVERS OF THE EASTERN SHORE, by Hulbert Footner. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50.)

With illustrations by Aaron Sopher, an account of the history and traditions of a famous part of Maryland.

THIRTEEN AGAINST THE ODDS, by Edwin R. Embree. (Viking, \$2.75.)

Negroes who are outstanding Americans.

USSR, by Walter Duranty. \(`(Lippineott, \$3.00.)\)
A popular, modern history of Soviet Russia.

WE STOOD ALONE, by Dorothy Adams. (Longmans, Green.)

Personal story of a Boston girl, a Goucher College alumna, who married a Polish patriot.

WEBSTER'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. (1943, Merriam, \$6.50.)

A fascinating as well as useful dictionary listing approximately 40,000 contemporary and historical names, with concise biographies and pronunciation.

WOODROW WILSON, by Geralds W. Johnson. (Harper, \$2.00.)

A record, chiefly pictorial, of President Wilson's life.

EVERYBODY'S POLITICAL WHAT'S WHAT, by Bernard Shaw. (Dodd Mead, \$3.00.)

Shaw's reflective look at humanity and human institutions and his program for a better world.

HOW NEW WILL THE BETTER WORLD BE? by Carl L. Becker. (Knopf, \$2.50.)

An American professor's clarifying discussion of eight leading questions.

A GREAT TIME TO BE ALIVE, by Harry Emerson Fosdick. (Harper, \$2.00.)

Counsel and inspiration from a wise writer.

## "Give Thanks Unto the Lord"

THANKSGIVING, THAT'S A LAUGH. WHAT have I to be thankful for. Stuck here in a bed, maybe no one even remembering I'm still alive."

Maybe you think I heard the men at Walter Reed and Forest Glen talking like this when I asked them about their Thanksgiving. But you're wrong. The biggest complaint I heard from them was that they had the dark meat of the turkey when they wanted the white meat, or that it wasn't fixed the way Mom always did it. And these men had a lot to complain about, too. But they are men, too brave to complain, too thankful to complain.

One of the soldiers, from Brooklyn, was telling me how lucky he considered himself when he looked around the ward at the other patients. And he had lost a leg! That would be hard for most of us to take, especially if we had been a star football player before "going over." But Si proved to me that there is always someone who is worse off than you. When he feels low, he puts one arm behind his back and tries to do everything with one hand, as his pal next to him will have to do for the rest of his life. Then Si thanks God he lost a leg instead of an arm.

Pop was another man in the hospital who made me think. He lost his leg in Italy. A tall, strapping man about 6'3", with two sons in the service; a regular. He laughed and said, "Oh I was tall in my day, but without my right leg I'm only half as tall." To show

the spirit of these, our heroes, let me tell you what happened to Pop several weeks ago. He was getting along well on this crutches, and was as energetic a ever. There was a crowd at the elevator so he decided to walk down and give his place to someone who couldn't manage his crutches as well. Pop started to walk down the steps. The crutch slipped and he fell and broke a rib. But Pop laughs at it now. He says he feels pretty good because he was able to beat the elevator down. It takes a lot of courage to look at life with Pop's philosophy.

Let me tell you about another patient I saw on Thanksgiving day — an army nurse, wounded in England during a robot bomb raid. She shared the same fate as the soldiers she was serving. Lost a leg and had a beautiful face disfigured forever, made presentable only by the help of plastic surgery. One of the men was kidding her about her lovely sister and made a remark about Dottie's face. Dottie smiled and said, "Can't help if the Lord made my mug ugly, but its what's behind it, and in your heart, that counts." And she really believes this, making a disfigurement insignificant because of her inward beauty.

One of the most courageous men I saw had lost both of his arms; amputated above the elbow. He is one of the most clever and admirable men I have ever met. With spirit undaunted, he said he lives a better, more useful life now than ever before. He knows what it means to have people look at you with pity and wait on you hand and foot for your every need. He did know, once. But now he is completely independent, does not have to be fed or dressed or amused. Believe it or not he is a champ on a sand lot baseball team and can bat as well as any of the team now. His accomplishments are amazing!

Although he lost his arms, he never lost faith. He was determined to make his own way, not to be a burden to others. When he was well enough, he had an appliance with two contractable hooks for fingers made for each stump. With great perserverance, patience, and painful work, he learned to use his new arms. He prides himself on being able to take a cigarette from a pack and light it faster than anyone else. Now he wishes to show his thankfulness that he did not become a hopeless cripple. He is helping other men and women in his condition to become self sufficient and to go more courageously and with more confidence into their future life. He is sharing his Thanksgiving with others.

These are some of the thoughts and thanksgivings of the men and women who have sacrificed so much for us, that we might have a happy Thanksgiving and Christmas, in a free land. The Second National Bank of Towson, Md.

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OLUME XII

UMBER 45

NUARY, 1945

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Editor EVELYN MORRIS

VOLUME XII, No. 45

JANUARY, 1945

## EV-itorial

1945 —Another new year—a clean slate—time for resolutions, corrections, and general improvements. I don't know why, but for me, the new year always has such a refreshing, stimulating feeling. Perhaps its the newness of the situation but never-the-less, I'm glad that '45 is here!

With the beginning of another new year, even the conservative old Tower Light has felt the touch of change and revision. "Gasp not, oh weary readers, for a respite cometh nigh"—thus saith the editor.

Our first change, and perhaps most obvious, to our readers, is the layout for the cover. Our particular thanks goes to Sylvia Rosen and Mrs. Brouwer for

the long hours, careful planning, and successful results. As a team we think that Sylvia and Mrs. Brouwer can't be beaten. Thanks again, and I know the whole student body is appreciative of your fine contribution.

Then too, there are changes on the inside of our publication, and we hope you'll approve of them. They were created through the suggestions of some of the students for, we hope, the pleasure and information of the whole student body.

We are now to have a Sports column, and our new "columnist" for this write-up is none other than our old athlete, Sue Callahan. We hope that you'll like the sports news written up in the T.L. and we know Sue is capable of her assignment.

On the lighter side we are presenting "Hokus Pokus" by guess who? (and if you know, don't tell). This is to be a combination column in which anything can happen (and it probably will if I know H.P.) You may bring your problems or latest jokes, which ever is giving you the most trouble is preferable to "Hokus Pokus" but the staff will not be responsible for what the "Bug" says. (This includes our advisers too, of course.)

The other columns will carry on in their usual manner unless you, who read the Tower Light prefer to illuminate them. I should mention that since September we have introduced the Challenge by Babs Whitehurst and Lou Goldsmith and have revived the Mens' column now being handled by Norman Schneider and Don Hammerman.

On the lighter side too we have inserted (and hoped that you'd like them), some of the cartoons from the nationally famous magazines. We thought that they were good for our morale and only wished that everyone had caught on in time for the joke to be funny.

But, perhaps the most cheering change will come in February when our new editor, Webby Sansbury will take over the T.L. Give her the loyal support that you have so kindly given me, and I know she'll do a fine job in her new role.

Well, here is a toast to S.T.C. and to the T.L. too. We hope that this year will find a better college, and a better publication than we've had in '44. There's always room for improvement, of that we're well aware, but we need the helpful criticism that can come only from these of you who are in a position to know what the improvement is to be and when and where it is to come.

Your contributions and selections are always welcome so drop them off at the T.L. office any time at all.

Yours for a happy and prosperous new year.

"Edda Torr"

# -CAMPUS CHATTER-

THE NEW YEAR HAS MADE ITS ENTRANCE amid loud rejoicing and somber thinking, as we wonder what it will bring. Many of the student body will return from practice-teaching, while others will be temporarily leaving the college for their first supervised attempts. We hope to see many new faces at the beginning of the new term, frosh, with original ideas, from high school. And we send out our graduates to fill important teaching positions; sorry to lose them, but glad that at least some of us are helping in a critical situation. Yes, the new year is here, to bring minor changes in our school life, but what will happen all over the world?

"Circle four, right about, courtesy to your neighbor and throw your partner out." Yes, siree, chum, that Victory Barn Dance had plenty of spirit, with everyone jumping around like "turkeys in the straw." The party couldn't have been for a better cause and all who attended are looking forward to another one as soon as possible. Curley Bill was right up there to the minute with his yellow bow tie, white wool socks and red plaid shirt, and even his singing wasn't too bad. Large bow ribbons, cotton shirts, sweaters, dungarees and plaid shirts dominated the scene—a fine way to raise money for Bonds. There is one word of regret; more of you should have come, for only through complete cooperation on all such activities can we make a real success of our goal—a memorial swimming pool to our boys and sooner.

CERTAIN INSTRUCTORS DON'T SEEM TO realize it, but certain of their entire classes fell in bed at 3, 4, and 5 o'clock in the morning one week, working on units. Or how about the girls who had no sleep at all for several days! We hope their diligent labor was appreciated, for it was little short of slavery. Here's to an "A" for everyone.

WHAT SCIENTIFIC PHENOMENA OCcured in the college last month that brought such great focus of attention on the labs? Rats! Get the boys to explain it to you, for nothing like that has happened here for a long time.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE ORIGINAL DESIGNS in certain envelopes addressed to Phyl Beshore? Kinda clever, we think.

We wish we knew how Violet Caltrider keeps those curls looking like she just stepped out of a beauty shop. She claims she sets them on the bedpost every night! By the way what is it about Violet that makes her such a swell person to know?

# -MEN'S CLUB-

UNDER MR. MINNEGAN'S APT COACHING, and through the facilities of his milk farm, the four male students of this institution are turning out to be junior Atlas's. Twice weekly the victims attend rigorous gym classes which are held in the special torture chamber under the main gym. Here Coach Minnegan puts them through their paces. A sample gym class in the chamber is as follows:

- 1. Warm-up calesthenics—Yogi' Schneider's delight
- 2. Tension exercises—(Charles Atlas Special)
- 3. Grass drill-Cohen's Waterloo
- 4. Football—everyone makes a touchdown for good old Smear Head Tech
- 5. Wrestling—(Killer Cohen gets the works)
- 6. Boxing—Dodging Don takes all comers

Highlights of the class are when Murdering Merrill makes a touchdown for good old Smear Head Tech and when Hefty Harry, Daredevil Don, and Nifty Norman give Smearhead Cohen the duck rub in their Jim Londas game.

Finally at the end of the hour our four heroes roll, crawl, and are carried to the showers where they are revived—then with biceps bulging they stide athletically from the gym.

At the Men's Room the specimens collapse and Dr. Bulkley comes to the rescue with her medical kit and Coach Minnegan. The kit consists of some little green pills for Cohen, some pink tablets for Zemel, and some little white ones for Norm. Hammerhead takes one of each.

The coach then gives each his special "revoitalizer.' He throws a locker over Hammer's head, ties knots in Yogi's legs, powders Merrill's face with steel wool, and Harry's dome receives a three-bounce special on the granite squares. The M.D. then replies with another pill each and three for Don; an ambulance comes; the Atlas' four are taken to their next class.

## **Campus Chatter**

RESHMAN III TURNED PEA-GREEN WITH envy when Betty Castle, Peggy Johnston and Lyn Temple (Fr. IIIB) came back after the week-end of December second, with tales of a thrilling Army-Navy game (even if their team did lose) and the wonderful Navy Hop that night at Annapolis.

# G.I. COLUMN——

## Report from Europe:

IN A RECENT LETTER LT. LUTHER COX (AAF) of the class of '40 asks for news of S.T.C. He is anxious to work out in the new gym. Right now he is keeping himself in good shape by running and playing soft ball. Lou has been a prisoner of war in Germany for approximately two years.

Lt. Jerome Kolker—'40—is with the Second Armored Division somewhere in Germany. Jerry is seeing a lot of action.

With the 329th in Germany is Lt. Dallas Smith, a former member of the class of '35.

Captain Arthur Bennett—class of '39—landed with one of the early groups in the invasion of France. His last letter was written in a foxhole in Germany.

## Proudly We Hail:

Staff Sergeant Donald Martin—'43—is an aerial gunner with the Eighth Air Force somewhere in England. Don is a member of "Bragger's Grocery Run," a group commanded by Colonel Bragger. This group called a temporary halt to bombing the enemy and took food supplies to the people of France. It was the first time the American group had landed on French soil, and lines of friendly citizens were out to greet the planes. Not long before, these same Liberators had dropped bombs on this airfield in Central France which was at that time in the hands of Germany. Don has completed twenty missions over German occupied Europe. He has been awarded the Air Medal and the Oak Leaf Cluster.

The Purple Heart has been awarded to Pfc. Henry Jansen of the class of '29. Henry is in a hospital in Italy. He was wounded by a fragment of a German mortar bomb; however the wound will not have permanent ill effects.

Lt.-Col. Robert Hambury—'31—has through his efficiency and outstanding service won the high rank of Colonel. He is the highest ranking officer in the S.T.C. alumni group. Congratulations Lt.-Col. Hambury.

On November 1st, Raymond Dugan—class of '34—was promoted to the rank of Lt.-Commander in the Navy. He has been placed in charge of Camp Oak in Ojai, California.

#### Visitors:

A recent visitor to the college was Cpl. Edward L. Cashman, a former member of the class of '46. Leroy **JANUARY** · 1945

is stationed at Fort F. E. Warren, Wyoming, among "the wild wooly cowboys."

Lt. R. J. Williamson—'42—recently visited home on a ten day leave. He says, "Finished sweating out Louisiana, now Oklahoma. I can see no similarity between the state and Broadway's opinion. All training is finished, and I am all ready to get into the game."

Back in Baltimore for a few days, Sgt. Milton 1. Baer (AAF)—of the class of '40—paid us a visit. He has spent two and a half years in the Mid-west and will return to Kansas; however, he expects to be on the move soon.

## Poet's Corner

### DIARY OF AMERICA

Today have I gone across the swelling, raging sea And seen the mocking smile of those who hate The helpless, weak, and old

And those who will not fight for power, gold, and love of battle.

Today have I seen the smoking ruins of a city
That in its time became a great and glorious home
Of those who loved democracy and died for it
That ruthless heels of conquerors shall not step upon
its soil.

Today have I seen the glistening of the planes Against the azure of the cloudless sky and heard their roar

Above the cities' deafening din

And I heard the shricking, wailing sirens that warned warned of danger from the gleaming sky.

And I have seen the grim, black bombs of death, Hurtle, screaming groundward without mercy Leaving utter desolation and destruction in their

While the woeful cries of helpless babes gave fuel and energy to those who killed.

Today have I seen upon the tossing black fury of the boundless ocean

An invisible missle of death slip through the heaving waters

And strike a boat of children fleeing from their wartorn land.

And then how the killers bared their teeth and laughed at the tearful sight.

And today have I seen land

Where Peace—the king, shall reign eternally Where its people worship freedom and its glorious flag Ah, yes . . . . . this is AMERICA.

VIVIAN GOLDENBERG

# -Literary

## THE SAGA OF THE "SMOKY JOE"

SOME OF YOU, WHEN AND IF YOU READ this brief description, are going to think it should have been saved for the summer issue of "Tower Light." However, I'm not writing of a summer trip, but a winter one—on the ferry.

On a winter's day, when it isn't too windy, and you can't think of anything special to do, go down to Light Street and board the "Smoky Joe." No, that's not her "correct" title-that's "The Philadelphia." But when you can see the belching smoke of a boat two miles away from the harbor, pouring from its black, grimy smoke stacks, you can understand how such a handle might become attached to it. No, the "Smoky Joe's" not much to look at, but she gets you there—and how! I went over on the ferry last New Year's Day, and it was one of those gray, steely days, with a hint of snow in the air and the sting of fine rain needles in your face. The people at the dock looked like hunched-back gnomes, with their coat collars turned up, their hands in their pockets, and their hats turned down against the wind. Piles of luggage huddled together in forlorn, moist, brown-andblack bundles. A scraggly line formed in front of the gray ticket office—a little booth looking grayer and even more disreputable than usual, because there wasn't any sun.

Lugging my packages with me—due to the sudden disappearance of the porter—up the flight of stairs I went, with the "wind and the rain in my hair." Depositing my luggage on the scarred leather seat inside the sliding partition closing off the cold outside, I went for a turn around the deck. The deck runs from bow to stern, as most decks do, and it was wet and slippery, shining with the gray, eerie light of the leaden sky. The boat's motor had begun to throb, and I could feel it beating through the deck against the soles of my shoes. The wooden chairs, used in the summer by light-hearted picnickers, were piled in sodden clumps against the inside walls of the boat, battened down to keep them from sliding around as the boat rocked in the rough troughs of water.

As the boat pulled out of the harbor, she passed the big warehouses; the Lanasa Fruit Pier; the Fire House, with the ever-familiar fire boat, "The Cataract"; the sugar refinery; the big, busy shipyards, with their yellow ships waiting for gray paint, their flickering lights from the blow torches, their "ack-ack" machine gun sound of riveting. There were smells, too—

(Continued on page 8)

# Strictly Feminine-

-And we aren't kidding! How would you like to answer these?

- 1. Where would you like to have been on New Year's Eve?
- 2. Where were you on New Year's Eve? (Notice the "similarity" of their answers!)

Miss Baker: 1. "Been in New York City and seen a nice play." 2. "Home by the fireside."

Virginia B.: 1. "This comes so unexpected." (What doesn't these days?) 2. "Went to a U.S.O. dance." Charlotte B.: 1. "Guess what I did!" (Enough said.)

Betty B.: 1. "Oh—gone out with Vinnie." 2. "Can't say." (Why not Betty?)

Betty G.: 1. "Are you kidding?" 2. "Don't ask me." Dotty P.: 1. "Gone to a mid-night show and had a a party." 2. "Went to bed."

Carlyn T.: 1. "Been with Bill." 2. "With Bill." (Oh well, we can't all be lucky!)

Helen M.: 1. "None of your business!" 2. "Went to church." (She didn't know that this would be printed.)

Ruth C.: 1. "Exactly what I did, only with different people." (Pick, choose, and refuse is an old proverb, Ruth.)

Jean L.: 1. "Go out and have a wonderful time." 2. "Went to bed."

Sue C.: 1. "Can't repeat it." (Now Sue!) 2. "Refused a date, sat home dreaming." (Must be a good reason, we wonder?)

Kay K.: 1. "Been with a nice tall, blue-eyed Air Corps man and . . ? . . in a car." 2. "Sat home writing letters."

Alma C.: 1. "Ditto with Kay." 2. "Played poker."

Marjorie Y.: 1. "Had a party for fellows from overseas." (Not a bad idea.) 2. "Went to a party." (Wasn't it the right kind Marjorie?)

Bee K.: 1. "Go to a night club and celebrate like?..."
(Oh well!) 2. "Went to a party."

Jane B.: 1. "Spend it at Aberdeen Proving Grounds."
2. "Went to bed at ten."

Jessie M.: 1. "Oh, I don't know." 2. "Went to bed at nine." Jessie believes early to bed and early to rise . . . .

Mary T. S.: 1. "I can't think." (Most of us don't or can't this night.) 2. "Went to movies."

Betty T.: 1. "This comes as a shock." 2. "That's a long story." (Do tell us Betty.)

Janet C.: 1. "Just what I did." 2. "In an accident but it was exciting, I tell you." (Take it away, Janet.)

(Continued on page 8)

THE TOWER LIGHT

THE MEMBERS OF NATURAL HISTORY I Group packed their lunches again but this time they didn't have on their walking shoes. Instead the group dressed in their Sunday best and boarded the train heading for Washington. Once there the gals headed straight for the Smithsonian Institute where they were the guests of Dr. Schmidt, head curator of biology at the Natural History Museum. (Those of us who were here last year remember Dr. Schmidt and the interesting slides he showed of the Galapagos Islands.) The group, after going through the museum, had lunch in Dr. Schmidt's office. Dr. Schmidt proved to be the perfect host-even furnished fruit, candy, cake and beverages. Need it be said everyone had a most delightful time?

The drive for the World Student Service Fund that the Student Christain Association sponsored was a great success. The goal of \$111.11 was passed by \$11.41. It's gratifying to those who gave so generously to know that money will be used to aid some fellow student in continuing his education in spite of the fact that he is a prisoner of war.

The A.A. has made plans to entertain the alumni of S.T.C. sometime soon. Our students will play basketball with the guests. It'll be hard to decide for which side to root. Shall it be our fellow classmates or mother's classmates? It'll be fun regardless.

The Chimes Guild helped greatly in spreading the Christmas atmosphere. The members wearily pulled themselves out of bed at 6 A. M. the last day of school to go through the halls of the dorm singing carols—a wonderful way to be awakened!

The seventeenth of December was almost as big a day for the Glee Club as Christmas. Miss Weyforth and her cherubs piled into a bus and visited the Marine Hospital in Baltimore and from there on to Aberdeen. Just goes to show the girls of S. T.C. aren't partial when they visit both the marines and soldiers—but what happened to the navy—maybe next time.

The Theater Guild gave an assembly program including Dickens' Christmas Carol without which Christmas would be incomplete.

The club pioneering in feeling the Christmas spirit is the Art Club which was thinking of Christmas when it began this term. Those wise people who joined it had some very lovely handmade gifts to give as presents.

# -The Challenge-

THE CHIMES IN AN OLD TOWER CLOCK strike the last note of midnight—cries of Happy New Year break the early morning stillness—and another year is history. As we think back upon 1944, it wasn't a very joyous year for the world; but it was another year that brought us just a little closer to Victory and Peace.

Men with great courage did "Big Things" for the United Nations last year—1944. There were those at Tarawa, and the Solomon's, and those at Leyte, Pelelieu, and the Gilberts; all giving, sacrificing and asking nothing in return. Yes, 1944 was a year full of sacrifice, heartbreak and courage.

The United States went to the polls in November and reelected Franklin D. Roosevelt for a fourth term. (Remember that day at S.T.C.?)

Last year was a year of conferences—Casablanca, Dumbarton Oaks—planning for Victory and the Peace to come.

And then we were a nation in mourning, for three great men passed on in 1944—Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, Alfred Smith, and Wendell Wilkie.

The Sports World played on in 1944—Baltimore "stuck with those Birds" and brought home the Little World Series pennant. The St. Louis Cardinals took the World Series Pennant away from the St. Louis "Browns," in a series of breath-taking games. Yes, and Army beat the Navy in a great game at our own Baltimore Stadium.

Broadway had its usual year of triumphs and we remember Margaret Sullivan in "The Voice of the Turtle," the lavish musical, "Oklahoma" plus scores of others. Hollywood gave us "Wilson," "Going My Way," "The White Cliffs of Dover," "For Whom the Bell Tolls" and "Mrs. Parkington"; 1944 was a star studded year.

Yes, and it was an unforgettable year—one more volume of history made—one more volume penned in the blood, sweat, tears, love, and laughter of a people determined to remain free!

We, you and I, face the CHALLENGE of a new year. And as we stand upon the threshold of a future unknown, we foresee battles that must be fought and won, lives that must be formed, tasks that must be completed and a world that must be saved.

The CHALLENGE is ours—each one of us looks forward to a clean slate, a fresh beginning, and a new vision of hope. And it is up to us to make each one of our dreams a reality—to make this year better for our having been privileged to live through it.

# -HOKUS POKUS---

Dear Friends,

After hiding behind doors, closets; under tables, chairs, around in dark corners here and there, I feel it about time that I come out into the open and give you all a scare. For sometime now I've been dreaming up a coming out party. I've been wanting one for so long. Life can be very lonely in dark corners sometimes. However, the opportunity arose for me to make a formal debute (and no debates about it) and to introduce myself to the world. Dear Friends, I'm now as happy and contented as a Bumble Bee. All my life I have been seeing and hearing things and up till now I haven't said one word. Because you see, up until now people haven't asked me, and yet sometimes I wished they had 'cause I've thought some pretty good things in my time. Being cooped up all day one has plenty of time to think (i.e., if one has plenty to think with). Very often I should have liked to pour my heart and soul out to somebody but there has been nobody around to pour it into. Of course, that was until the other day. I was messing around in the TOWER LIGHT office in a very inconspicious corner, when all of a sudden somebody swept me off my feet with a dusting cloth, (Yeah, they clean it out once and awhile, especially before holidays). Of course the jolt set me to weeping bitterly and the Editor of the T.L., who was doing the dusting, overheard me, spied me and asked me my troubles. Ah, at last, a chance to pour out my soul to a real goodness to honest human being. And, so help me, I poured it on thick and didn't even spill one drop. Well, the young girl took pity on me and asked if I would really like to meet the public eye. Well, I'm not one to refuse such a proposal and I accepted 100%! And the task turned out to be writing to you readers of the T.L. each month in a column all of my own. What more could I ask for (an extention of deadline when copy is due).

Signed:

Yours,

Hokus Pokus

P. S. If any of you "school worn" readers wish to consult me on personal problems, I'll be glad to assist to the best of my ability. Remember—I have plenty of time to think in "Cuddle Corner"—(my hangout) so kindly address your letters to Hokus Pokus, care of T.L. Ed. and mail to the T.L. Office.

P. S. Jr.—H.P. never writes a letter without a P.S., so whether it be from the Ed. or from H.P. Dear Friends will always have a P.S.

# -From the Grandstand-

variety of sports had been kept in full swing thru the untiring efforts of Miss Roach and Miss Daniels. This, plus the girls' keen interest in activities in athletics, contributed to may enjoyable afternoons in the gym as well as on the field. The Fall and early winter seasons were crowed with real sports—archery, soccer, and hockey. Archery proved to be great fun, despite the bruised arms and broken arrows. We can count on the archers to bring home the meat now, even if our ration points have suddenly expired! Our "delicate fems" also turned out in a crowd for the soccer elective. The game was fast and furious, especially after Miss Roach offered a prize of ten points to the winning team and five points to the other team toward their athletic awards. Both teams boasted of a good many Charley horses after this elective was over. Hockey, like soccer, had a small list of "casualities." No one was really hurt because of the excellent equipment provided by the A.A. It made us feel like professionals when we hopped into our uniforms. As a matter of fact, we became so sure of our ability that we agreed to take on Towson High and Goucher. The two games provided lots of hard earned fun. We beat Towson and tied Goucher.

We are proud of our super line up: Forwards—Shutz, Koenig, Smyrk, Hayden, Zieman, Zimmerman, Gross.

Halfbacks—Martin, Patrick, Callahan. Fullbacks—Mosier, Cronhardt, Merson, Hart. Goalie—Urey.

We were glad to have had the chance to meet some of the Goucher girls who are staying in our dorm. They were excellent sports, played seriously and joked in between times. There was one incident that I thought particularly amusing. A Goucher student and a Towson student were both hitting at the ball. The ball became locked between the feet of the Goucher student who made no attempt to free the ball. Of course the Towson student intended to break the deadlock and shove the ball out with her stick. The Goucher student seeing that we were such gogetters, became so astonished that she opened her feet while exclaiming "Oh, my gosh"—and the ball rolled out with the slightest tap. Naturally this led to a goal! She explained later that one of our girls said that we were all amateurs, knowing very few of the rules-and it seems as though she believed her. Sometimes it does pay to be modest. At any rate, we had a good fight on our hands for the remainder of the game.

The elective participants have just begun a new series of sports, badminton and basketball.

# PROFESSIONAL-

#### SPOTLIGHT ON THE CONFERENCE

Conference on Teacher Education for the Faculties of the State Teachers Colleges and the Elementary Supervisers of Baltimore and the Maryland Counties.

Sponsored by the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland

#### **PROGRAM**

Theme: IMMEDIATE NEEDS IN TEACHER EDUCATION

## TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

TRENDS IN TEACHER EDUCATION AS seen by the staff of the Commission on Teacher Education.

Dr. Charles E. Prall, Commission on Teacher Education.

The experiences of a college which participated in the five-year study of the Commission on Teacher Education.

Miss Roxana A. Steele, Western Michigan College of Education.

Understanding of human development and behavior as principles or emphases to be followed in all teacher education procedures and practices.

Dr. Daniel A. Prescott, Commission on Teacher Education, American Council on Education.

Bases for curriculum reorganization; how to evaluate the teachers college curriculum; approved pattern of teacher education.

Dr. Robert H. Morrison, State Department of Education, New Jersey.

How to provide an effective system of counseling to College students; anecdotal records and their interpretation.

Dr. Daniel A. Prescott.

Evaluation in Teacher Education Dr. Maurice E. Troyer, Syracuse University.

The proposed program of education for Maryland, Dr. Thomas E. Pullen, Jr., State Superintendent of Schools.

The program here presented will give an idea of the scope of the conference which took place at State Teachers College immediately upon the departure of the students for the Christmas holidays. To get the sense and emotion of it one must needs have attended.

In spite of a slight snowfall and slippery roads the supervisers throughout the State, the superintendents

of counties, and the faculties of the teachers colleges arrived by train and automobiles from the North. South, East and West. They were delightful guests full of enthusiastic response and appreciative of all our efforts at hospitality. They liked the Christmas decorations spreading the glamor of the season throughout the college; they liked the fresh and dainty rooms prepared for them by the students; they liked the dinner--and what a dinner!--which warmed more than the cockles of their hearts on that first evening; they liked the efficiency and friendliness of the charming waitresses who lent their youth and grace to that august group. Would that they could have seen more of our students! After dinner Dr. Brall and Miss Steele spoke upon topics in which they struck many responsive chords. We are following trends, and we are also suffering the throes of curriculum changes; so we listened with understanding and responded with sympathy. Miss Steele, a sister of our own Miss Irene Steele, revealed a humorous understanding of folk ways in educational circles. laughed.

After a nights rest and a good breakfast the members of the conference met with renewed vigor. The first speaker, Dr. Prescott, draped his handsome person on a table and nonchalantly took us into his confidence. In his point of view all the social sciences, biology, and psychiatry combine to throw light upon the child. With skillful penetration he analyzed and synthesized the many elements combined in a child, revealing backgrounds behind backgrounds as one shifts the scenery of a stage, and upon it all throwing the aura of his own personality. He knows and loves people. Dr. Morrison next spoke upon the curriculum. We spoke not in terms of subjects but of the purposes of the teacher in developing responsible, well informed and well adjusted citizens. The two talks were a happy complement to each other, the one saying, "Understand the material with which you work"; and the other, "Know what you are trying to make out of your material to contribute to a better world."

The talk given the following morning by Dr. Troyer stressed the necessity of having the learner understand the tools of education, be able to use them on himself, and to "take" the results with a mind to his own growth and development.

Our state superintendent, Dr. Pullen, opened the Thursday morning session with an exposition of his new program of education for Maryland. This progressive and masterly plan is of such significance to

#### Conference

all young people becoming teachers, that a condensation of it here would be unfair. It should appear at some length in a future issue of this magazine, so that upon its appearance before the legislature you will understand it and watch with keen apprehension the treatment of this bold, constructive measure for the growth of our schools. It is good to know that Maryland's Educational future has been planned by a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of action.

The less significant hours of the conference, if any could be so classified, were given to group conferences, entertainment and the drinking of tea—all most enjoyable. Out of the meetings of study groups of kindred interests grew reports. These were highly enlivening, particularly that of our Miss Weyforth who upon the peak of her Weyforthian wit brought down the house; (Ask her what she said).

When the conference ended shortly after noon on Thursday, our consultants expressed their pleasure in meeting this group of Maryland educators and said that Dr. Pullen and Dr. Wiedefeld were in themselves sufficient proof that education in Maryland is safe. Many new friendships had been formed, many old ones renewed, and all had seen a vision—a future world full of hard work for teachers, but one with far greater opportunity for professional growth and service. New courage comes with the new day. A new day. A new light breaks. Perhaps Dr. Morrison touched it off with the words, "He that teaches a child, labors with God in his workshop."

HELEN STAPLETON

### Literary—(Continued from page 4)

pungent and earthy-guano (fertilizer to you landlubbers), spices, and the strong, salty odors of water and wind. The ferry passes Fort McHenry, that jutting rock pile of historic significance that so many Baltimoreans have been "meaning to see" for so very long. And if you "look sharp" you can see those long, dun-colored Navy and Coast-Guard Barracks at the Fort and at Curtis Bay. But soon, all sight of land was lost and "Smoky Joe" was plowing through an uncluttered open field of gray-blue, restless water. It was a little rougher now, the white caps were more numerous, and the motor was throbbing harder. We were meeting other boats too-agile tugs; ships flying foreign flags, battle-stained-at rest for just a little while; fishing vessels with fenders of knotted ropes to make the tough going a little easier.

After a while, I went inside to warm up a bit. The

cabin was thick with cigarette smoke and was ringing with the raucous voices of excited card players, the bang of java mugs (coffee cups to the uninitiated), and the jingle of the cash register. The scene was embelished with the rusty gleam of gold spittoons, once resplendent fixtures of grandeur, now laughing reminders of "the good old days." I progressed to the lower deck of the ferry—a few cars were parked there, and lounging colored boys kept an eye on them while they went about their chores. You have to keep back from the bow of the boat here—the water spills over the open front onto the deck with every rough wave—and you find yourself clutching air to keep your balance and your breath.

Old Fort Carroll and Seven-Foot Knoll Lighthouse were now behind. The "Smoky Joe" was approaching its destination—Love Point. The sea gulls, with their great gray-white wings, cried lonely as they sailed gracefully overhead in big, lazy circles, watching hungrily for harbor refuse. As the boat docked, the passengers gathered up their belongings and filed slowly down the steps to the little station platform-wharf below. The electric-light bulbs on the wharf threw a feeble light out into the late afternoon mist, and the boat pulled itself together for the return trip. It had been an interesting little journey—fun for one who likes the water in sun or storm. But if your're a land-lubber, just forget I even mentioned it!!

EILEEN LYNCH, Junior 4

### Strictly Feminine—(Continued from page 4)

Betty J.: 1. "Just what I did." 2. "It was foggy that night." (We wonder??)

Mary J.: 1. "Wouldn't want it printed." (Sorry folks, that's all she would say.)

Phyllis C.: 1. "Lots of things." 2. "Nothing entertaining."

Miss Langford: 1. "I don't know." 2. "Visiting."

Mrs. Brouwer: 1. "Been in California." 2. "We were snowbound but had an enjoyable evening listening to the radio."

Peggy T.: 1. "I would like to have gone to the party with the boy that asked me but mother wouldn't let me." 2. "I didn't even know it was midnight. I was dancing with a man that came up to my chin."

More engagements? I should say!

Lucy Goldsmith to Mr. ———. Carlyn Temple to Midshipman W. R. Casey.

THE TOWER LIGHT

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My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on;
Judge not the play before the play is done.
Her plot hath many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.

Francis Quarles

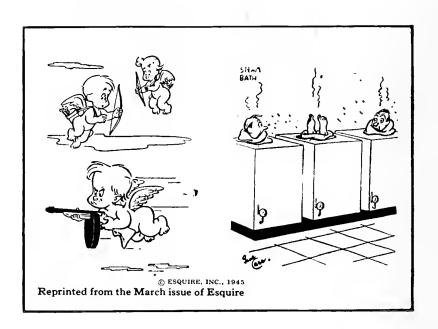
LUME XII

MBER 46

**BRUARY**, 1945







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Dear Friends

From the Grandstand

"Hokus-Pokus"

SUE CALLAHAN

Advisory Board

Literary......Mrs. Stapleton, Dr. Crabtree

Art......Mrs. Brouwer

Finance......Dr. Walther

Editor.....EVELYN MORRIS

Volume XII, No. 46

FEBRUARY, 1945

## In Appreciation

THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE AN EDITORIAL on some pertinent subject. In fact, it's not even going to be an editorial.

It's to be a "thank you" note to a grand staff, an unselfish and untiring board of advisors, an understanding and helpful administration, an interested faculty and the nicest to work with student body I've ever met. To each and every one of you, I extend my deepest appreciation for the way you supported and worked for the Tower Light.

I haven't regretted one minute of the time devoted to our paper. Not every minute was one to rejoice in, but in the end, the old T.L. seemed worth it.

Since student teaching does start for me this February it's necessary to turn over the editorship to someone who will be in the college for the rest of the year. I can think of no more capable and willing person than the Tower Light's new editor—Webby Sansbury. She is a fine worker and I know you'll like her and give her the same willing cooperation that you have given me.

Carry on, Webby, I wish you the best of luck and success in your new position.

## In Acknowledgement

THANKS EV. I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T OVERestimated my qualifications.

Now that I've been chosen to take over this honorable position, I'd like to relate a few important items to the faithful readers of the T.L.

I am starting my editorial career with practically a new staff, most of whom are new to this type of work. I realize the seriousness of my responsibilities and only hope to be able to fulfill those duties to the utmost of my abilities.

As many of you know, the Tower Light is steadily progressing and attaining greater success. With the help of the staff, advisors, faculty, administration, and student body, I shall keep it that way.

I shall willingly accept any suggestions for the improvement of the T.L. and do everything to the best of my ability to maintain its traditional standards.

Please remember, this is your paper only when you support it.

# CAMPUS CHATTER

It's June in January here on the campus. The weather?—no, well hardly! The shrubbery and foliage?—not unless we think in terms of snowball flowers. Ah, but, romance! Another case has appeared among the blushing, but not unintelligent freshmen. Cupid's messenger came running to tell me about "Dopey" (Doris Miller) and Merrile Cohen, saying that it was all just so-o-oo obvious. It's interesting to have something like this again in our midst.

And what about Norman as he gaily plays the field in the freshman class—(what no more interest in certain members of the junior class?) Potentialities!

And then there is Don, he seems to be a man of mystery but who is that sweet little dorm student that he is so often seen with—, come, come now Don, please stop blushing.

Harry, our man of the world and also Shirley's man—of the world? All kidding aside, there are a few who have been wondering who's wonderful melodic voice often fills the beloved halls of S.T.C. calling, "Harry, oh Harry", which reminds me—"Heathcliffffff", "Heathcliffffff".

Many of us have fallen for the tight trousered servicemen at the Navy League. At one recent dance some of our best co-eds were at St. Paul Street entertaining the boys, dancing to the music of the celebrated Coast Guard Band. Baltimore was overrun with sailors that week-end, as many ships were anchored in our harbor for just a few days. The boys liked us, so we'll have to visit them again soon.

The Glee Club has been entertaining again, bringing cheer through their singing to the boys. On the last Saturday of January during a dance at the U.S.O. they shared their talents with the servicemen, and a good time was had by all. Miss Weyforth is just the lady of their hearts.

What's the talk about the late Senior Dinner, held off the campus! Ask the girls who attended all about it, for it was a delicious meal and brought forth lots of grand fellowship. There ought to be more of such socials.

What's your grade? Oh, I have so far to go! Can't you see me getting up at 6-o'clock in the morning, in the dead of the night! Is that practice teacher very hard? Oh. I've heard some terrific tales about it. Well, it had to come sooner or later. Buzz, buzz, all around the cafeteria, dorm and halls of the Ad Build-

ing over new student teaching assignments, for the Juniors and Seniors. The favorite topic of conversation—Student teaching.

.... New Elections have taken place, so we're off to a new start for the coming year. What will it bring . . . .

What is your idea for a new advisory board system here at school? Would you like someone to whom you could confidently confide about very personal problems? What type of psychology courses do you think we should have? Some of the student committees were inspired by the faculty panel discussion of Dr. Prescott's ideas, and want to do something about them. We want your opinions—. Just leave them in the Tower Light Office—but quick.

January 23rd marked the opening of our first big drive this year—the Bond Rally, with the stunts, our team spirit, and the drawing of the faculty. The prize money, defense stamps, came from the proceeds of our Barn Dance last month—. So we're off to a good start. What will the next move be?

## Poet's Corner

#### THE GARDEN OF LIFE

Your life is like a garden In which you, yourself, must plan, The kind of seeds you'd have to plant To reap the best you can. Perhaps you'd like a row or two Of "thoughtfulness" and "cheer," Beside which there'd be joy enough To last from year to year. And naturally, you'd want a row Of "unselfishness" and "love," Surrounded by, on every side, The "sunshine" from above. And don't forget to sow the seeds Of "friendship," "peace," and "smiles," For they are also needed To make your life worthwhile.

Betty Anne Spruill

THE TOWER LIGHT

# -G.I. |COLUMN-

## Congratulations

TO LIEUTENANT (j.g.) NORMAN WILDE who has been serving in the South Pacific as a Navy flier. Norm, of the class of '40, has recently been promoted to a Junior Grade Lieutenant.

To Lieutenant Morton D. Weiner of the Army Signal Corps who has just been assigned to Holibird Signal Depot at Baltimore. Lieutenant Weiner was commissioned on October 25th and married a day later. He rates double congratulations.

Blood, Sweat, and Tears. To our G.I.'s this phrase has indeed become a stark reality. Men from S.T.C. in the armed forces have not been excepted. There is proof of this in the report that some of our alumni have been wounded. We record their names in this column with pride. Pride, not in the fact that they have been wounded, but in the fact that their letters and reports of their recovery give evidence of their courage and bravery.

Haven Kolb—'36—of the U. S. Army was wounded in action somewhere in France. He has been awarded the Purple Heart.

Lieutenant (j.g.) August Jansen (U.S.N.R.), of the class of '31, was wounded while serving in the Pacific. He has not fully recovered, but is able to do some work and is now stationed at San Diego, California.

Since November 21st, Lieutenant Oswald Spellman (Army)—ex '44—has been in a hospital recovering from shrapnel wounds and combat exhaustion.

#### Bound for Overseas:

Lieutenant T. T. Lawlis of the Army Transportation Corps is now on orders to go across. He is now at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania.

Just off the Sweep 274, Ensign H. C. Refo is heading for Miami and then the South Pacific.

Lieutenant Sydney J. Baker has been transferred from the Air Corps to the Infantry. He is getting ready to go overseas.

Lieutenants Lawlis and Baker and Ensign Refo visited the college recently.

#### Over there:

With the Eighth Air Force in England, Lieutenant, Richard I. Pulse, Jr., is flying B-24 Liberators.

Samuel "Mickey" Sharrow—'39—is now stationed in India.

In India also is Corporal Earl Wellemeyer, ex '46 with the U.S.A.A.F.

#### FEBRUARY . 1945

# -Strictly Feminine-

Phil Beshore gets a penny with everyone of Pres' letters. Ask her what they are for?

Barbara Baden got five letters from five different service men in one day. Could it be that the southern accent gets them?

\*\*It is rumored that Lyn Temple is expecting wedding bells in June. Bill graduates from Annapolis then. Marlyn Eimers goes to Annapolis a lot too; a California belle and a Navy middie make a wonderful combination.

Charlotte Gross got one dozen roses. No surprise until I discovered they weren't from Peek.

Did you know that Betty Wailes models clothes in her spare time? I'll bet she increases the sales by at least 50%.

What's this we hear about Betty Lee Granger's expecting a diamond ring?

Ev Pearl's been doing All Right—three letters from Germany in one week isn't bad—not to mention the perfume and furs she received from Paris during Yuletide. I hear Wedding Bells, and they aren't so far off either.

When two college friends meet in the middle of the South Pacific, that is news; and especially when those two friends are former students of S.T.C. The two notables—Quentin Thomas and Narcis Hutton—the topic of conversation—I'll leave it to you!!

\*\* Remember—this is STRICTLY FEMININE.

#### G.I. Column

Army News:

Robert Bishop of the class of '43, has arrived at Gander Lake, Newfoundland.

Thedore Katencamp—ex '44— is with the engineers at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. He completed a twelve week course in electricity in New York in December.

Sidney Blum—'43—was recently transferred to the medical department of Nichols General Hospital in Louisville, Kentucky.

Kenneth Martin—'43—is stationed at Chanute Field, Illinois. He is there for a six week course in electronics.

And we almost forgot Harry B. Fishpaugh, Jr., who is now an administrative clerk in a Fifteenth Air Force Service Command signal company in Italy has been promoted to the rank of sergeant. Congratulation!

# PROFESSIONAL-

# "The Parting Guest"

Our college has lost a friend in the passing of Mr. William R. Flowers. Those of us who knew him feel that most keenly. A prominant phase of his work and activities directly concerned us, for he was always interested in the young teachers our college provided the city schools. He seemed to see in them the essential elements of enthusiasm and progressiveness, and they saw in him a direct and sympathectic contact with the chief administrators.

Some qualities in everyone who lives are offensive to someone, but when that person "crosses the bar" these become infinitely unimportant; and, happily, we remember and cherish only the universally attractive ones. We will always remember, I think, his sense of humor, kindness, and encouraging interest.

Not only did he associate himself with the student teachers, but with the children as well. I recall his speaking of Benny, a little Chinese boy in Miss Leutner's fourth grade class. Benny was flanked on all sides in the classroom by little girls . . . one in front, one in back, and one on each side. Indignantly, he protested, "I just can't stand it!"

Mr. Flowers delighted in telling that story to the various classes that he visited.

Several times during my experience, he greatly enriched lessons with his own personal narratives apropos of the subject. Once, while witnessing a lesson on the airplane, in the sixth grade, he told the class of the very first airplane flight over Baltimore and of the sensation it caused among the citizenry. The children were fascinated and the teacher indebted.

Now the visit is finished, the guest has departed and I think he would have echoed Tennyson's immortal lines:

"And may there be no moaning at the bar When I put out to sea."

But greater lines than these are to give hope in an hour of hesitancy and in a time of uncertainty. Speaking of the dead in one of his letters to the Corinthians, Paul said.

"Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?

The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

ESTHER SPAETH

## Shangri-La!

New School Program Given Legislature

smaller schoolroom classes and establishment of the twelve-year curriculum throughout the state." This may sound like a pedagogue's dream but there's a chance for this dream to actually be fulfilled. Has someone at last decided to be the "Knight in Shining Armor" for the poor overworked, underpaid teacher? Pedagogic potentialities take heed! This may be of interest to you. Our own Governor O'Conor has submitted to the Maryland Legislature the adminstration's new educational program.

In his message to the legislators on the new school program, the Governor said:

"In the years ahead, the problems to be solved will require the utmost of learning and skill that can be developed in the coming generation. The great army of schoolchildren now in the grade and high schools, and those to come after them, will need the very best in educational opportunities in order to equip them for the exacting tasks to be performed in the post-war world. We must have for them the most advanced methods and we must retain and expand the present efficient force of loyal public-spirited teachers.

"The adoption of the twelve-year course throughout the State will give the remaining one-half of the 800,000 children in the public schools of Maryland benefit of this additional training. The reduction of the size of classes will made possible greater individual attention resulting in marked improvement in the children in our schools.

"The public-school teachers well deserve the revision of the salary schedules. In order that proper standards of living may be met, the teachers, who have entered the profession after lengthy study and training, merit a fair wage scale so that they can continue in their important field without financial embarrassment. Obviously, more teachers will be needed to put this general program into effect and our announced policy to eliminate tuition fees in the teachers' colleges is designed to attract more students in future years . . . .

"Furthermore, in one of the bills to be introduced, we seek the correction of an oversight which occurred in previous legislation. This will equalize the salaries of colored supervisors as was done in regard to teachers generally . . . . (Continued on page 8)

THE TOWER LIGHT

# THE CHALLENGE

## Teaching—Craft or Profession?

This is the one sided opinion of some "uninformed" Citizens of Baltimore

46TEACHERS HAVE LONG CLAIMED TO BE 'professional', but professional is a broad word. True professional work is altruistic, giving unselfish service to fellow men. At least, that is the professional ideal.

Thousands of teachers have been leaving the class room during the war, forgetting the 'service of love' and thinking only of their lust for money. They have complained of low wages and rising costs of living, as well as the crowded conditions of the class room. Many other teachers stuck to their jobs, however, but with service in mind? No! They continue because of the relative post-war security of a teaching position. Many enter the 'profession' because teaching sounds like a 'soft' job, one with long summer vacations and shorter hours, with no swing shift. Is this professional thinking?

Teaching also has degenerated considerably because of the routine and mechanical habits it imposes. Often a teacher is a repeater of text-books or a drill sergeant. Does this type of work require professional minds? Is it even a professional activity?

Teaching can be called a craft, and teachers, craftsmen, who would like to be called professional. They are not even satisfied with the term, semi-professional. The ideals of the individuals in teaching have limited its professional standing and made it merely a craft."

Now that you have read one side of the argument, we present the point of view which we hold, and which you, as potential teachers, should have as an answer for similar arguments.

Do you know that more than one hundred thousand students are deciding each year to prepare for teaching? And does "Mr. Average American" really realize that teaching is a profession which claims among its numbers men and women upon whose shoulders rests the future of American Democracy?

Sad to state too many John Does and Mary Smiths are still submerged in the dark ages when it comes to teaching. Their idea of the average teacher meets about the standard of the 1800's when there were few requirements for teaching; anyone who could discipline a class, or keep order, and drill the students with the material found in the crude text-books of the day could accept a position which gave little pay and still less

prestige. Education for the teacher was unheard of at the time.

But isn't it about time that Mr. Average Man realized that teaching has become an honored profession and is no longer employment used to fill in those months of the year when other work is scarce? Most of the Normal Schools of America have now become Teachers Colleges. Instead of a grade school education, a typical teacher now has four years of college work to her credit. The college degree is obtained by the fulfillment of minimum requirements and the teacher who desires promotion must constantly improve himself through additional training and professional growth.

And yet there are people who say that teaching is a craft, a trade.

Can you build the mind of a child as you would build a house? Can you develop a human personality with a machine?

But herein lies the task of a teacher. It is up to the professional teacher to guide and direct the development of future Americans—to permit the fullest development of the personality, to teach pupils to think clearly and to speak fearlessly, and to aid each child as a future citizen to qualify for citizenship in a democratic nation.

Can you still say that teaching is a craft? If so give the teacher time and a half for the overtime he gives in marking papers and in preparation of records and reports, pay him for the extra hours spent in helping a struggling child and for his participation in community work, night school and wartime rationing.

The teacher could go into a spectacular field and claim a far greater salary, but there's a certain satisfaction in helping to give a small child a start in life—the same satisfaction that a physician must have when he saves a human life.

A craft—or a profession?? That's for the American people to decide.

# Student Teaching Boners

Proof that in student teaching anything can happen and usually does:

One enthusiastic and progressive young student while teaching subtraction in the primary grades said, "If you had two apples in your lunch and I took them away, what would you have left?"

"Sandwiches," came the brilliant reply.

(Continued on page 8)

# Two Sides of the Tracks-

ZEBEDIAH RASTUS GEORGE WASHINGTON Jones gazed, at length and with care, into the cracked dirty mirror, sighed once, ecstatically, then made a clucking noise with his tongue, in appreciative admiration of the image he presented. Yas, sirree, he sho was a handsom' spectacle of Darktown manhood tonight! Zeb turned his head to one side, creased his forehead in worried concentration, and picked up the comb to give his kinky "wool" head a final one-over. Then he picked up his extraordinarily wide-brimmed hat, a requisite of every good zoot-suiter's apparel, clicked his heels together, saucily saluted his image, and walked jauntily out into the noisy city street.

At first Zeb felt painfully conscious of his newfound personality. But then he thought of Amber Drake—of her white, even teeth flashing against dark, creamy skin, of her beautiful clothes, which showed off to the best advantage her natural attributes, and further enhanced her God-given attractions. She was a maid in an exclusive home on Park Avenue, and her "mistress" gave Amber many fine clothes she no longer wanted. "Amber an' me'll sho shine at the Jitterbug Ball tonight," Zeb said to himself, and as he thought of Amber's admiration and of the becoming night's fun, he quickened his steps and made haste towards Amber's house.

Amber's mother opened the door. "Ambah's still upstaihs dressin'," she said. She eyed Zeb throughly, then flattered, "Man, oh man, yo fallin to a millum dollahs or sumpin', big boy? Dat am de strikenest outfit dese eyes has evah seen or evah hopes to see—man, oh man!" Hands on hips, she stepped backward to get a better view of Zeb, as Amber, in a skin-tight red jersey number, swayed "hippily" down the stairs. Amber had planned to pause dramatically at just the right spot on the stairs to impress Zeb to the fullest degree with her magnificence, but when her eyes fell upon him, she uttered a weak little cry and ran the rest of the way down the steps.

"Oh, Zeb, honey, you are de hansomest man I evah did see! Wheah didja git that suit, darlin'? Yo shoulders look so broad—oh, an' yo trousahs, that taperin' line. Um, um, yo sho are some scrumptuous!"

Zeb basked delightedly in the warmth of this sincere and forthright admiration, and fumbled with some embarrassment with his gold watch chain, kneelength. Amber's exaultation continued. "Boy, am I gonna make that Pearl Crown sit up an' take notice! She's been makin' sheep's eyes at yo, an' when she sees I got yo fust, jealously am gonna' be a mild word!"

"Ah, come on, honey. Let's go to the dance and forget about Pearl. We got some rug-cuttin' to do, an' it ain't gettin' any earlier. Besides, when that Mat Thomas sees yo in that dress, baby, I'se gonna be too busy lookin' out fo my own interests to be thinkin' about that Crown gal." With this sage and diplomatic observation, Zeb soothed an imaginary wrinkle from his enormous bright colored bow-tie, said good-bye to Amber's mother, firmly grasped Amber's elbow and steered her, chattering gaily toward the sidewalk.

It happended that on this same night another ball was being held—but of quite a different nature. It was the annual Bachelor's Cotillion, and Mr. and Mrs. Weatherspoon and their debutante daughter, Clarice, were driving downtown in an open carriage drawn by two dappled grey horses, at the very moment when Zeb and Amber began strutting down the sidewalk. Mr. Wetherspoon had been assured that transportation via horse and buggy was quite stylish among the upper crust these days, having become popular through a patriotic desire to save gasoline. Mrs. Weatherspoon and her daughter were dressed in the latest fashion, sporting new knee-length evening dresses, under silver fox and mink. Mr. Weatherspoon, after calling out their destination to the cabby, had settle back in the hansom to wrestle with the stiff collar of his tuxedo. He, unlike his womenfolk, had long ceased to receive pleasure from donning formal attire.

As the hack stopped for a red light, Mrs. Weather-spoon, who had been looking out at the street from her side of the carriage suddenly leaned forward a bit, peered rather closely at the outer scene, and exclaimed in an amused tone which caused Clarice to lean forward also. "Why, I do believe that's Amber Drake!—You know Clarice, the one who works for Adelaide Simmons. Don't you remember that dress, dear—the one the Drake girl has on? I remember when Adelaide wore it—about a year ago, I think it was!"

"Yes, mama," Clarice replied, "and is she strutting! And do look at the amazing character with her! I've heard of zoot-suits, but that's a zoot-suit to end all zoot-suits! It really has everything—padded football shoulders, long coat, balloned trousers, chain and tie, and the hat --!" Clarice was laughing so hard she could say no more.

"I wonder why the law allows such an atrocity on the street!" Mrs. Weatherspoon laughed. "Those two darkies are funny enough for a circus sideshow!

(Continued on page 8)

**HOKUS POKUS-**Dear Friends,

THE MARSHALS HELD THEIR ANNUAL L induction service in Richmond Hall, January 29th. In a formal ceremony, the older marshalls presented the new members with their arm-bands. Awards were given to those who graduate in February. After the business meeting, refreshments were served, giving the marshals a chance to really get acquainted with one another.

What we've been waiting for-another public appearance of the orchestra. "Stardust," "Together," "Don't Fence Me In," and "Always" were the tunes floating through the foyer one Monday noon. And this time the phonograph wasn't playing. Our own orchestra was furnishing the music and it was worth waiting for. What a lovely way to spend a lunch hour-dancing to an orchestra!

Dr. Dowell, advisor of the Natural History Group, gave tickets to members of the Club for the Lyric. The lecture, given by Herbert Knapp, was entitled "Figi-Cannibal Land of Yesterday." A film of the extraordinary fire-walking ceremony of the Fijions was included in the program also.

If you've heard the Glee Club practicing lately you've probably heard such songs as "There's Something About a Soldier," "I'll Be Seeing You" and "Don't Fence Me In" (That song gets around, doesn't it?) And you've probably guessed what that meansthe Glee Club is off to the U.S.O. again. As far as keeping up the morale of the service men goes the Glee Club is tops—"There's Something About the Glee Club That is fine, fine, fine."

The members of the Little Theatre Group have decided to postpone their plans for getting down to work on the play, to be given in the spring, until new officers are elected. The election will be held in the early part of February.

May the writer of this column let off a little steam? Thanks! Why don't some of these slumbering organizations wake up? Why wait for spring? What has happened to the I.R.C. and the A.C.E.—yes, and the Rural Club? Several freshmen were asked what they thought of these clubs. The reply was, "Never heard of 'em." It is hoped that the dozing members of these clubs will be awakended and put into action—but quick!

Well, howdy-doody! Oh, you don't doody so goot, eh! Tch-tch! Well neither does me, so shall we blame it on the weather-or just truthfully admit that we've contacted a simple case of "prodiemelfixalthosis." Now isn't that a pretty word? (Hm-n, I wish I knew what it meant 'cause maybe I could use it sometime.) But Oh! what a pity, the dictionary doesn't have it in today.

I understand from my sponsors that my contract calls for some attempt at humor (you know, the kind that if at first you don't succeed . . . then look out.)

As yet my repertoir of Hokus-Pokus is greatly limited (the limit being rock-bottom.) However, I dropped in on Glee Club a few rehersals ago, in time to catch this one. Quote:

"Mrs. Sournote was greatly disturbed over the strange behavior of her husband and insisted that he visit the family physician. On consulting the "Doc," Mr. Sournote agreed that his case was due to an over indulgence of alcoholic beverages. He couldn't tell his wife that, so he tried thinking of an excuse for his ailment. On his way home he stopped in front of the music store window and noticed a sign bearing a very significant word. When his wife inquired of his condition he calmly answered, "Just a slight case of--a --- of -- syncopation, dear." Not believing him, she looked it up in the dictionary, and this is what she found: syn-co-pa-tion: "a succession of uneven beats from bar to bar."

Now from our dormitory bright sayings department comes this one: Says Jeannie: "When I took my father's picture last year I cut off his feet." Says Char: "Tch-tch! Well I hope you didn't make it too painful."

A few magazine quips ought to close this session, so

Old turtle to young turtle: "When you get to my age you begin to slow down."

Commanding officer to soldiers packed like sardines on an army transport: "I want to make it very clear to you men that this is NOT a luxury cruise."

Bombardier to crew on approaching three attractive young ladies: "Remember, now when the target is sighted the bombardier is in charge."

Hokus-Pokus

P. S. Submit your latest and bestest jokes to me in care of the Tower Light.

## Professional—(Continued from page 4)

"I lay this program before you with the utmost confidence that you will agree with the recommendations and that you will cooperate to the fullest by giving approval to the proposals advanced.

"In the years to come I believe that each one of you can look back upon this 1945 session with the satisfaction of knowing that the public educational system in Maryland was advanced immeasurably at this session. The fulfillment of this program, in the interest of our public schools, will have a beneficial influence upon the future of our State and of its citizens in the years ahead."

## The Challenge—(Continued fram page 5)

The English language often of itself becomes a "stumbling block" to student teachers. In the fourth grade Bonnie Fox was attempting to clarify the spelling of "too."

"How do you spell too when it means also?" she asked one lad.

"A-l-s-o," he said.

This modern age is a corruption to our modern youth. Just ask Esther Spaeth. She knows! During a reading lesson on word meaning in Grade 3 the word "substitute" came up. Esther decided to do some "incidental teaching." Putting the word on the board, she asked someone to tell its meaning. One child excitedly waved his hand with the light of dawn in his eyes. "I know," he said. "A substitute is a woman who comes when the teacher is absent."

Undaunted, Esther continued "fishing for a more orthodox definition." Finally the group discovered that a substitute takes the place of something and is usually not as good as the "real thing."

Again a child looked inspired. "I know a substitute," she said exitedly. "Its that stuff my Mommie gets at the store when she can't get butter!"

And that's not bad, my friends, for the 3B!!

Several meanings for one word are too many for today's children. While clarifying a general assignment in Olga Solomon's third grade, the teacher soon discovered that the children did not know the meaning of the word "return." (As used in the G.A. it meant to "go back.") Following an approved method for extracting meanings of words, the teacher felt it safe to call on an eager little girl. "Return," she said confidently, "is 'box it up and take it back'."

## Literary—(Continued from page 6)

Lemuel! Lemuel! I do believe the man is asleep!" She gave Mr. Weatherspoon a playful poke in the ribs. Mr. Weatherspoon came out of a foggy dream of bank checks and mortages. "Yes, dear!" he yawned.

"Do look at that colored boy over there, Lemuel! Isn't he a scream! I'll bet you wouldn't be caught dead in one of those zoot-suits!"

"Might be a damned sight more confortable than this monkey suit," Mr. Weatherspoon muttered, as he peered out of the window on his wife's side of the carriage. He began to tug again at his collar.

The light changed. The Weatherspoon carriage rolled on down the street. Zeb and Amber hurried along the sidewalk.

We shall never know what Amber and Zeb may have thought of the Weatherspoons had they seen them. The dark boy and girl were too engrossed in mutual admiration, to notice or be concerned with the appearance of any other fellow human-beings. But had positions been reversed, perhaps they may have been as sincerely and genuinely amused as the Weatherspoons, with the Weatherspoons at the receiving end. After all, the pinch of the shoe is determined by the foot which sports it, and you never can tell from where you sit how the pictures are going to look on the wall.

EILEEN LYNCH

## Men's Corner

YOKUM HAMMERHEAD CONVERTED BY Lily Whiters!!!

Hammerhead, too, was converted recently from an uncouth, romantical rapscallion to a pure Lily Whiter! It took a long time—six withering months—but Papa Hartly (he's Li'l Abner's 1st Vice-President), made the kid see the other side—the pure side. When he was pitched out of Ramblewood's gutter, he was a no good innercint bum thet didna mind his maw. With a good line and the Doc has thet, Daniel remembered all thet his hard workin' maw done did fer him when he was a chile of two and a half months. Daniel's mouth received a bucket of lye with a good stiff brush down the hatch—then only good li'l, clean li'l words passed from them there li'l red lips. So now when you see Don angelically kick his heels together and ascend a mile in the clouds, you'll understand he just had ter help St. Peter "Play on His Harp." Don't be astonished by anything he does-you'll know it's for the benefit of that great national organization—"The Lily Whiters.''

The Second National Bank of Towson, Md.

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And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless things.

'O Spring of hope and love and youth and gladness Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best and fairest! Whence comest thou, - - - - - - ?

P. B. Shelley: The Revolt of Islam, 1818

LUME XII

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VOLUME XII, No. 47

MARCH, 1945

THOUGHTS FOR THE MONTH

The only man who makes no mistakes is the man who never does anything.

The main issue of life is to keep our loyalty high.

OSCAR T. OLSON (Ohio)

MARCH · 1945

## "Nothing is Constant but Change"

CO RELATED OUR BELOVED DR. LYNCH AS We sat awe-stricken listening to the wonders of zoology, botany and psychology. So it is with our steadfast T.L.

May I introduce to you our new staff and welcome them to their deserving positions. I would also like to thank the former members who have stayed on with us and who have so faithfully served on their editorial posts. I particularly admire the way in which each staff member is not only conscious of his obligation but fulfills it to his utmost ability.

At last we of S.T.C. are realizing how important our own Tower Light is. Since it is our only publication it needs the support of every college student and faculty member. Far too many of you underestimate your own abilities. We know how busy you are and that it is difficult to find time to sit down and write for sheer pleasure but remember the T.L. is your magazine, and if you want a good magazine of which you can be proud it is YOU who must contribute. However, it is not entirely for the sake of the T.L. that we discuss this but because we think it is a great loss that so much potential literary talent is lying dormant.

For none other than William Cullen Bryant while only in his sophomore year at Williams College wrote the ever popular "Thanotopsis".

Looking further, we find that in 1836 James Russell Lowell, who was then a senior at Harvard, wrote some of the poems that have been included in final editions of his works.

George Edward Woodberry earned part of his college expenses by writing, while Edna St. Vincent Milley at Vassar, in her senior year, took the leading part in her own poetical play, "The Princess Marries the Page".

You have but to glance through the first few pages and you will find the long talked about "open Forum." Yes, at last you can find the answers to your inquiries by simply jotting them down on a piece of paper and dropping them in the T.L. office. No personal problems, please. Nearly every university and college in America has an active Open Forum in its paper. We shall be no exception. Remember this is America. Help us to keep our T.L. a democratic paper—representative of ALL.

# **CAMPUS CHATTER-**

AS ALWAYS, WE ARE EXCEEDINGLY pleased to greet the younger members of our family. Yes, Frosh, we mean you! For in you, we see ourselves in retrospect.

We may be silly sophomores, jivey juniors, and sophisticated seniors now; but one, two, three years ago we felt just as bewildered—by the new faculty and students—by the two number 8's marked "Govans" and "Towson"—by the Dorm being divided into Newwell Hall and Richmond Hall (Yours Truly never has figured out the boundaries for the two. She just follows the crowd.)—by the voice test when we wheezed out "Arthur the Rat"—and, oh, yes, by the courses ('nough said).

Yes, you're bewildered now, but wait until you're upperclassmen and see how wonderfully important you feel. After you're here awhile and really become a part of the college, nothing could ever drag you away. It's a part of you—you belong to it. Oh, it's great fun! Naturally, there's work, but even that can be made pleasant (I keep telling myself). If you don't have to work to arrive at your goal, the goal isn't worthwhile is it? So, we take the bitter with the sweet and even the bitter isn't too bad.

There's only one trouble with college life and that's the fact that the four years go too quickly. Just when we feel settled in a nicely worn rut, it's time to leave; but we'll leave with that nice warm glow, thinking, "I am part of that college and four wonderful years were spent there." Well, Frosh, reminiscing with you has been fun. These years are yours to do with as you please—you can make them fun or—(well we won't talk about that). We know they'll be fun. Loads of luck!!

And now, since you are a part of us, let's get acquainted. Let me expose you to the rest of the student body. It's so much nicer when you can go through the corridors saying "hello" to everyone. There are eight of you. Right?

Margaret Worley—comes from Western—loves sports and participates in many—(I'll bet the gym department has a broad smile for that)—heart interest in the Army Air Corps.

Phyllis Keseling—another Westernite—wild about dancing, music, and the Navy Air Corps—as cute as she can be—a very sweet blonde.

Edith Paul—from Patterson Park—enjoys bicycleriding and (T.L. Editor, here's a prospect for your

staff since she *loves* to write for a newspaper)—Navy is tops.

Florence Boguicki—also from Patterson Park—good bowler—loves roller skating—just adores City College (we wonder why!)

Thelma Flax—from Eastern—collects records—likes the movies—enjoys dancing—heart throbs for a certain Marine now in the South Pacific.

Jeanne Kniesche—another Easternite—swell girl—spends her leisure time (when do you have any?) dancing and skating.

Jane Downing—Catonsville—likes music. (I can see Miss Weyforth glem now; have you joined the Glee Club yet?) medicine, poetry, and books.

Presley Sapp—yes, girls, another man!—very nice—a little on the quiet side—(but, you know what they say about quiet men!)

S.T.C. is really jumping ahead to the big occasion of the year, May Day. Look! devastating Seniors, the student body is discussing, not too cooly, their choices of the prospective Queen and court. Our compliments to Lillian Carlisle and Harry Zemel for such hustling.

Freshman Mother's Weekend begins March 2, at 2:30 p. m. and lasts until noon March 3. There will be opportunity for the Mothers to visit classes and meet with the advisors and instructors. The Fathers are invited to tour the campus Saturday morning and to stay for lunch. Parents—we welcome you to S.T.C.

The halls were echoing with, Did you like it? as Dr. Crabtree's Contemporary Drama (broad "a" please), class returned from seeing Tallulah Bankhead in "Foolish Notion" on Wednesday, February 21. Everyone agreed that she would like to see it again.

Those sophisticated young women who seem to be trying to become accustomed to S.T.C. once again, are our returning Student Teachers. Welcome back, mates! At this time we may wish smooth sailing to the students who have gone to master the seas of Student Teaching. Bon Voyage!

Wedding bells and Navy blue lured our petite Maddy Jackson away. The best of success and happiness to you, Maddy.

Before her trip to California, Dr. Lynch stopped in at S.T.C. to see how things were. She is much happier about the trip than we are about her departure.

(Continued on page 8)

# -G.I. COLUMN—

## Report from Italy:

THE FOLLOWING REQUEST WAS MADE BY Lt. General Ira C. Eaker, Commander in Chief of the Mediterranean Allied Air Forces:

Sometimes a clipping from a hometown paper—like yours, for example—can mean as much as a medal to the morale of a fighting man overseas, whether he's a pilot, mechanic or a clerk. We realize that you are probably short handed these days, but if you should use the enclosed release would you send us a clipping? We will see that it gets tacked on the men's squadron bulletin board where not only he, but the rest of his unit will be able to appreciate it—as well as your thoughtfulness.

At a Fifteenth Air Force Service Group Chapel—Italy: "Add to the usual problems of forming a choir, with children ranging in age from four to fourteen years, such other problems as foreign language, and visiting parents and relatives who want to participate, and you have some idea of the difficulties of the job undertaken by Master Sergeant Charles Haslup of Linthicum Heights, Maryland.

The Americans attending Christmas morning service were given a pleasant surprise when sixteen children sang four carols in English and four carols in Italian while Sgt. Haslup played the organ.

Given four weeks in which to learn enough Italian to make himself understood, Sgt. Haslup proceeded to first teach these Italian children how to pronounce the English words to the Christmas carols. This he did without benefit of the usual schoolroom materials such as the blackboards, textbooks, or song sheets. Once the difficulty of pronouncing English words was overcome, the love of music inherent in all Italians asserted itself in the ease with which the children hurdled such musical barriers as melody, rhythm and harmony.

Each child was accompanied by from two to five relatives, all of whom insisted on joining in the singing and becoming a part of the choir. "I had more trouble handling the relatives than I did teaching the children," said Sgt. Haslup who is well acquainted with the problem of teaching.

Sgt. Haslup taught music at the Brooklyn Park School, Baltimore, and the Severn School, Arundel, after graduating from the State Teachers College in Towson. He was studying for a Master's Degree at the University of Maryland before coming overseas in August, 1942.

**MARCH** • 1945

# -HOKUS POKUS



Dear Friends,

Ah, it certainly feels good to get out of the easy corner for a little while and to be with you once again! You know, writing a letter to you every month is really quite broadening for me. If I had to stay cooped up all day like my insect friends, I'd go buggy. They're really missing something by not going out into the world and getting a little education for themselves. Now me! I make education a pleasure for myself—going around to see what I can pick up. Incidently I've gathered quite a bit for you to read. This time I've caught you a few boners on student teachers. (He-he, now watch their faces get red.) But honestly, I really don't think they'll mind. The first one is quite a slip:

While Miss Lehman was teaching her lesson in the sixth grade, little Tommy, apparently annoyed at something, scribbled large letters on a piece of paper and held it up for her to see. She read the sign which said: "Your slip is showing Miss Lehman." A bit disturbed at her ignoring his polite warning, Tommie wrote another sign and this one said: "It's really true, Miss Lehman."

The second episode occurred in art class. The student teacher on asking a pupil what he was painting received this come back: "How do I know? I haven't finished yet."

Children always like to be helpful, and in this case the child was extremely so. A little fourth grade boy thought he was doing his teacher a favor by flattening out her speed-ball pen. Of course she was *most* grateful.

They're "bon" boners, eh?

Signed: Hokus Pokus

P. S. I understand I'm going to have a bit of open competition with this new Open Forum. But I'll tell you what we'll do. Write them your business problems and write me your personal problems. That ought to work out fine.

# -Introducing - - - "OUR CAMPUS TODAY"-

AT THE REQUEST of alumni overseas, many of our "outside readers" and our own colleagues we are starting with this issue a series of articles which will present a resume of our campus today. It is difficult for us here to realize that S.T.C. has undergone some serious changes with the past six years. It is with this in view that we present the first in the series.

## The School Library

THE FOLLOWING SUGGESTIONS ARE SET down to assist in acquainting freshmen with the S.T.C. library, and, to offer a new fact or two to the entire student body.

I'm sure you all know that the library is in the Ad Building—the North Wing. It includes the reference reading room, magazine room—on the second floor, and two other rooms containing books, in one of which the section known as "faculty reserve" is located. It is quite a library—37,000 volumes' worth. You can get books for the terms, for overnight or for weekly use. Freshmen are not properly initiated, until they have received instruction in using the library for supplementary reading materials. The reference reading room houses standard encyclopedias (Britannica, World Book, etc.), dictionaries, and special-subject reference books.

Miss Yoder and Miss Barclay preside over the library. As most of you have probably already discovered, both are more than cooperative in helping students find what they need. Miss Yoder may be relied upon always to acquaint you with the latest children's books. Many's the time I've stopped by her desk to return a book and she has given me fine children's books to look over. She always points out some special illustration or passage which is a favorite of hers. Students may receive grand hints for bibliographies of children's books through her suggestions.

In the room containing faculty reserve books and popular friction, there is a big fireplace, with two comfortable leather chairs in front of it—take a tip from yours truly, there is no better place to study for Dr. Hartley's history tests.

Miss Holt, of magazine-room fame, is always ready and willing to help in every way. She really is the "Mr. Anthony" of the pamphlets, clippings, magazines and pictures; in short, of the Periodical Department. The fairly recent back issues of magazines are on the shelves directly under the current issues, and there are tables for reading. I've never thought the magazine room was as well-populated as it should be—so, what are you waiting for? Go up and pay Miss Holt's department a visit at the earliest possible moment. And, oh, yes—the curriculum room is directly across the hall from the magazine room. It is

invaluable when you're doing research for a unit. You can borrow the key from Miss Holt. Go in and look over the available slides, film strips and books—also the attractive displays in the cases! You can't go wrong!

Finally, here are some suggestions that will make you a favorite at the library (and I don't mean apple-polishing!):

- 1. Return your books on time. Keep your name off the "black list" of overdue books. And don't forget, those faculty reserve books come in promptly at 9:00 a. m.!
- 2. Try to take good care of your library card—don't lose it! Try to carry it around in your purse or notebook—make it something you have with you all the time, so that you don't have to take out a temporary card.
- 3. If you do make a misstep and have to pay a fine, don't let the "I.O.U." "go" for a long time. Pay promptly!
- 4. Take good care of the library books you borrow. Resist the impulse to take notes in the margins and turn down pages to mark your place.
- 5. Don't hoard books! In other words, don't take out 7-day books that are in great demand and forego using them until the day before they must be returned. Think of all the other students who could have been using them the other six days!
- 6. Use the library for studying—if you want to talk and laugh, go somewhere on the campus that's used for social gatherings. Remember, *somebody else* might want to study!
- 7. ABOVE ALL, use your library! Miss Barclay, especially, will love you forever and a day if you can go to the reference room and work intelligently with the books there. Learn which books devote themselves to historical bibliography; which are best for reviews of current popular fiction, and so on. It's an immeasurable help to you in locating what you want quickly, and you save valuable time of Miss Barclay, Miss Yoder, and Miss Holt, if you can learn to work independently.

I guess that about covers it! And don't think I'm setting myself up as a paragon of virtue as far as this library business is concerned, either. How do you think I know about all the wrong things to avoid, if I hadn't done them myself?

Eileen Lynch

THE TOWER LIGHT

# THE CHALLENGE—

DEMOCRACY: A BLESSING, AN IDEAL, A Challenge—a challenge that carries with it all the responsibilities and privileges of an American citizen. We, the youth of America, have so accepted our share of the responsibilities, that public notice has been given us in regard to one of the major privileges—the right to vote.

Fiery as campaign speeches, are the authorities' answers to the question. Shall the voting age be lowered to 18? Some examples of the views expressed are:

"Raise—don't lower the voting age." "We don't want rule by-a-few." "Add red blood to the electorate." "Wake up the schools." "There is no magic in 21."

It is interesting to note that authorities tend to divide almost evenly on the proposed measure. Those who favor it agree that 18 year-olds who are old enough to be conscripted to fight are mature enough to help determine the issues for which they fight. Norman Thomas, Chairman of the Executive Committee Post-War World Council, and Dr. George D. Stoddard, Pres. of the University of New York State are staunch upholders of this opinion.

A definitely opposite view is presented by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, a member of the American Youth Commission. She asserts that the qualities involved in making a good soldier-physical vitality, instinctive reflex of obedience to orders, and the willingness to accept and carry out a plan rather than criticize and weight it—are unquestionably converse to the independent qualities involved in making a good citizen. Dr. Virgil Hancher, Pres. of Iowa State University supports this conviction.

Another ground for disagreement is the question of the education and political experience of 18 year-olds. Are they more educated and more experienced at 21 than they are at 18? Edith B. Joyner, ex-Pres. of the National Education Association, carries the standard for the 18 year-olds by stating that they are better educated as a whole than the 21 year-olds of just half a century ago, and that statistics prove the average mental age in the U. S. to be only that of an 18 year-old. As for their experience, she upholds that "the experience of today's youth includes travel and contact with people, and knowledge of social and political conditions that their ancestors never dreamed of."

On the other hand, The Association of the Bar of the City of New York consider 18 year-olds as being in the process of acquiring an education, and as having little or no "real" experience in business or politics. In spite

# -From the Grandstand-

IT IS QUITE EVIDENT THAT OUR GIRLS ARE working extremely hard this season to pile up points toward their athletic awards. On Tuesday, January 23, many of our fellow classmates (or should I say muscular fems?) strutted into the gymnasium floor to receive their awards which were presented by Dr. Wiedefeld and Mary Ellen Perrin, the president of the A.A. Everyone was dressed for the occasion—and I do mean dressed!

February 10 found the basketball elective in full swing. Our freshmen team took on Goucher's J.V. and our sophomores challenged Goucher's varsity. I am happy to announce that the freshmen were victorious while the sophomores came in a close second (sounds better this way).

We were sorry to hear of Arelyn Thomas's accident, the latest report is that it is a strained ligament.

## The Challenge—(Continued)

of the apparent dissent on the topic however, a nationwide poll, as recorded by Dr. Gallup reveals that 52% of the public favor lowering the voting age, whereas the lesser percentage oppose.

But has youth remained an idle bystander in the discussion? to the contrary. If our action in the matter can be termed "waiting" at all, it was a watchful waiting, for organizations of young men and women sprang up almost at the instant concern over the measure reached its peak. Youthbuilders, one of the first nation-wide groups to be formed, answered the challenge by conducting a poll in the 12 to 18 group. Were they in favor of lowering the voting age to 18? Indeed they were—and by a majority of 75% over 25%. But what about the opinions of youths in Maryland, students at the college a few years ago likewise voted on the question. Result:-the voting age should remain 21. The question has since been overshadowed by the problems of total war, but is now being revived, not only by the House of Delegates in which a bill in favor of lowering the voting age was introduced in January, but by an active young people's organization known as "The Young Citizens Committee." True, the committee is important because it has "declared in favor of lowering Maryland's legal voting age" and is campaigning for the measure's support, but more important still is this striking indication that youth is on the "alert".

Thus we, the Youth of America, strive to do our part in behalf of democracy—a challenge that is ours to meet.

# OPEN FORUM——

THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS AND answers were submitted by both faculty and students. If your question is not answered look for it in the April issue.

Why do the dorm students have to pay a radio fee if it is not for the electricity?

It is a nuisance fee, which goes to the Office of Comptrollers just as the other college fees.

Could we build up a repertoire of college songs?

Yes, in fact a committee under Miss Lorraine Diefenbach is now working on this project with the help of Miss Weyforth and Mrs. Stapleton.

Our section will graduate in June and as yet we have not had one course in philisophy. Is it not important for us to determine our philosophy of life and our philosophy of teaching as far as possible while in college? It seems to me that each student should have the benefit of at least one good course in philosophy.

Only to a certain extent, for you come here with your own philosophy. It is an evolving concept, perhaps determined here in college but many times not decided upon until later in life. You were given History of Education because it is a required course in the new curriculum under which we are all working. This course is a necessity if post graduate work is desired. After the class of '46, Philosophy of Education will be an elective.

May students give suggestions to their teachers of practice?

In the student teaching period students and teachers are working cooperatively toward the same goals. Because of her professional experience and understanding of children, the teacher usually acts as a guide for the student. Frequently, however, superior students and those who are talented in dramatics, music, art, and physical education, make notable contributions to the work of the practice centers and occasionally to the activities of the entire school. Originality, initiative, and creative ability are characteristics of the "master teacher." Constructive suggestions courteously given by competent students are always welcome to those who work with student teachers.

. Lucy Scott

Special Note to G.I.:—If you have any questions that you would like to ask, we shall do our best to answer them. Mail them now in care of the Tower Light.

# —DO YOU KNOW-

Ida Sendelback got three carnations from "Her guy" on Valentines Day? Norma Mattingly and Mickie Schochet received red roses.

That it is a reminder of former days to hear masculine voices at the dinner table?

Dr. J. Y. West has been giving after school courses in Science to Baltimore teachers.

Who wears an identification bracelet engraved "Bud", but goes with "Bob"?

Who is undressed without her U.S.A. Sergeants' Pin?

Who is marrying "Eddie" in June?

The girls in Junior I who seem somewhat interested in Lutheran ministers?

Why Cecy Moran receives so many letters from an Air Corps fellow stationed in Alabama? Has also received several long distance phone calls.

Some girl wears a Sailors white uniform around the dorm at night?

Helen Martin is wearing a Navy Blue suit with American beauty accessories.

Betty Lee Granger is engaged to Ned Harding, Army Air Corps. Air Corps really fly high these days. (I wonder if Daddy remembers the proper way to put the ring on the finger.)

That Lucy Goldsmith is wearing a beautiful diamond from Dave Ellis. Best wishes Betty and Lucy.

Dr. Hartley has been teaching courses in Visual Education at John Hopkins University.

Who dates a certain Harry (USN) every weekend, but says he means nothing to her.

Who drives to school in her own convertible?

Who Mary Rose Reeves sailor friend is, whom we often hear her speak about in the evenings.

Who trims her blonde tresses with tortoise shell barretts?

Mr. Moser has been giving lectures to teachers in Frederick.

Who is it that Don would like to see in a blue suit in the Easter parade?

A tall dark haired Sophomore is wearing a black suit with a beautiful white frilly blouse and black shoes. By the way, this will be the first time she has worn black so she is very anxious for Easter to come.

Who sports a new City College ring?

Dr. Dowell does war work at the Union Memorial Hospital one night a week.

Why Dot Ecker doesn't write more letters to Joe? Could it have been the Christmas rush and tests?

THE TOWER LIGHT

THE MEMBERS OF OUR EVER-FAITHFUL Glee Club have been doing their part in helping to keep up the morale of our service men. It was only a few weeks ago that I heard about the interesting bus trip they made to Aberdeen to sing to the soldiers in the hospital. On January 27, they gave a concert at the Charles Street U.S.O., throughly enjoying an evening of dancing. They are planning a full schedule for spring: A concert at Camp Meade, entertainment for Freshmen Mother's Weekend, May Day and Commencement. Nice Work—Glee Club—Keep it up!

I understand they are proud to boast an addition to the bass section. Better watch out girls, or they'll drown you out yet!

The Rural Club is planning a series of programs on "The Young People's Place in the Community." This topic will be developed through discussions led by prominent people in the community such as a minister, a Boy Scout, a High School Senior, a business man, etc. Before they began this series, they felt that they were very fortunate in having Miss Lena Van Bibber on February 19, speak to them and discuss with them the Dumbarton Oaks Plan.

The dorm students have enjoyed the "hymn sing" after supper Sunday evening. This is one of the new projects of the Student Christian Association. More are sure to follow.

The Marshalls held their induction service in January. It was at this meeting that Miss Lena Van Bibber gave quite an interesting account of the History of the Marshalls.

Attention all instrument players!! The "Swing Orchestra" needs a 1st violinist, a bass violinist, a trombonist, and a trumpet player. Come on! Get out those instruments and "make with the Jive." See Mr. Kiser for details.

Little Theatre Guild—forgive us—It was not Dicken's "Christmas Carol" that was much applauded at our Christmas Assembly, but our own Mrs. Stapleton's "A Christmas Dream." In fact, the production was so outstanding that the club received the following comment for Dr. Wiedenfeld in a note which speaks for all of us. "You and your adviser deserve much commendation and gratitude from the entire college personnel for your fine contribution."

Ah, but don't let us forget—this isn't all the Little Theatre Group has done. They donned their work clothes and helped the Safety Council clean out the fire hazards behind the stage. Could it be that there's another dramatic production in the air???

# -PROFESSIONAL-

# Teachers and the War

It has often been said that their profession despite the fact that their pay is rather low compared to that received in other types of work. This "sticking with the job" is one of the most important evidences of the teaching of patriotism by example but there are many others which the general public fails to realize.

When war was first declared, many teachers in Maryland enrolled in and successfully completed the Red Cross First Aid Training Course. An equally large number volunteered for civilian defense duties. Teachers further backed up war efforts by registering men for the draft, distributing ration books, aiding salvage campaigns through the schools, and supporting the Red Cross drives for funds by contributions as well as arousing pupil interest. In addition to all of these contributions of time, work, and money to our nation's war efforts, nearly all the teachers in Maryland are members of the Treasury Department's payroll deduction plan for purchasing bonds. teachers also buy additional bonds and stamps through the school and are at the same time active participants in the War Loan Drives. Our own faculty is an example of the enthusiasm shown throughout the state during the Fifth and Sixth War Loan Drives: "During the last two War Loan Drives a goal was named for the employees of each State Department for purchases of war bonds. Both times the faculty and staff employees of this college over-reached the specified goal. During the Fifth War Loan Drive the amount of purchases was \$10,350, and during the Sixth War Loan Drive the amount of purchases was \$7,485.25."

In Maryland are 1019 schools (public and parochial) with an enrollment of 280,858 pupils. During the four month period from September to December 1944, schools in sixteen counties and in Baltimore City sold \$3,802,301.50 in bonds and stamps. The raising of this immense sum was due not only to the patriotic fervor of the children but also, in large measure, to our persistent efforts of teachers and principals. The children are urged to buy enough bonds and stamps to pay for a piece of equipment for the Army or Navy. The name of the school is placed on a plate on some part of the equipment purchased.

Teachers have been campaigning for each child to buy at least one 10 cent stamp a week. All schools which have 90% or more of their students buying

(Continued on page 8)

#### Professional—(Continued from page 7)

bonds and stamps each week are entitled to fly a "minute man" banner. Only 99 schools in the state have reported their eligibility for flying these flags. The Lida Lee Tall School can fly one as over 90% of the pupils are weekly buyers. Colleges, too, are entitled to fly "90% flags". Goucher College is campaigning for one for each dormitory. State Teachers College can report on this percentage of stamp buyers as all of us contribute at least 10 cents a week toward a war bond for our Victory Pool.

One may ask what teachers have done to promote bond sales. Teacher enthusiasm has been transmitted to the pupils of our state so that millions of dollars have been loaned to our government to finance the In many classrooms, the pupils have been divided into teams under the direction of the teacher. Each week the teachers encourage the team captains to strive for 100% cooperation from team members. The pupils in turn, enlist the aid of their parents who do what they can to help John's or Mary's "team." In several rural communities the pupils and teachers "sell to swell" bond purchase totals. Maple trees were tapped and the syrup sold, milkweed pods were collected and sold. Individuals earn money outside of school to buy war stamps. Teachers have adapted class programs to push purchases. Arithmetic lessons can be based on bond sales; February's many holidays provided excellent opportunities for special bond purchase programs.

When we see a few of the many things done in just one of the 48 states through teacher-pupil efforts, we can readily see how our country has benefited by her system of free education. The teachers of Maryland and of the United States have been behind the war effort 100% and will stand behind it until the task has been successfully completed. Daniel Melchier, Director, Education Section, War Finance Division, U. S. Treasury Department, says of teachers efforts, "Through their example teachers have raised the morale of the entire community-kept our ideals bright, our faith firm, and our information straight. They have proven once again, if proof were needed, that the school is not only the most relied-upon and taken-for-granted community agency—it is also the most trusted and respected-above the banks, the press, employers, the 'government'."

Jean Barnes

#### Campus Chatter—(Continued from page 2)

To North Carolina and to Duke University has gone one of our beloved instructors—Mr. Moser, whom we

assume will be Dr. Moser in the not too-distant future. He has been granted a six months leave of absence from the college, during which time, he will work toward his Doctorate in Psychology. It was distressing to see him leave but we know that his time spent here will be most valuable to him and we shall, in turn, benefit from his experiences.

The day before Mr. Moser left the portals of S.T.C., the psychology class "threw" a little party—complete with cokes and ginger snaps. At that time he received many appropriate gifts.(???) To replace his immortal blocks, there was a bag of marbles; for his shoes, some polish; for the boring classes, a stick of gum; and for the "nuts" he's bound to find at Duke—a bolt. Each present was accompanied by a clever verse. (Thanks to Kay.) We all laughed and had a grand social time, but there was still that slight touch of sadness that is present when one we know and love leaves us.

Good-luck in all your endeavors, Mr. Moser. We are truly looking forward to your return in September.

Margie Yockel, our spur-of-the-moment girl, also answered a call from the sea. She'd make a cute Wave.

Has anyone learned that new dance step? Ask P. Crump about the Belvedere Glide and her hep cat jiver. It looks interesting.

What's the buzzing we hear about the new Spring Events? D. Hammerman's work with the decorations committee makes it sound like a Freshman dance. Could it be? Let us in on it, too.

The opening of the new Student-Faculty Activity Room which has already acquired any number of synonyms was a gala affair. With the faculty serving tea to the students on January 25th and 26th it was an occasion everyone would like to repeat. We certainly owe our thanks to the whole faculty and especially Mrs. Brouwer for making such a room possible.

#### SCANSION OF POETRY

Just look at those old poetry lines
We have to scan each day,
And every single one of them
Is scanned a different way.
There are too many things to know!
The names of all the feet,
The different ways to accent words,
The rhythm and the beat.
Poetry lines are hard to scan—
When you can't use your head
There's just one thing left to do,
And that is, go to bed.

Aleda Hebner

THE TOWER LIGHT

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VOLUME XII, No. 48

APRIL, 1945

THOUGHTS FOR THE MONTH

"Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen and man cannot die."

H. Hughes Dill

"We will not falter or fail, we will not weaken or tire, nothing shall wear us down."

WISNTON CHURCHILL

APRIL 1945

"For those who believe, no explanation is necessary. For those who do not believe, there is no explanation!"

#### Can You Be Trusted?

S YOU ASK YOURSELF THIS QUESTION  ${f A}$  try to picture a temple many years ago filled with the most learned doctors of the day. Can you see them standing around talking in their own distinctive manner of the current affairs of the day? A child of twelve enters; obviously he has this thought in mind when he says, "I must be about my Father's business." Attentively he stands hearing them and asking them questions. They understand not what He says and are astonished at His understanding and answers.

Now visualize many years later. The scene is on a mountain top. This same small boy, now a man, is appearing before His disciples saying, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Jesus was given a task, for God knew that He could be trusted.

Today you—you here at State Teachers College are being trusted with the most vital part of our resources—CHILDREN.

A teacher—He was a teacher of exactly the same principles for which this war is being fought. As such, He could help the needy, enlighten the masses, and encourage the weak.

We can strive to do many of the very same things today, but before we can be trusted to guide the lives of others we must be sure we can trust ourselves to live the life as He once lived it, a life of truth and purity. We must open our own eyes to the truth, beauty, faith and love around us before we can open the eyes of children.

#### EASTER IN LITTLE THINGS

Not only in the joyous burst of celestial gladness which contrasts so triumphantly with the gloom of Good Friday, can be found the true spirit of Easter. In the unnoticed implications of countless little things, crowding upon us on all sides, bloom the profound truths of life. To the seeing eye, hope everlasting is revealed in the opening of the tight little maple buds, in the hatching of the tiny insect egg, in the daily wonder of the sunrise. Small human acts, beneath a cloak of vain triviality, often disclose intangible spiritual yearnings. The casting aside of

(Continued on page 12)

# **OUR CAMPUS TODAY**

-Newell and Richmond Halls.

In Nspite of many changes the routine administration of dormitory life continues. To the Tower Light readers, however, the dormitory would like to call attention to its new features and services.

The old billiard room in Newell Hall has been converted into an attractive study or conference room which is furnished with comfortable green leather chairs that the students are inclined to wish the pieces in their own rooms, or suggest that they be used in the foyer for lounging or at a dance in the gymnasium.

Another new room is number 101 Newell Hall, the guest room. It was a student room that is furnished with cherry twin beds and several mahogany pieces.

To aid us in buffet service, the dormitory has made purchases of fine china. Numerous patterns in French Haviland, Chinese ware and English china make up the collection.

When the dormitory finds the help situation almost impossible, students come to the rescue and do such jobs as washing dishes and serving in the cafeteria.

In a very small way, we feel we are doing some service to education and to the community by housing numerous groups of people.

Last fall a group of Goucher students came to live with us on fifth and sixth floors Richmond Hall. The girls eat their breakfast with us but have their other meals at Mary Fisher Hall on their own Towson campus. Their resident director is Miss Josephine Fiske of the Goucher faculty.

Quite often throughout the year, Sheppard and Pratt Hospital sends to us occupational therapy students who come to them from various colleges in the United States and Canada.

Baltimore County Teachers who commute to their various schools each day live in Richmond Hall too. Another group of teachers, the cadets, who are a part of the Freshman class, and who are making a fine contribution to their county and country live with us. They graduated from high school and spent six weeks at summer school "learning the ropes" of the teaching profession.

As in the past, the cottage is in use this semester as a boys' dormitory.

The basement of Newell Hall houses the Towson Nursery School for children of working mothers. The tiny tots arrive at seven and some stay as late as six or seven in the evening. They eat, sleep and play in the school. The nursery maintains its own kitchen in the bakery of the school kitchen. It is not a part

# -DO YOU KNOW-

Who runs around drumming up business for the 15% club?

Where Dr. Crabtree buys her beautiful blouses. Captian Miller is now Major Miller.

What tall dark-haired Junior rushes to catch the No. 8 street car that meets the Loyola bus.

That Charlotte Gross got her ring from Peck on March 26. (Speaking of birthdays!!!)

Peggy Johnston has left to attend Susquehanna University. Best of luck, Peg. We'll miss you.

Where in the dorm I could have seen these signs: "Sleeping Rooms" "Flat for Rent."

Quarantined—"Mumps." (In keeping with the times.)

"Happy Wedding day—January 31, 1949" (His enlistment is up.)

"Photograph Tinting—25c (A plug for you, Jean.)

"Silence—Genius at Work" (Imagine McCutcheon, too.)

"Live and Learn"—"Souls Undaunted"—"The Angel."

Sinatra, Van, Havre de Grace High, and the U. S. Navy.

"Where There Is A Will, There Is A Way" "Entrez Diables."

Jean Nelson is looking extra nice lately? Could it be the influence of that soldier from Texas?

Who gets personal attention from Bill at Tuesday night swimming classes?

Lieutenant Crook is now Captain Crook?

Who is now wearing an anti-tank pin since Al was home for a weekend?

Who is it that Cecc Moran has been waiting to hear from "in person." Understand by the grape-vine that he's in "these parts" now. No calls from Alabama for at least a week.

(Continued on page 12)

#### **Our Campus Today**

of State Teachers, but a United States government project.

In summer the school kitchen has also been shared with the canning center to which people from the entire community come with their fruits and vegetables.

Yet we still house the regular student body quite adequately and still enjoy the usual social functions—pajama parties and formal dinners.

A. Baker and M. C. Kahl

# LITERARY-

#### Booker T. Washington's Contribution to Our Cultural Development

DR. WASHINGTON WAS BORN A SLAVE, but he became one of the most useful and distinguished of American citizens. The White Race as well as the Negro is indebted to him because of the work he did in regards to industrial education for the Negro. He emphasized "that learning to do the common things of life in an uncommon way is an essential part of all education." He believed that contact with great men and women was far more educational than getting information from books and costly apparatus. His desire was that school might learn to study men and things.

Washington started Tuskegee with thirty students on an old plantation equipped with a kitchen, a stable, and a henhouse. The students were taught to bake bricks and to construct buildings because they needed buildings in which to live. A farm was started where they learned to raise their own food. The students were taught how to "partake of food with ceremony" at each one of the three meals every day.

The school grew and as it grew, so grew its founder. His influence, like that of his school, was at first community wide, then county wide, then state wide, and finally nation wide.

As leader of his people, Dr. Washington urged Negroes to make a little heaven right here and now by putting business methods into their farming, by having attractive homes, and by cultivating friendly relations with their neighbors.

He believed that "in all things that are purely social we can be as separate as our fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress." He never deviated from that principle.

"Tuskegee takes students almost literally out of the gutter, puts them on their feet, and sends them out honest, peaceful, useful citizens. This is the ideal for which Dr. Washington struggled."

Has any other citizen contributed more toward making America "the land of the free???"

VIRGIL LANKFORD

#### A PRAYER

O Lord, may I from day to day More like Thyself appear to be, That others when they look on me May thy rich truths abundant see.

BETTIE EVERETT

# **CLUBS**

HAVE YOU SEEN AND HEARD ALL THOSE Bluejays and Juncos around the front of the Ad Building, especially when the ground was covered with ice and snow for several weeks? The members of the Natural History Group have been feeding them at the bird station in the sunken garden.

As Spring approaches the members of N.H.G. begin plans for Spring hikes. So put on your "Specks" and watch the N.H.G. bulletin board for the announcement of hikes and plan to join us, won't you?

The Glee Club helped entertain the mothers after the Freshmen Mother's Dinner on March 2.

The A.A. is making plans for a tournament between the sections during an assembly period in the near future.

I hear that the Marshalls are making great plans for V-Day. We hope that we will have occasion to witness these plans—BUT SOON.

"Easter in Story and Song" was presented under the auspices of the S.C.A. and Choir on the night of March 26 in Richmond Hall Parlor. This unique presentation was written by Miss Iona Sikes who visited our campus several weeks ago representing the Student Christian Movement.

The S.C.A. was also fortunate in having Mrs. Patricia Reith as Vesper Speaker. Mrs. Reith represented the Friends Society and told us of the worthwhile Volunteer Summer Projects that many College Students engaged in last summer and urged us to do the same.

Flash! Flash! Watch for "Fresh Fields," a three act comedy by Ivor Novello to be presented by the Little Theater Guild very soon.

# Smile at me that I may see

Smile at me
That I may see
Violets blooming in the spring
And hear the song the bluebirds sing.
Laugh with me and free all care
Everywhere in a world so fair,
Neither sorrow nor grief will find a way
To break that seal and hope to stay
In our glad hearts where love is nigh.
Nothing on earth can break our tie
Either while we live or when we die.

DOROTHEA VOGEL

# -G.I. COLUMN-

"15TH AAF IN ITALY—2ND LT. ROBERT Curland, 5206 Reisterstown Road, Baltimore, Md., naviagator on a B-24 Liberator bomber, has arrived in the 15th AAF and has been assigned to a veteran combat group commanded by Lt. Col. Brooks A Lawhon, Tacoma, Washington.

His group has more than one hundred thirty-five missions to its credit over most of the European countries. He was graduated from a Baltimore high school in '35 and graduated from Maryland State Teachers College in '38. Prior to his entry into the Army, February 7, 1942, he was a teacher in the Baltimore public schools. He received his wings at Salman Field, La., September 3, 1944."

#### Visitors:

A recent visitor to the college was Lt. John Wheeler, class of '38. John is stationed in Texas and has been promoted recently to the rank of first lieutenant. Congratulations, Lt. Wheeler!

We were also glad to welcome Sgt. Morton Krieger, a former member of the class of '43. Morton is at Robin Field, Ga. He says, "Still frozen in my job awaiting the rotation policy in statistical work. Hope you far away boys can start 'rotating' soon."

John Gwynn, beloved of the children, former janitor in both the Lida Lee Tall School and the College, visited us on February 9th. He is now at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Hastings, Nebraska. John—a Sgt., 2nd grade—is a steward in the Officer's Club at the camp.

Harry London—'43, who is just back from a trip to India, South Africa and South America, paid us a visit recently.

Ensign Carlisle Refo, U. S. N. R., '43—visited us prior to his leaving for the West Coast. He had been stationed at Miami Beach.

Among other recent visitors at the college were Ted Katenkamp, ex '44 and Lieutenant (j.g.) Norman Wilde '40.

We have heard that Warren Wendler—ex '44—hopes to study under the foreign language program of the Navy. He is now A.R.T. Casu. 27. You have all of our good wishes, Warren!

News from Lemoore Army Air Field, Lemoore, Cal.

"WAC Helene M. Davis, daughter of Frank Davis, Jarrettsville, Maryland, recently was promoted to Sergeant by order of Colonel Gerald Hoyle, Commanding Officer of Lemoore Army Air Field, Fourth Air Force Processing—In Center, where Sgt. Davis is stationed. The sergeant is a Link Trainer instructor. Link Trainers are simulated airplane cockpits, plus other attachements, used to instruct pilots in instrument flying. Sgt. Davis was graduated from Maryland State Teachers College in 1938, receiving a B.S. degree in elementary education."

Another Son of S.T.C. Makes Good

Dick Pulse (ex. '43) was awarded the Air Medal and two Oak Leaf clusters by January 1 of this year and was promoted to First Lieutenant in February. Congratulations, Dick!

# The Honor Society

POR QUITE SOMETIME, A SPECIAL COMmittee with the aid of Miss Woodward, has been working on the establishment of a new honor society. The purpose of this proposed society is to give recognition to outstanding citizens for work done in the school. High scholastic standing will not have an outstanding part in this organization. Instead it will recognize achievement in all activities. All offices, duties and activities will have some point value which is determined by responsibility and time engaged.

Eligibility to the society would be gained by the accumulation of a sufficient number of points. As yet, a definite goal had not been determined. Records on the point system would be kept by the semester; summer session counting as one semester.

The society would be well organized as a working body and as a social group. Once a student gained entrance to the society her membership would be good until graduation. After graduation she would be an honorary member. The society will probably have a significant name, motto, code, seal, or symbol. Colors would be chosen to suit the code.

In case of substitution the alternates will receive the points.

This has no connection with Kappa Delta Pi or Who's Who.

What is your idea about this new organization? Only with the full interest and cooperation of the student body can it be a success. It will be your society and therefore will be what you make it.

Pts. All'd	Pts. Rec'd	ACTIVITIES AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS	Pts. All'd	Pts. Rec'd	ACTIVITIES AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS
4 5 6 7		SCHOLARSHIP  Average (3.6–4.5)  Average (4.6–5.5)  Average (5.6–6.5)  Average (6.6–7.0)	8 6 4 4 8		SERVICE ORGANIZATIONS  GLEE CLUB: President Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer Active Member JEANNIE GROUP MEMBER MARSHALLS: Chief Marshall
		S. G. A.	6		Assistant Chief, Secretary, Treasurer
15		President	4		Active Marshall
10		Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer,	1.0		Tower Light Staff:
5		Social Chairman Representative	12 10		Editor
5		Committee Chairman	10		Assistant Editor, and Business  Manager
3		Committee Member	8		Staff Member
12		House Committee Chairman	6-4-2		Contributing Member
8		House Committee Member (Vice-Chair-			oonardenig member
		man, Secretary, Treasurer, Social Chairman)			CLUBS
5		Member of Student-Faculty Council and			Club Officers:
		Captains in dorm	5		President
		Senior Class Officers:	4		Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer
12		President	3		Active Member
8		Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Social Chairman			(pertaining to the following clubs): A. C. E.
0		Other Class Officers:			Chimes Guild
8		President			N. H. G.
6		Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Social Chairman			Dramatic Club Men's Club
4		Class Committee Chairman			Art Club
2	••	Class Committee Member			Swing Band
5		Bond Team Captain			I. R. C.
4		Section Officers:			S. C. A.
4		Chairman Vice-Chairman			S. C. A. Choir
2 3		Vice-Chairman Secretary-Treasurer			Rural Club
3		Section Committee Chairman:			
2		T.L. Representative			INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS
3		Social Chairman			Outstanding work done by individuals
2		Fire Marshall		1	aside from activities listed.
2	ļ	Health Officer			
		A. A.			
10		President			
8		Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer			
		Managers:			
4		Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer			
2		Each Elective	,		

# **CAMPUS CHATTER**

MARCH HAS SURELY BLOWN IN LOTS OF food for thought, talk, and doings.

Echoes of Florida are to be heard amongst the S.T.C. swimmers who, on Tuesday nights under the auspices of the Red Cross, swish into the tropical, chlorined green waters of the City College pool. Say, aren't the instructors nice? Miss Roach literally had time on her hands. Any time to spare?

Farewells are extended to Mr. Paine, our smiling and congenial traffic officer, from the College. We're all sorry to see you go. Who'll hold back those grueling and ever anxious autos as confidently as Mr. Paine? Come and see us often.

What's all the mystery in the I.R.C.? Could it be that while at the Loyola College gathering, where the factors of the Dumbarton Oaks Conference were discussed, they extended invitations to Loyola, Western Maryland, Goucher, and Johns Hopkins Colleges to visit our cloisters on March 25, 1945 and present their various views of the relationships of the United States, the East, and the Orient? Let us see the light.

At our assembly, March 6, 1945, Mrs. Reith of the Friends Service Committee stressed the great contrasts existing today between the European countries and the United States. The dislocation of population in Europe, due to war scattered families, and in the United States, due to migrations of large industrial groups, presents a future problem of adjustment that we as citizens of the world must assume as our responsibility. All points of prejudice and injustice toward racial and religious groups were acknowledged as existing and producing an undemocratic attitude in this closely knitted world, these factors being present in our own community. That there are exciting times in which to be young and alert was Mrs. Reith's concluding thought.

Why were some of the faculty members so jittery one Wednesday morning. It had something to do with a Panel on the Advisory system—didn't it Coach?

Speaking of coaches—quite a few people were disappointed after they had practiced and practiced to do folk dances at Swarthmore and then discovered that they were to sleep on the Gym floor. It was decided that blanket rolls were too much to carry through crowded Pennsylvania Station. True! Better luck next time—you really worked hard.

The Dorm was really buzzin' with wild actions the night before Demonstration night. It was nothing

for the Freshmen to find their beds unmade or themselves barracked in their rooms with benches and chairs. Demonstration night was great, wasn't it!

The Senior Class now taking the History of Education Course is working on a Who's Who from State Teachers Alumni. Do you know what—some of the people who are to go in this worthy book refuse to give dates! Now the group is working without dates—but just you wait!

"Do you know something interesting for the News Letters?" It's high time we gave Mr. Minnegan the spot light for his splendid work on this paper. He's a swell guy doing a swell piece of work for a swell bunch of fellows.

While dining downtown, we happened to hear two ladies discussing the campus and nice events of S.T.C. Yep, we have "Campus Chatter" everywhere. This time it was about Freshmen Mother's Week-end. That was really something to talk about. Everyone, including the mothers, the faculty, the freshmen and even the hard-working upper classmen enjoyed every minute of it from the lovely tea to the invigorating tour around the grounds. Thank you Dr. Wiedefeld, Miss Baker and Miss Kahl.

Ford's seems to be overflowing with eye attracting plays this spring with the complicating "Kiss and Tell" followed by "Jacobowsky and the Colonel," Shubert's "Merry Widow" and "I'll be Waiting." Many students who enjoyed the movie production of "Winged Victory" are eagerly waiting the stage play. And then there is the annually popular "Student Prince" on the books.

Spring is making its entrance to the S.T.C. campus. Yes, we know there is a nip in the cold morning air and the glen (we hate to admit) isn't as inviting with its dead branches as it will be (after Glen Day), but we did see those first few brave robins just a couple of days ago and the earthworms after the warm rainy day. We know the buds are just waiting for a little more encouragement because we have seen the forced forsythia and magnolia in the dorm. With spring comes the yearning for new clothes and spring games. Maybe our competitive games will be an outlet for all our enthusiasm.

The student body enjoyed the very entertaining and educational film "The Remarkable Andrew," in one of its assemblies last month. I'm sure we all pro-

(Continued on page 10)



# From the Grandstand

"DID YOU SEE THAT BEAUTIFUL BASKET Millie made?" "And Mary Caples—gosh, she's good cutting away from that tall guard." "I don't see how those girls stand up under the strain." These are just a few of the many remarks heard from the balcony as we battled our way to victory (sometimes defeat) when we played those noted rivals, Notre Dame and Mount Saint Agnes.

Slushing through a fine mixture of snow, rain, and sleet we arrived at Notre Dame where we were royally received. The game got under way with our so-called Varsity playing theirs. No need to tell you the score—suffice to say that we lost. Then, on the floor came their J. V.'s ready to tackle our Freshmen, and tackle they did; another defeat will go down in history for us. At the completion of the game, the weary, exhausted players were served delicious punch and cookies by our hostesses, and a grand time was enjoyed by all.

A week later a game was scheduled with Mount Saint Agnes on our court. Spectators galore filled the balcony—among them our noted specialist and unofficial coach, Doc. Hartley. No kiddin, we do appreciate the yells and cheers from each of you. At first, we were a little shaky in the knees but it didn't take long to overcome that. Our opponents were extra-good; we realized that, but determination to win was ever present. It helped, but not enough. Another loss for the Sophomores but the Freshmen pulled us out of a hole again by defeating their J. V.'s with a score of 24–12.

Special thanks to Miss Roach, our coach, for her untiring efforts and unlimited time given to training and practice. We do appreciate it tremendously.

The badminton tournament held with Goucher made a fine showing for us—well, better than usual, anyway, with three games won and two lost. Some of our crack players were on the court and I understand there were beautiful placings made. Congratulations, girls and to Miss Daniels for having produced such fine athletes. It was great for you to uphold the name of the college!

APRIL · 1945

# THE CHALLENGE—

SCARCELY A DAY GOES BY IN WHICH there is not a lengthy article in the daily newspaper concerning someone's attaining success. The statements announcing the fact vary from the simple "He has reached his goal" to the elaborate "In spite of all numerous setbacks he has realized at last his childhood dreams of success." Inspiring? Perhaps it is just so for some readers, but to the more philosophical and, I might add, to the wiser it is almost an ironical statement; for has a truly ambitious man ever really reached his goal? Doubtlessly this same idea came into Robert Browning's mind as he wrote, "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, Or what's a heaven for?" I once asked a child if he understood this bit of poetry and to my amazement he replied, "Oh yes, I know what that means. It means that if I already know how to saw wood right, I should want to learn to make a wagon of the wood." Yes, a goal should not be a stable thing but should be kept continually advancing, always a step ahead of what we have already attained.

Needless to say there are those who reach, and having grasped what they sought forgot to reach higher. The fate of such persons is as well known as the fall of Adam. From all sides we hear of instances which might have been avoided by a more energetic reach and a desire to accomplish. As we see him pictured in our minds, a (to use his own term) successful and retired business man has absolutely nothing to worry about now that his goal has been reached. But has he been successful? His hard work has obtained for him the fortune he has always desired. He has amassed so great an amount of money that he is "set for life." Perfectly content with himself he settles down to a life of ease, unfortunately forgetting that the only worthwhile gain is one that brings us closer to an ever advancing goal. For him there is no longer any purpose to his actions, he is simply "enjoying" life. Realization of his error inevitably comes, but comes too late. A terse, formal note from the bank informing him that the fortune that was to last forever has swindled to a mere nothing awakens him to his neglect of a higher goal. Any encouragement given him is given in vain. He is convinced that he is a failure, and this conviction brands him one.

It is indeed pleasant to hear of instances in which a single accomplishment meant the furthering of a goal. The pages of history are filled with such events taken from the lives of great men and women. Would there be world famous paintings if Michaelangelo, Raphael (Continued on page 12)

# A Prayer

Our Father, Who art in Heaven
Show us Thy path of rightousness
That we may come to Thee,
Give us hope that we may find
A paradise reached by neither land nor sea.

Hallowed be Thy name, O Lord
For it is a great name—a name that
Makes us lift up our hearts and say,
"Our humble thanks we give to Thee, O Father
For showing us Thy way.

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
On earth as it is in Heaven—
When our life on earth is finished
And we have pledged ourselves anew,
We'll step before your throne, O God,
And humbly bow our heads to you.

Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our trespasses as we
Forgive those who trespass against us.
They knew not what they did, O Lord.
Their hearts were filled with grief and pain.
Take them into your heart, dear God,
And show them the right road again.

Lead us not into temptation, for, O Lord,
All mortals are weak souls
Who cannot restrain their hearts
From longing for the betterment of the world
In which they can take a part.
These things are only temporary,
They cannot last for long.
Help them, then, O Father, to see the right things
And show them where they are wrong.

All these things we ask of you—
To show us the way and place,
And deliver us from evil, O Lord,
That we may obtain Thy grace. Amen

VIRGINIA HURRY

## Senior II Looks Back

NEAR THE END OF SEPTEMBER, 1942, nineteen bright eyed freshmen strolled the halls of S.T.C. in search of fun, classes and instructors.

Who was the instructor who had to sit down to write on the blackboard, and slide ye chair as he wrote?

(Continued on page 9)

THE TOWER LIGHT

# -MEN'S CORNER-

It was a bleak, Drizzly day as Miss Baker, accompanied by our two stalwarts, plowed back into the wilderness to what is known as the cottage. At the magic words, "Open Sesame," the great white door swung open on its gilded hinges. The trio wended its way up the magnificent, spiraling, rickety staircase. The guide, Miss Baker, introduced our two heroes, whom you must know by now are Norm and Don, to a dark, damp, drabby, shabby, little den. However, "elbow room, cried Donial Boone." So-o-o the guide broke down and gave them a lovely, large, palative, ornate chamber.

On February 3rd, the boys once again climbed the aforementioned spiral staircase. Upon crossing the threshold, Norman and Don were struck with awe (soon they picked themselves up from the floor and looked about). From the lofty, vaulted, mosaic ceiling hung a huge, crystal chandelier. A white alabaster fireplace adorned the far end of the room. As they strolled down to the other end of the room to examine the elevator, they sank knee deep in the Persian rug which carpted the highly polished ebony floor.

When the tower clock struck midnight Norm could be heard making his way on his hands and knees up the rickety staircase (he couldn't find the light switch). Upon entering the room, he was amazed to see Don lying in bed having a coniption fit. The hours slowly wiled away until at 6:45 a crashing, clashing, clanging, woke our two slumbering heroes—it was Katy's alarm clock (according to her it only tinkles). To Coach Minniegan who wasn't in a gay mood because he had only half an hour's sleep, the alarm came as a blessing for it meant that our two heroes must get up and leave the cottage. Peace at last . . . .

### Senior II Looks Back—(Continued from page 8)

Remember the time an apple for the teacher saved us from a health test? (Say, who put that apple there anyway!!)

Food sure lent a hand in our school career kinds. Remember the day that angel food cake helped us slow up a test?

How about that sweltering day in art class when lemonade was passed around and a certain instructor said, "Here's to those who love me well...?"

How about those of us who believe in the maxim, "Better late than never." (Come on you two.)

Can we ever forget out student teaching and the children we taught? Worthwhile? You bet your life.

# -HOKUS POKUS-

Dear Friends,

I am very much afraid that, "yours truly" has contacted a chronic case of spring fever this month and because of it, everything is working out just the way it isn't supposed to. For the past couple of weeks my head's been wandering around without my feet and my feet have been wandering around without my head. Maybe it's time to make readjustments. They tell me certain kinds of spring tonic are good for ailments, like that, so I bought a bottle and have been trying it out. Evidently I got hold of the wrong kind 'cause now even queerer things are happening. Why only yesterday I went to the Riverside Bank to check my cash and came home with a mon-bag full of honey.

As I was reading the newspaper this morning, I found evidence that spring fever is quite common. Among the Want Ads were these amusing items:

WANTED: A furnished room by an old lady with electric lights.

WANTED: A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.

WANTED: An airy bedroom for a gentleman 22 feet long and 11 feet wide.

FOR SALE: A bull dog; will eat anything; is very fond of children.

FOR SALE: A nice mattress by an old lady stuffed with hair.

LOST: Near Spigoodle and Onion Streets: an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and bone handle.

In one of my off moments I caught this one in the library. A history student asked for the life of Julius Caesar but the librarian replied: "Sorry, but Brutus was ahead of you."

Beings' my spring tonic didn't work I decided I could do better by making my own. On rumaging through my cook book I found this amusin' but confusin' recipe. You'll all be interested and I'm sure, you'll want to keep it on record so here it is:

#### RECEIPE FOR MAKING A TEACHER—

"Take one of those Hollywood combinations, of a playwright, director, and composer. Add a traffic cop, and a detective, and bring to a boil. Stir in a salesman, a statistician, and a bill collector. Top off with an evangelist, an inspirational orator, and Caesar's wife . . . and you have one teacher, perhaps a little tired from all this."

# -OPEN FORUM----

Is tuition charged in the Lida Lee Tall School?

No, the Lida Lee Tall School is a free public school. It is not a county school nor a city school, though it has children from both the city and the county. It is a state school, a part of the State Teachers' College, and is wholly supported by state funds.

How are children selected for the Lida Lee Tall School?

First, the parents of the children select the school. When they express their interest in having a child attend, they are asked to fill out an application form. No applications are accepted for children under four years of age. Children are admitted to the school strictly in the order of the date of applications, except that preference is given to families who already have a child in the school. Formerly there was a preferred district, but that plan has not been followed for the last few years.

Children are tested before entrance to first grade. If they do not measure up to a mental age of six years, a standard rather widely agreed upon as necessary for success in first grade, the parents are advised to postpone their entrance to the school for another year. When vacancies occur in grades above the first, children from the waiting list are admitted on recommendation of the schools from which they come, or on the results of achievement tests.

The regulations for enrollment rule out the possibility of choosing children because of special ability or talent; or because their parents are alumni of the school or college; or for any of the reasons which might seem to place them in a preferred class.

IRENE M. STEELE

### Calendar of Events

APRIL 3

News Dissemination Assembly—Dumbarton Oaks. April 10

Carola Bell William's Dramatic Monologue, "Remember the Ladies."

APRIL 20—Athletic Association Assembly.

APRIL 24—S.G.A. Assembly.

APRIL 28

Natural History Group Hike—Forest Reserve.

Mir

Mabel Strider (Speaker from National Geographic).

#### Campus Chatter—(Continu d from p g 6)

fited by the portrayal of Andrew's ideas about American democracy. Some S.T.C. ites also received a few pointers "Why We Should Be Punctual" and "How To Keep Fit." Maybe Andrew's early morning exercises, etc., weren't such a bad idea, but somehow most of us feel they're exclusively for the Andrew type. We wish to thank the Assembly Committee for their grand choice of this movie and also for the other fine programs we are having.

Balmy breezes, fused starlight, and a new moon found the students of S.T.C. swishing to the strains of the Melodiers at the Freshman's St. Patrick's Day Dance. The promenade, led by N. Schneider and M. Isabelle, gave us all the opportunity of seeing our ankle sock colleagues glamorous and sophisticated for the evening. Another highlight was the announcement of the May Queen and Court by our here-to-fore secretive H. Zemel. Navy Blues from St. Mary's College at Emmittsburg dominated the colorful scene of spring hued gowns and green shamrocks, although the other armed forces were well represented.

Everyone agrees "I'm Confessin' " is smooth.

Monday morning saw repercussions of the occasion in the numerous gardenia, orchid and other corsages that were worn. That bubbling class spirit and enthusiasm of our Freshmen really made the evening one of the year's joyous successes. Let's have more of the same.

Announcing the engagement of our own Ester Spath to Sergeant Arthur (Art) F. Robbins, Jr. who hails from San Diego, California. To quote Esther "This is one time Kipling was all wrong when he said 'Oh East is East and West is West, and *never* the twain shall meet." We hope Art realizes what a jewel he has presented with a lovely solitaire.

#### Calendar of Events—(Continued)

May 19—May Day.

MAY 22—S.G.A. Assembly.

MAY 24—Senior Farewell Assembly.

June 2—Senior Prom.

June 5—S.G.A. Assembly.

(Continuel on page 11)

THE TOWER LIGHT

# POET'S CORNER-

# "IF" for Stoogent Teachers

If you can see the good times all about you, and never yield and deal in good times, too;

If you can bravely smile when practice teachers doubt you,

And never doubt, in turn, what practice teachers do; If you can keep a sweet and gentle spirit In spite of pain, fatigue, or work or pace, And though you teach a lesson or but hear it, Can pass with pose or flunk with equal grace; If you meet with unbelief, believing, And hallow in your heart the Thorndike Creed, If you can meet a confession, ever yielding, And learn to use a Study Course for all you need; If you can be a Mr. Hyde or Jekyll, A Teacher during school, a pupil all the rest; And do for others what you'd have others Do for you—Always a little more and never less;

Do for you—Always a little more and never less; If you can keep within your soul the power To say that acquiescent, yet unconquered "Yes";

If you can brave a present shattered hour, Rather than yield, and face a future mess;

If you can view a demonstration, and not let imitations master,

But keep yourself within your own self's clasp;
And not let lesson planning lead you to disaster,
Nor sleep's insistent fascination loose your grasp;
If you can lock your heart at each day's quitting,
Nor ever needlessly behind you all aspiring
Toward some superiority or honest personal pride;
If you can keep the simple, homely virtue
Of doing all things right—and most portending on
time—then you'll have no fear

That anything in Student Teaching is going to kill you

And--which is more-you'll be a Teacher, dear.

Reprinted from the Tower Light, March, 1942

### Calendar of Events—(Continued from page 10)

June 6-

Senior Dinner in the Glen.

Step Singing.

Class Night.

June 9—Senior Graduation.

(Note—Dates subject to change.)

APRIL - 1945

# Don't Stop at One

(Tune: "Don't Fence Mc In")

Oh, buy me bonds, lots of bonds

For the freedom of our land.

Don't stop at one!

Let us all heed the call

And buy stamps—you know the brand.

Don't stop at one!

You can save all your dimes

And your nickles; pennies too.

Purchase shares of freedom

For the red, white, and blue:

And then dig deeper for that extra dime or two.

Don't stop at one!

Just think of him

Then go down to the town

Where they sell the stamps and bonds

And with your money

Let your part from the start

Reach a goal that's far beyond.

You want to ride to the ridge where your goal commences:

Cut down as much as you can on expenses; Buy stamps and bonds until you lose your senses; Don't stop at one!

BETTY SPRUILL

# When My Ship Comes In

When I was young, O very young, I'd say.

"My treasure ship is coming in some day."

And I would gaily plan the things I'd do,

The far-off lands I'd see, when this came true
I still await the day my ship comes in.

But now my tired, anxious eyes begin

To scan horizons for the faintest sign

Of ships homecoming. Surely one is mine.
I do not care for all the wealth and gold

Of far-off countries, garnered in your hold.
I only ask you bring a fair-haired lad.

He is my treasure. Tall and khaki clad.

Come safely into port, that I may say,

"My ship came in . . . . My ship came in today."

Margaret D., from Chicago Tribune

11

#### Can You Be Trusted—(Continued from page 1)

garments, worn and faded by the rigors of winter, to be replaced by gay and bright raiment symbolizing the promise of the spring; the joyous movements of youthful dancers, who can cast aside, for happy rhythm, dull care and foreboding—each of these evidences the indestructible spring of hope. Thus, all around us, deeply planted in all bourgeoning nature, can be felt the eternal purposes of an all-wise omnipotent Creator, Who can bring from darkness, light; from death, life abundant in a glorious Resurrection.

Anonymous.

#### The Challenge—(Continued from page 8)

and other artists were content with mixing just one color or painting just one figure? Would we have so great a variety of beautiful musical works if Grieg, Mozart, Beethoven and numerous others hadn't been eager to create rather than copy? Would science have advanced so far if Madame Curie and her kind had not kept reaching for a discovery just beyond the grasp? Would nations have survived if rulers had not continually endeavored to improve existing conditions? It is said that "Lincoln was not great because he was born in a log cabin, but because he got out of it." Meekly accepting whatever occurs accomplishes nothing, yet so small a thing as reaching further than the grasp is capable of writing history.

"But what have we to do with all this," you may ask. Aren't we helping to write history—especially as teachers?" This question has so often been proposed and its answer is so evident that further comment is unnecessary. We know the answer, we are setting goals, we are reaching, we are grasping. If we heed the advice in Browning's words there can be no alternative but to succeed. On the other hand, disregarding the philosophy of the saying and leaving it for others to follow is a sure path to failure. Individual achievements depend upon the individual. To achieve we must grasp; to grasp we must reach; and having grasped we must reach again, "or what's a heaven for?"

The Tower Light is published monthly—October through June—by the students of State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland.

#### Do You Know—(Continued from page 2)

That "Mikey" is making his appearance on the grounds at least once a day. Been waiting a long time to see that Southern Marylander and the day has come!!

Millie would like to go cocoanut picking on the Hawaiian islands some day soon.

Arelyn gets at least a gallon of ice cream a week from her Towson admirer.

Peg Crump has been going farm-hunting with Harold. (Any ideas???)

That Miss Roach had a surprise birthday party one night this month.

We have a new club in our school, 15% club. See Dr. Bulkley if interested.

Several girls in our school are getting to be experts at "rolling your own."

Who is it that blows a whistle every night between 10 and 10:30? What does it mean, Dottie?

About the new creation "the gownless evening strap? It was designed by one of our men students.

Libbly Hurley has returned home for this semester but has promised us she will be back next year.

Minna Larner and Alice Sylvester are now dorm students.

Shirley Zimmerman is sponsor of a society, S.S.B.W.—a Washington College idea, is it not Zimi?

Betty Townshend has a very stunning Easter outfit, Navy dress, shoes, and bag and a pastel coat. Too bad John won't be home to see her, but Chuck will be.

Ginny Hurry has a "lush" evening dress—pastel blue, net skirt, and matching pink bodice.

What Kay had to whisper on her record to Dick.

The dorm students entertained soldiers from Edgewood Arsenal. Thanks, Miss Weyforth.

Freshmen have received a new style gym suit. "The better the times, the shorter the dresses," says one of our instructors. We hope that applies—for your sake, Freshies. Ask Shirley Henschen what happened when she took up her suit—one hem too many.

Doris Spurrier and Sue Callahan had appendectomies. We're looking forward to having them back with us after Easter!

Lt. Rebecca Tansil visited the college the first week in January. She is very busy directing the entire group of WAVES at the Mechanicsburg Station.

What student goes to classes with a little brown satchel? Does it remind you of Dr. 1. Q. or Mr. Millar?

The old familiar smile is back on Myra Dudderars' face since Ellsworth has been reported safe.

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# Town Light



LUME XII

MBER 49

Y, 1945

# .. Legend ..

Sun over all . . . a symbol of growth in understandings for all men everywhere . . .

Flower . . . symbol of growth in learning in immediate situations (our school flower was used as a motive) . . .

The hand . . . symbol of man's desire to protect and promote through the grasping of immediate learnings for use in the world everywhere . . .

The sun, the flower, the hand, and the world . . .

"Take what you want said God — Take what you want and pay for it."

# "He Did His Job To The End"

I FEEL QUITE HUMBLE TONIGHT AS I SIT and stare at my radio. Yes, stare, wondering what news could have been broadcast that would have been any more startling or heart-breaking than the words, "Our President has slept away."

It is difficult to say in words what I feel. I can but sincerely and righteously thank God that we have been blessed, in this time of greatness in history, with a man as great as his time.

"He did his job to the end, as he would have you do," was Mrs. Roosevelt's message to their four sons. In this we can also find the answer to our question of, What can we do?

The world is indeed a loser by Franklin Delano Roosevelt's death. His magic smile and undying spirit will long be remembered. Today, April 12, 1945, is a significant date in the history of the world, for in the words of his wife, "I am more sorry for the people of the country and for the world than I am for us."

Our Commander-in-Chief was truly a warm-hearted human for always he held before us the great vision of humanity. He was, indeed, a man, a great American.

To the world he was a symbol of hope for the better so that all mankind would know the state of freedom that America was born in and shall, with God's help, forever prosper in.

God grant that we may be worthy of his life's work for justice and peace on earth.

THOUGHTS FOR THE MONTH

When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face. Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

I Corinthians 13:11-13

# Praper.

MOST MERCIFUL AND EVERLASTING Father of us all, we, thy servants, do humbly beseech Thee in this our hour of need to give us strength and courage to face the days that are ahead. As we mourn the loss of our great Commander-in-Chief, dear Lord, give us hope and belief that our new leader may be granted the power to do as Thou would'st have him do, and that he may receive Thy most bountiful blessings. Love and service for Thee, O Christ, came first in the daily life of our President, and then came love and service for his country. May this sincere love for Thee and all mankind, whether they be black or white, Catholic, Jew, or Protestant, stand as a bulwark against those who would have us hate each other.

May God grant him a long and peaceful rest. "In hope that sends a shining ray Far down the future's broadening way, In peace that only Thou can'st give, With Thee, O Master, let me live."

We ask it all in the name of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. — AMEN.

DOROTHY PATRICK.

IN THE MARCH ISSUE A PLEA WAS MADE for that potential literary talent that was lying dormant in S.T.C. The response has been simply great. Stories, poems, and plays have been literally pouring into the T.L. office. Unfortunately, we can print only a few of these most worthy articles, and for this reason you will find a few changes within - this is your literary issue.

Perhaps this will start a custom of having one such issue per year if you so desire. It not only raises the standards of our magazine, but also affords the opportunity of making it - representative of all.

TT SEEMS ONLY A WEEK AGO THAT I AC-L cepted this editorial position and introduced to you the new staff. It's very hard to believe that my time is up and I must turn the T.L. back to its former editor.

Before I go I'd like to thank most sincerely every member on this staff, faculty and students alike, for his untiring efforts and faithfulness.

I couldn't depart without giving special recognition to Betty Townshend and Betty Spruill. Continue to give them the support you have given me during the last few months and our Tower Light will surpass all barriers and know no limits.

May I again say - THANK YOU for your wonderful cooperation!

# WORDS OF WISDOM-

SINCE OUR FACULTY HAS MANY OF these, we thought it would be fun to record a few of their favorites.

(Just before an exam.)

"Pick out the pearls of wisdom as they fall from these lips."

(After the exam.)

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to speak of many things." From *Alice in Wonderland* by Carroll.

Dr. J. Y. West.

"Materials suggest their uses." — Mrs. Brouwer.

"Health is the greatest of all possessions;

A pale cobbler is better than a sick king — ". From Bickerstaff. — Dr. Bulkley.

"Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!" From
Browning's The Statue and the Bust.

Dr. E. K. CRABTREE.

"It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness." — Old Chinese Proverb.

MISS M. C. BERSCH.

#### THE TEACHER

"The teacher is a prophet. He lays the foundations of tomorrow. The teacher is an artist. He works with the precious clay of unfolding personality. The teacher is a friend. His heart responds to the faith and devotion of his students. The teacher is a citizen. He is selected and licensed for the improvement of society. The teacher is an interpreter. Out of his maturer and wider life, he seeks to guide the young. The teacher is a builder. He works with the higher and finer values of civilization. The teacher is a culture-bearer. He leads the way toward worthier taste, saner attitudes, more gracious manners, higher intelligence. The teacher is a planner. He sees the young lives before him as a part of a great system which shall grow stronger in the light of truth. The teacher is a pioneer. He is always attempting the impossible and winning out. The teacher is a reformer. He seeks to remove the handicaps that weaken and destroy life. The teacher is a believer. He has abiding faith in the improvability of the race."

The above quotation was found among the papers of William F. Ewing after his death on March 31, 1943, and it was published in the Oakland Public Schools

Bulletin with the comment by William R. Odell, Acting Superintendent of Schools: "It could well have been written about him." — DR. WALTHER.

"So this is wisdom, to love to live,

To take what fate or the gods may give;

Speed passion's ebb as you greet its flow —

To have, to hold, and in time, let go." — Tagor.

Dr. W. H. HARTLEY.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
- With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait." Last stanza of "The

Psalm of Life" — Longfellow.

Mrs. H. Stapleton.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank! Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night Become the touches of sweet harmony. Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold. There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st But in his motion like an angel sings. Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins Such harmony is in immortal souls, But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Lorenzo to Jessica, Merchant of Venice.—Shakespeare.

MISS EMMA E. WEYFORTH.

"A nation is as great, and only as great, as her rank and file." — Woodrow Wilson.

"Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this condition with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph." — Thomas Paine.

MISS M. C. KAHL.

"I have learned silence from the talkative, toleration from the intolerant, and kindness from the unkind; yet strange I am ungrateful to these teachers."—Kahlil Gibran.

Dr. A. S. Dowell.



\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

# "THE BED BY THE WINDOW"

ALL WAS QUIET IN THE HOT LITTLE HOSpital room. Paul Britton dropped his magazine to the floor beside his bed, breaking the silence. He wouldn't be able to reach it again, but what difference did it make? It didn't have anything in it anyway. They never did.

He looked down across the foot of the bed to see if Hammett were awake. He was. He was lying there, staring at the ceiling.

"Look out the window, Jack," Paul said. "What's doing outside?"

Hammett moved his head. That was about all he could move. Both of his arms were in plaster, all the ribs on one side were broken, and he had a punctured lung; result of an automobile crash.

He looked out of the window.

"Well, those same kids are back in the park," he said. "The red-headed kid's got something under his arm, looks like a sail-boat. There's a good breeze out there, from the looks of the trees. It's a nice sail-boat, bright green, and almost as big as the kid himself. There's a girl out there, too. She's got a Marine with her. I think she's the same one we saw yesterday."

"What do you mean, we saw yesterday?" Britton said. "You saw yesterday, you mean. You're the lucky stiff by the window. I can't even see out of a corner of it."

Hammett looked a little hurt. "Well, in a way, we both see what I really see, and that's the next best thing."

Paul grunted and stretched his arms. He was a big man, heavily muscled. "Yeah, I know, chum," he said. "But I'm going nuts over here. With you, it's a little different. Being outdoors doesn't mean a lot to you. But I've been in this hole six weeks and, brother, that's the longest I've been inside since I was about a year old. You get a lot of fresh air in my racket."

Hammett didn't want to hear about that again. "I know, Paul," he said. "A hospital's tougher on you than on me."

"You bet it is," Paul said solemnly. "I'm used to an active life. Look out the window again. What's that Marine up to now, the lucky guy?"

"He's gone," Hammett said. "Maybe he knows a better place. The kid's got his boat going fine. I guess he'll call it a day soon, though, it's getting toward sunset. You can see the water in the pond getting red streaks in it, and the tops of the trees, too. They look nice. They look like real woods."

Hammett kept it up until just before the supper trays came around. Then he coughed a couple of times and

had to stop. He wasn't supposed to do much talking anyway.

Paul polished off his own supper and watched the orderly feeding Hammett. The guy never ate much and he didn't seem to like what he did eat.

Paul thought he looked like a guy who would have a lettuce sandwich and a glass of milk for lunch. He drank a lot of milk. A couple of times every day he'd have Paul push the bell for him. They took pretty good care of him, every body liked him, and at one time Paul had figured that if Hammett asked for it, they'd let the two of them swap beds. But then he'd heard one of the doctors telling a nurse that Hammett was on no account to be moved any more than was strictly necessary, and the room was too small to wheel the beds around. So that was that.

Paul tried to put the thing out of his mind, but it wasn't easy. He wanted that window, he'd wanted it for six weeks, and it didn't seem like such a big thing to want. Hammett practically never looked out except when Paul asked him what was doing outside. He spent most of the time reading or sleeping. The nurses had rigged up a table for him that would hold an open newspaper, and he'd read every line on both pages, and if nobody came around to turn it for him he'd read it all again. Or else he'd be there and recite poetry to himself. The guy knew a lot of poetry by heart, and none of it made much sense.

Paul stretched his arms again. His arms were all right, the falling beam had only crushed a leg. He had good arms, and sometimes he fell into such a fury, lying there like a baby, that he wanted to pull himself out of bed and walk over to the window on his hands. He felt like trying it now, and knowing that he could not only added to his anger.

He looked over at Hammett, but it was too dark to see him. "You asleep, Jack?" he asked softly.

There was no answer. Just like that. The guy went to sleep like turning off a faucet.

"Nuts to you, Hammett!" he said aloud. "Nuts to you!" It made him feel better, getting it off his chest.

Paul finally went to sleep and he figured later that it must have been about 3 a. m. when he heard the noise. He came awake instantly and listened hard. He heard it again — a gurgling half-cough, half-sob from Hammett's bed. He grabbed for the bell, but something held his hand.

"Hey, Jack," he called out. "What's the matter?"

There was no reply, and the bubbling and gurgling went on. Even if Hammett were conscious, Paul knew (Continued on page 8)

# CLUB SURVEY-

#### STUDENT CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Do you remember that night in October when the S. C. A. invited all the freshmen to a "p 'j'" party, and the freshmen came, but were wondering just exactly what the S. C. A. was? They soon found out, and most of them were quite anxious to become members, especially when they discovered that the S. C. A. has Vespers, for which the S. C. A. Choir, directed by Miss MacDonald, furnishes special music once a month; has Chapel every Tuesday morning; sells stamps; and has a candy room.

"I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked." One could have heard this piece and others sung by the Choir and our Choir soloists, Helen Martin, Janice Carico, Myra Dudderar, Shirley Zimmerman, and Barbara Harper, if he had attended the Easter program presented by the S. C. A. on Monday evening before we left for the holidays. The program was written by Miss Iona Sikes, college representative of the Middle Atlantic Region of the Student Christian Movement, and directed by Miss MacDonald, Miss Yoder, and Miss Bersch. The setting was in the Garden of Gethsemane and was very impressive with its flowers, palms, and candles, arranged by Jean Lehman.

The S. C. A., under the chairmanship of Helen Wampler, is now carrying on a clothing drive for world relief. Let's give it our full support!

Didn't you think that Father Corrigan and John Swoonley were dynamic? You would have thought so, too, if you had attended the Area Conference of the Student Christian Movement at Johns Hopkins University on the seventh and eighth of April, which was an interracial conference and one of the most inspiring and challenging conferences we have ever attended!

The S. C. A. is now looking forward to another interracial conference to be held at Morgan College on the twenty-first of April. The S. C. A. Choir members can't wait until the twenty-ninth of April rolls around, when they will visit Annapolis to sing at one of the churches on Sunday morning. A detailed report of the Academy will be expected of you.

#### THE MARSHALS

As an active group of the State Teachers College at Towson, the Marshals have the privilege of serving the college in many ways. The Marshals take many responsibilities which help programs run more smoothly. We function at regular assemblies, May Day, graduation, bond rallies and at other times when our services are needed.

New members are nominated and elected each year. This year our induction service was held on January 29, in Richmond Hall. At this meeting Miss Lena Van Bibber gave an account of the history of the Marshals and the Marshals graduating in February received their awards. At the present time we have twenty Marshals. We hold regular meetings every other Friday at 8:30 a. m. Our advisor is Miss Blood.

This spring we intend to hold our annual spring outing at which we hope to present to the Marshals graduating in June their awards. This is a brief resume of our activities and of our service to the school.

#### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The A. A. season opened with a hockey game against Towson. Later Goucher College was challenged.

At the Bond Rally, students who had been energetic and hardworking as well as faithful, were awarded numerals, letters, or stars.

New officers of the A. A. were elected at the same time as the S. G. A. The board members were appointed by the President.

Basketball season rolled around quickly and we had many opportunities to play near-by colleges, namely: Goucher, Notre Dame, and Mt. St. Agnes.

Badminton was quite popular this year, and before we knew it we had a tournament under way with Goucher.

March 22, Demonstration Night! Besides the usual competition of stunts, games and dances, we had a circus, which was enjoyed by all. The classes all showed that they had worked hard in preparation for this night, and congratulations go to the freshmen, who came in first!

We are looking forward to an A. A. assembly, which will be an inter-section newcomb tournament. At the opening of the program numerals, letters, and stars will be awarded to the students with the qualified number of points.

Spring is here and both volley-ball and softball are in the air. Towson High has scheduled games with us in both sports.

On May Day we hope to have several representatives from the A. A. exhibit the skills they have learned in archery.

#### MEN'S CLUB

The Men's Club had a very full body-building course at the beginning of the semester (feel those muscles). The course was given by Coach Minnegan. At the present time the men are taking part in such athletics as

#### Club Survey—(Continued)

basketball, badminton and a little lacrosse. Later in the spring they hope to learn some archery. Also, the men are planning to join a bowling league and bowl one night a week for fun and exercise.

#### NATURAL HISTORY GROUP

To paraphrase a popular song, "Saturday hikes are the times when we really had fun." Ask any member of the Natural History Group and she will undoubtedly rave about the view over Lake Roland, or maybe the orchids on Goucher Campus, or perhaps the fascinating flower she became acquainted with in Leakin Park. The wonders of nature were such that boredom was just unknown on the N. H. G. hikes.

#### CHIMES GUILD

The Chimes Guild leads in the singing of grace for dinner and special occasions. Members of the Guild alternate in the playing of the chimes.

#### INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

During the present semester, the I. R. C. of our college took on new life. Such topics as socialized medicine, compulsory military training after the war, and the Far East in the post-war world were studied and discussed in monthly meetings. The members participated in the monthly Sunday regional meetings at Loyola, Western Maryland, and Notre Dame. The group also reciprocated by entertaining the other representatives at a meeting in our own college.

#### GLEE CLUB

In October at the Student Assembly we tried to entice many freshmen to join our organization by singing "The Lord's Prayer," and what could have been more appropriate to sing at Chapel in November?

"All aboard for Aberdeen!" It was just that exciting, too, when the Jeanie Group and upper classmen went to Hospitals 1 and 2 at Aberdeen in December.

"This Is My Country," sung by the Glee Club at the Bond Rally in January, stirred up patriotism in the hearts of many students, and almost immediately we decided to sing for the soldiers at the U. S. O. and lafer take a trip to Camp Meade.

Freshmens Mothers' Weekend and High School Visiting Day found us displaying our abilities. The Glee Club is now looking forward to May Day and graduation, and then we'll cease "blending voices" until next fall.

— (Collected by Peggy Zieman and Clara M. Crouch.)

# **OUR CAMPUS TODAY**

WHEN BEAUTY AND UTILITY UNITE IN a common purpose, the people have vision. So it was when the call of the children of the state brought the future teachers and faculty of the Normal School to Towsontown, thirty years ago.

Nature has been lavish with her gifts on this site. The landscape is an ever-changing scene. There are wooded hills and violet-covered glens. Hidden springs bubble forth at will in the fields and wander down to meet larger streams among the neighboring rocks.

Great spaces exist. In them, beautiful structures rise to serve you. Can you ever forget the old Ad. Building in springtime? The sight of the magnificent bloom of the purple magnolias and the golden forsythia must stay with you forever.

Another memory you must cherish. There is the dormitory with its lights flirting from the windows in the wee hours of the morning. There is, also another picture that you must take. It is the one with the shadows that are framed as you stroll in the moonlight evenings. But for some of you, the artist would paint the meeting of neighbors in the Victory Gardens.

Other stretches of land enable you to work and play together. It is here that strong bodies are developed, that laughter is stirred and that friendships are made.

This campus has been the scene of many festive and dignified occasions. Some are held in great esteem. Perhaps the highest honors should be awarded to May Day. Annually, the villagers have rejoiced in the old sixteenth-century custom. Here on the north campus, amidst the blossoming trees, students, children, teachers and friends have gathered to pay honor to the May Queen and her court.

Under "October's bright blue skies," Play Day always has been a jolly affair when the students and faculty participated in a colorful procession and vied with one another in eating and the playing of games on the greensward in front of Richmond and Newell Halls.

Hospitality has spilled over many times from the home of the president. Returning alumni, members of the honor society, college clubs, and guests of the school have enjoyed picnics and entertainment on the front lawn and spacious porch of the house. Just around the corner of the president's house is a lovely amphitheater which is guarded by a majestic oak and other friendly trees. Here in the presence of distinguished governors of the state, beautiful young women and handsome young men have received the reward for their labors. Tradition will call you to this treasure spot every June but the rain god controls that privilege.

(Continued on page 6)

#### Our Campus Today—(Continued from page 5)

Like a precious jewel lies the "little glen" behind the outdoor stage where so many celebrities have sat. When resting from a game of tennis, look on this place. It lends itself perfectly for development by those who are interested in ecology.

"A little child shall lead them." Once every spring, the parents and teachers join with the children of the Lida Lee Tall School to observe Family Day in the Glen. At this time the children take their parents on a tour to see their cherished Arbor Day plantings. The ever-blooming rock garden is a choice part of their efforts. You might have a real pleasure some day if you would get a group of sixth-grade children to tell you about their work on the grounds and explain the map that shows their contributions to the Glen.

To those of you who will stay awhile and desire to know more of your Alma Mater, a treasure hunt is in store. Wherever you start on our campus you will either find a place of beauty or one of interest.

As you stand on the front steps under the tower clock, look to your left. In the sunken garden, nestled in the shrubbery, perhaps you will see a robin or cardinal taking a morning bath by the lovely bronze, Singing Master. This little statue stands in memory of a beloved teacher of science who spent much time in the out-of-doors among the trees, birds, and flowers. Now look to your right. You may see a sparrow or a noisy starling feeding at the station. If you are quiet, you may catch a glimpse of a young rabbit when he hops out for a choice sunflower seed. Directly in front of you, there is a sun dial within a frame of arbor vitae trees and golden forsythia. Read the inscription. It is the symbol of devotion for one class.

At the southeast corner of Richmond Hall you will observe a tablet that points to the first oak tree that was planted in the United States by the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. There is another one on the campus. Can you locate it?

If you really enjoy hiking, you may have as much as a two-mile walk on the campus within sound of the tower clock. There are rustic seats along the way for you to rest and enjoy Nature's gifts. Of course you know the trails extend beyond the "Ma and Pa" tracks. Have you read the trail signs? Many of them are named for scientists. What do you know about these great men?

For you who are interested in botany, a treat awaits. Have you seen the Cercis canadesis? It is an astonishing sight and divides the honors of the spring with the Shadbush and the Dogwood. There are two white oaks on the campus that were grown from acorns of the famous Wye Oak at Wye Mills, Maryland. If you don't

know the story about the trees ask some member of the Rural Club to tell you.

As you stand half-way down the Fitzhugh Trail, look at the flaming azaleas. At your right are the delicate pink ones that are natives of the woods. The Paulownia and the Catalpa trees are near the shelter. Do you know the difference between them? At a distance, one of the trees when in blossom will appear like a purplish mist on a gray, misty morning.

Step into the shelter. The crane in yonder fireplace was designed by an engineer of the college who spent some of his free time in Enoch Pratt Library searching for the right pattern to use in casting old iron into a thing of beauty. Look at the rafters overhead. They are priceless, hand-hewn cedar logs and the shingles are the kind that might be coveted by any builder.

Go down to the botany pool. Did I say pool? Well, it was a beautiful spot two years ago. It had lovely water lilies, yellow lotus and heavenly blue forget-menots. Real frogs croaked. Mint bordered the banks. There was a wonderful stone seat nearby, upon which one could sit and enjoy the flowers and trees. Students have been inspired here. You will find their poetry and prose in the Tower Light. Will that beautiful scene ever be restored?

Don't forget to notice the beeches. Many are scattered over the grounds. Their bark is almost as silvery as that of the birch tree which was given by the D. A. R. and stands near the entrance of the Mountain Ash Trail.

Buried at the foot of a tall tulip poplar are the names of the members of a class that was inspired by the great naturalist, Ernest Thompson Seton, to build the Council Ring, which is an Indian symbol for a democracy. No feasting may take place in this circle. It was all that the name implies. College students, teachers, and children have gathered here for ceremonies, story-telling, song fests, and peace councils.

When your search is ended and you climb the hill, pause at the rim of the Glen and give thought to the men who represent a part of our society. A part that was jeered and mocked during the last decade. Some of them were half-clothed, some were half-fed, some were indifferent, but there were many who loved every stone that was placed and every tree that was planted. Let us give praise to them, the W. P. A., for helping to make possible so much beauty. A debt of gratitude is also due the citizens who contributed all of the laurel, the red bud, azaleas, iris, and many other plantings that were done under the guidance of the State Forestry Department

Wend your way back to the steps from whence you started. Behold the view! It represents the love and (Continued on page 7)

# I am grow'n tired of age

I am grown tired of Age; So short a time ago I was so young! I dared to laugh or cry Whene'er my heart was stung. But now -- ah, now This being Old is new, I find it but the veil that hides The heart from someone's view.

I would have back Youth's vigor: To stand against the pressing wind; Fling back my head and laugh at Rain; Shake hands with Thunder, embrace the sky; And know Youth's loveliness is not vain.

I am grown tired of Age; I want my Youth again: To sing when pipers play a tune; To scoff at Age's prattle; And dance beneath the moon.

If I were younger once again, I would wish to be Old. Then, beigh Age, I'd wish for Youth, So human, brazen, bold. I am grown tired of Age -It has too great a hold.

CAROLYN MOTSCHIEDLER.

#### Our Campus Today—(Continued from page 6)

labor of many who have faith in the teachers of our country.

Your legacy has been large, we are richer because of you, you are a part of all that we have been; but there is much untold and there are "frontiers to conquer" by those who will follow you. Go forth-a great teacher is God's gift. Remember your Alma Mater and nurture her with your best!

STELLA E. BROWN.

# -PROFESSIONAL-

C TATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, UPON INVItation of Dr. Wiedefeld, was proud to be able to bring Dr. Daniel A. Prescott of the University of Chicago back to Towson on March 22, 23, and 24 for a three-day conference. Miss Alder and supervisers of the state, representatives of Baltimore City, and members of the college faculty were present at the meetings held in the Curriculum Room.

Dr. Prescott brought to his earnest audience an increased awareness of the child as a unique individual, passing through various stages of growth and development but retaining always that quality that makes trying to know any one human being a life-long adventure and discovery.

Six major influences were emphasized as molding the child's life at all times. These influences are in a state of constant change; they are dynamic; they are things going on through time. The six areas were divided as follows: (1) Organic processes, (2) Affectional or emotional processes, (3) Social interaction with peers, (4) Aculturation (how life and its meaning is interpreted by our society), (5) Self-realization processes, (6) Self-defense processes.

In discussing each of these fields, some in great detail, Dr. Prescott constantly urged his listeners to remember: "The child is an indivisible unit." These six areas impinge upon each other, interact, become dominant or subordinate, are in a state of constant flux. If we can look upon all these areas as we consider a child and his development, then we are "seeing the child through time" — the way Dr. Prescott would have us do.

MARGARET SIMMONS.

#### Peace

What was the first prophetic word that rang When down the starry sky the angels sang, That night they came as envoys of the birth -What word but peace, "peace and good will on earth"? And what was the last word the Master said That parting night when they broke brother bread? That night He knew men would not let Him live -Oh, what, but "peace I leave" and "peace I give"? And yet behold, near twice a thousand years And still the battle-wrath, the grief, the tears, Let mercy speed the hour when swords shall cease, And man cry back to God, "There shall be peace.' EDWIN MARKHAM.

(Taken from World Affairs Magazine, Dec., 1944.)

#### Bed by the Window—(Continued from page 3)

he wouldn't be able to speak. He dug under the pillow and found the bell button, but it slipped out of his hand and fell off the bed. He swung around for the cord and pulled it up again, taking his time, making it hard to do. Finally he had it in his hand again, and he clamped his thumb down savagely.

"All right," he muttered to himself. "So I ought to let him pass out. So I'm too softhearted. So what?"

A nurse came in quickly, and there were a couple of

doctors within minutes, but Hammett had needed them a little sooner than that. They tried hard, but it was no good. He just slipped out of their hands. After they had wheeled him from the room, one of the nurses stayed around a while and talked to Paul. He asked if he could have Hammett's bed. She gave him a queer little look and said she didn't know why not, if he wanted it. Then she left, and Paul went back to sleep. He'd seen men die before, and a good deal more spectacularly, if it came to that.

A couple of orderlies came in to move him, right after breakfast. They were strong boys, and they just picked him up and plopped him down in the other bed. The shade on the window was pulled to the sill, and Paul asked one of the orderlies to raise it. He was grinning with anticipation as he turned his head, and even after he'd been looking out of the window for quite a little while, the grin remained — a stupid, absent-minded grin.

For the window faced a courtyard, and there was nothing to be seen, except, twenty vards away, a blank brick wall.

KATHLEEN RITCHIE.

# Spring

In the garden are my flowers, Every year comes April showers, See them blooming wild and gay, All through the month of May.

(By a sixth-grade girl at Gardenville under the direction of Lucy Goldsmith.)

# G.I. COLUMN—

#### RECENT VISITORS:

Cpl. M. Breiner Shearman, ex. '43, was a recent visitor at the college. Bremer says, "Finished at Truax Field — now I guess I'll get an APO."

Sol Charkin, ex. '43, visited us while on a forty-five day leave from Italy.

Lieut. Morton D. Weiner, ex. '42, surprised us by speaking at an assembly given by the Holabird Signal Depot. Morton says, "After appearing at an assembly here as a Signal Corps speaker, I'm really homesick for the gang."

Among other recent visitors at the college were Herman Jackson, ex. '46 and Kenneth Martin, ex. '43.

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Student publication of the State Teachers College, Towson, Maryland.

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# THE CLE



# President's Farewell Address

THREE YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE ⊥ time when we started together at S.T.C. Even though the years have flown, it is hard to believe that Commencement Day is here. It is only natural when we are preparing to leave a place that is as dear to us as S.T.C., that we look back and remember all the splendid things that have happened to us as a class. There are some things that we'll never forget—the first time we sang "Alma Mater" at the Lighting of the Way, and our freshman registration when we talked about "Arthur, the Rat." It was more hilarious, however, when we heard our recordings played back to us and we couldn't recognize our own meek voices. As time went on, more and more things happened and our voices became stronger, as we proved when we took top honors at Girls' Demonstration Night, in our junior year. The things that we have done this year are especially vivid to us, because they are recent, and because we are seniors. Our May Day, for example—although we do remember the others with pleasure—our May Day was especially lovely to us because the girls in the court were our girls.

We are more fortunate than the graduates of the past two years, because some of the tradition, of which they were deprived, has been restored for us. The two things uppermost in our minds in this respect are the Baccalaureate Service and Class Night. These celebrations represent two extremes; but that's typical of us, isn't it? We enjoy the religious and serious as well as the humorous and frivolous. These things stand out because they are big, but life is also made up of tiny, insignificant things that all add up and fused together to make our pattern of life, which consists of the dramatic and the prosaic. Even though the prosaic is taken as a matter of course, it is that which consititutes our way of life. Talking over sweets in the book shop, going to electives and club meetings, dashing to classes, having informal chats with the faculty, picnicking in the glen, and last but not least, dancing in the foyer—these things along with other intangibles have strengthened our bond of friendship and have niched a special place in our memory lane, because they have helped to make S.T.C. OUR college.

However, they also should have helped to bring our sense of values into sharper focus and in so doing make us realize that we have reached our goal in that we are graduating. However, with the achievement of this goal, we have automatically set another for ourselves. Our job is to teach, and to teach well. To accomplish this, everything that we do should be our best, and it

can be if we make the most of what we have and what we are.

During the past three years, the foundation for a good teaching career has been laid, but the rest is left up to us as individuals. There is a special glow that comes with saying, "This is my best." We must make this glow our aim and perhaps Douglas Malloch was saying just this when he wrote:

"If you can't be a highway then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or you fail—
Be the best of whatever you are!"

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# In Appreciation

PEAKING FOR THE CLASS OF 46, I WOULD like to extend my appreciation to the persons who made this, our senior issue of the Tower Light, possible.

To Dr. Hartley, who so generously gave his time and effort to us we give our sincerest thanks.

To Mrs. Brouwer, Dr. Crabtree, Mrs. Stapleton, and Dr. Walther we say "thank you," for without your excellent advice and graciousness we could not have made this issue a success.

To the Tower Light Staff, who has cooperated with the Seniors, goes our sincere appreciation. We are greatly indebted to Sylvia Rosen for the splendid cover and to Edith Paul's untiring efforts as typist.

As the editor I would like to say that it has been a great pleasure and privilege working with each and every one of you.

To my remaining colleagues 1 have but one message to leave—

Carry on, the task has just begun.

S

#### NOTE ON COVER

Open Circle—this end is our beginning.
Three Circle—accelerated course.

Vista—seeking truth ahead—"Without vision a people perishth."

# Dear Seniors,

THIS IS NOT GOOD-BYE, FOR GOOD-BYE means farewell. All of us here at the college hope that your graduation will not mean that you are leaving us for good, because you have become too much a part of us and we too much a part of you for that. This is rather to wish you Godspeed in your journey along the paths of your chosen profession.

I regret that you were not able to complete your college career under the able leadership of Mr. Miller. Since you were not able to do this and had me assigned to you as your advisor, I feel that I should say to you again what I said upon the first day I met you in an advisory capacity: A school is a place where individuals should feel free to try out their own ideas, make mistakes and profit from them, and learn to assume responsibility for their own actions. As your advisor, I shall come to your aid whenever you need me, but I shall not knowingly meddle with nor interfere in affairs that are your own.

I have tried to adhere to this policy, and I hope that in so doing I have not seemed to neglect you. You have had your "ups" and "downs" and we have made many mistakes. We have lived through much together. But the big thing is that you have developed to the extent that you are now ready to continue your journey alone, but let us hope that it will not be without us. We are still always ready to aid you when you need us and we shall need your aid.

During the next few years the teaching profession will have greater need than ever for strong teachers with clear vision of children and their problems. We know that we can count upon you to help fill this need to the best of your ability. So we say, not good-by, but Godspeed to the Seniors!

Your advisor,

Joe Young West



# Dedication

W E DEDICATE THIS, OUR SENIOR ISSUE of the Tower Light, to Dr. Joe Young West who willingly consented to be our advisor after Mr. Miller's departure. His careful and efficient guidance has brought us successfully through our college life. We sincerely hope that this dedication may in some small way express our gratitude for his able assistance.

Class of 1946

# The Editor Sez

"Patience, children, just a minute— See the spreading circles die; The stream and all in it Will clear by-and-by."

As we, the class of 46, approach the end of our college career, we realize that we are living during one of the greatest eras of all time.

Invasion of France, the Philippines, the death of our President, and now the fall of Berlin; these are just a few of the historic events that we have witnessed. Can we help feeling that we need patience, guidance, and wisdom to go out into such a world and serve—to carry principles, here received, to lands where they are needed? Into this stream of events we shall place our individual contributions to the best of our ability knowing that they shall be carried afar by "the spreading circles."

America has helped to win the peace, these are strong words, and we must think what they mean. America will have a duty to perform to the world. She has the opportunity to be one of the great leaders among nations. The responsibility for performing this duty rests upon the children of today, the children we shall teach.

As we give daily guidance, let us always remember Tennyson's birthday tribute to Queen Victoria:

"We sailed wherever ship could sail; We founded many a mighty state, Pray God our greatness may not fail Through craver fear of being great."

co

#### PRAYER FOR VICTORY

O, Jesus from your throne on high Look down on all the warring nations. Have mercy on them that die And save us all from hell's damnation. Save your children from death's grim reaper, And guide the rulers in the ways of right. Protect us all from sorrows deeper, And spread through out the world thy light.

THERESA ANN WIEDEFELD

## Memories

#### SENIOR CLASS SONG

Tune: "Memories"

Memories, cherished now
Will remain with us,
Of our years at Teachers College
Happy days well spent.
With each year,
They will be
Far dearer than before.
Thy praises we sing,
Our merits we bring to thee,
Our Alma Mater dear.

Onward now, searching for Some new goal to gain. In the fore is always seen Our banner high above. 'As we go, on our way, We'll often think of thee. We'll never forget The love that we have for thee, Our Alma Mater dear.

MARY CARROLL

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# The Art of Teaching

TWO MEN SAT IN THE WARM SUNSHINE leaning against the wall and eating their lunches. "I just finished a swell job," said one of the men. "I worked on that big warehouse over on Eighth Street, and every day at two o'clock I went up on the roof and watched the ball game." He waited a while and then he continued, "I had a grand job once before. I worked on an apartment house and every afternoon at three o'clock I went up on the top floor and took a nap."

"Is that what you call a grand job?" asked the other man. "Did you ever set a goal for yourself and when you reached it felt that you had done a grand job?"

"Naw!" answered the first man, as he ate his last bite of apple and closed his eyes for a nap.

That man drew a salary of \$1.10 an hour, but there ended his satisfaction. Interest in work for the pleasure gained from achievement, from creation, from benefits to his fellow men were unknown to him. He gave so much for so much; he bargained in terms of equivalent exchange. Personal gain was his primary aim.

That man's attitude is the direct opposite of that of the professional man who utilizes his talents and directs his industry for the benefit of mankind. A great urge within him drives him to give of himself to an extent for which there is no material equivalent. Professional men and women must have salary, but it is zeal for their work and interest in values, and not thought of pay, which predominantly motivate them.

Those teachers whose attitude is that of tradesmen will fine teaching laborious and disappointing busi-



ness; those teachers who look upon teaching as a fine art which allows opportunities for creative activities in the realm of social values will agree that there are few types of work more satisfying.

The greatest gift one should wish for this year's graduates is that they are drawn to teaching because of their love for children, that they regard teaching as rich with opportunities for social services and for personal self-development. Great joy is in store for them; great rewards and personal satisfactions await them.

M. Theresa Wiedefeld

# SNAFU--The Class of 1946

"SITUATION NORMAL, ALL FOULED UP" a perfect paraphrase of the Class of 1946; for, in fact, we are *not* the Class of 1946, and only in theory are we a class! See what we mean?

Here's how it happended . . .

A race of little yellow (we're speaking mainly of epidermal coloration) men made an infamous attack on an American naval base one radiant Sunday morning in 1941. From that day forth the orthodox college program existing then at S.T.C. was completely revolutionized. For the first time in the history of this institution of teacher training a class was admitted in the middle of a semester year.

On the first Monday in February following the Jap attack the nucleus of the emergent Class of 1946 was formed. Eleven eager but somewhat abashed young maidens gathered in the front lobby of the Ad. Building, each a product of the whirling world which suddenly was flung into being, each to know in a greater, more personal way the full effect of global warfare on civilian living.

That first month of college was SNAFU in a very definite way. Few at Towson knew that that group of eleven-known later as Freshman 6—was coming, and, consequently, they were of necessity not given the usual adjustment program which all preceeding classes experienced. No induction service, no extensive orientation tour, no Freshman Mother's Week-End. Nevertheless, in spite of the unavoidable neglect the section received socially, it survived the initial four months of training and emerged in June a closely knit, firmly established group which had very definitely found a place in the sun. That section, unlike any other we've known of before or since, received the distinction of graduating from college with the same eleven in tact which entered that tumultous February, having weathered every storm the four-years-in-three engendered. Furthermore, that group had the proud reputation of being the "closest section in the school." An enduring and well forged bond united the eleven. and on that foundation '46 was built.

When the initial summer session of the current series convened, Freshman 6 rejoiced to learn that they were to be joined by approximately twenty new prospective teachers and literally become "all a-twitter" with the knowledge that among them was A MAN—shy but courageous who helped to stabilize the rapidly depleting male population at Towson. To express their approval and faith in him the combined sections elected him their class president at an impromptu and exceedingly informal class election conducted by the

S.G.A. president. That marked the beginning of the organized Class of '46—to be graduated in '45—with Dr. Joe Young at the advisory helm.

The new Freshman class was not long in experiencing the effects of war on college life. Social events were kept at a minimum, expenditures were curtailed, farsighted planning was practically impossible. Regardless of such limitations we found ourselves at the end of August a happy and promising group, not yet wholly formed, but well on the way.

September brought the class into completion. The newest addition was by far the largest unit composing the whole and boasted among their number two male students. Such a luxury was short lived, however, for within a few months all three of '46's gentlemen were called to war. Thenceforth we ventured on, an entirely feminine organization.

With such a motley and loose-jointed group one is likely to assume that little class spirit existed among the members. That was precisely the situation, a product of circumstances and not of individual sluggishness. Each of the three sections were zealous and enthusiastic. Section loyalty superceded class fidelity. Section character outweighed class reputation. '46 was a real an unavoidable offspring of wartime SNAFU. In effect, '46 was like a three-leaf clover—held together by a single stem but each leaf self-sufficient and highly individual.

The month that saw the class completed saw also the completion of the much needed and greatly wanted new gym. No longer were we to be cramped in the barracks or annoy the whole college with our shrieking in the auditorium. We had our own gym building. It was here that '46-in collaboration with other classes and organizations-held its social evenings and afternoon frolics. It was here one glorious March evening in 1943 that we won top honors and the victory plaque after a hard fought Girl's Demonstration. Motley? Loose-jointed? Yes! But we knew how to pull together, and we proved it that night. Excitement ran riot in the locker room after the events were over. Shouts of, "Well, kids, we did it!" "Yeah, beat the seasoned seniors, think of it!" resounded while eyes sparkeled and cheeks glowed. One would have thought that the war was won, so proud were we.

The war! Always lurking in the background, cropping up in lecture classes, conversations, silent musings. A friend home on leave; the death of a loved one; another leaving for a theater of operations; a letter from a distant field . . . all these were a very real and effective part of '46's college life. (Con't. on page 23)

# MARGARET AMOS — "Pat" Friendly, quiet, good natured ... long hair and plaits ... blonde streak on side ... shy smile ... expressive eyes.

JEAN ARMSTRONG — "Jean"
Quiet, friendly, attractive . . .
movie fiend . . . shy smile . . .
S.G.A. treasurer . . . golden curls
. . . slips through the halls ever
so quietly.

JEAN BARNES — "Barnes"
Studious, chatterer, helpful . . .
Glee Club member . . . always
wide awake . . . affectionately
called "Genius" . . . "Nothing
wrong with me!"

# MARY BAUMGARTNER — "Mary B." Capable, winsome, loyal . . . S.G.A. gavel wielder . . . petite . . . quick . . . a born leader . . . acrobat of the class . . . May Court.

ALICE BLACKISTON — "Al"
Attractive, friendly, creative . . .
lovely hair and eyes . . . creative
design in her clothes . . . dainty
. . . fiend on classical music . . .
"Jim" . . . "I just can't decide."

ALMA CALLAHAN — "Ikey"

Jolly, friendly, happy go lucky

. . . spends most of her time
thinking about what to do . . .
but always gets it done . . .
crazy . . . happy smile for everyone . . . lots of fun . . . "Now wait
a minute."













SUZANNE CALLAHAN — "Sue" Athletic, cute, popular . . . Vic and Emmittsburg . . . May Court . . . loves pretty stationery . . . "Something like that."

LILLIAN CARLISLE — "Bo"
Attractive, shy, good natured . .
expressive and lovely eyes . . .
tall . . . quiet . . . May Day Committee chairman . . . Glenburnie . . . "Oh, I wouldn't say that."

MARY CARROLL — "Mary C."
Capable, jolly, friendly . . .
president of the l.R.C. . . . treasurer of the S.G.A. . . . always has a smile . . . Wild West fan.

CATHERINE CICERO — "Cassy"

Petite, responsible, fair minded
... lovely clothes ... president
of the Senior Class ... Miss
Barkley ... going on from here
... "That's neat."

BARBARA COLLIER — "Babs"

Quick, petite, jolly . . . whiz on
the ropes . . . agile . . . master of
expressive sound effects . . . red
hair and naturally curly, too . . .
corde striped purse.

EDITH DOLLE — "E. D."

Quiet, friendly, shy . . . lovely clothes . . . dainty . . . the ministry . . . soft smile . . . easy going . . . lots of fun to know.

DOROTHY EVERITT — "Dottie' Chatterer, friendly, fair minded . . . interested in the Infantry's 83rd division . . . generous . . . neat . . . willing typist . . . helpful . . . "I hope I get a letter from the "General."

LOIS MAY FALLIN—"Fallin"
Sweet, friendly, dainty . . . diamond clan . . . lovely hair . . .
grin . . . constant battle with clocks . . . fiend for classical music . . . "Can't I relate this to music somehow?"

BERNICE FELDMAN — "Bern"
Frank, witty, artistic . . . teaches
Hebrew evenings . . . wants to
go on from here and work with
math . . . tower clock troubles
. . . beautiful teeth . . . "Oh, I
wouldn't say that!"

### KATHERINE FLEZANIS —

"Kitty"
Dynamic, witty, petite . . . clay modeler . . . "Lu's" shadow . . .
Nuts about Hartley . . . Assembly Committee chairman . . .
Fred Waring . . . "What would Bob Hope do in a case like this?"

JULIA FOCUS — "Jule"

Shy, attractive, winsome . . .
leopard coat . . . gorgeous sparkler . . . Lyric fan . . . "I wish I
knew where I were going student
teaching!"

BERNICE FOX -- "Bonnie"

Idealist, pensive, positive . . . beautiful hair . . . lovely clothes . . . numbed by exams . . . U. S. Navy . . . Hebrew school instructor . . . Tschaikowsky and Ravel . . . "I'm sorry!"













LUCILLE FRAMPTON — "Lu"
Glamourous, retiring, capable
... lovely hair, long nails ...
haunted the typing room ...
always trying "new dishes" ...
movie fiend ... "Oh! Kitty!"

EDITH GERWIG — "Wiggie"

Quiet, studious, sociable . . .
badminton fan . . Catonsville
commuter . . . club cellar . . .
Navy medic . . . "I nearly died."

### LUCY GOLDSMITH -

Petite, intelligent, frank . . . Dr. Bulkley's specialty . . . wedding bells and Dave . . . May Court . . . "Oh! I had the most wonderful weekend."

### BETTY LEE GRANGER -

'Baggy Lee''

Artistic, colorful, quiet . . . small hands . . . very expressive eyes . . . diamond clan . . . Ned and Mississippi bound . . . "You know what I mean!"

### SHIRLEY HACKERMAN —

``Hack"'

Attractive, ambitious, sweet . . . Kappa Delta Pi . . . full of merry smiles . . . friendly . . . successful . . . quiet ways . . . Red Letter Day Committee.

### LOIS HALE — "Hale"

Quiet, studious, shy . . . our sturdy gal . . . secretary of the Marshalls . . . art fan . . . horse fan . . . owns her own, too . . . hearty laugh and infectious smile . . . "I gotta get to work."

THE TOWER LIGHT

### ELLEN HART - "Ellen"

Attractive, tactful, friendly . . . sparkling dark eyes . . . our Maid of Honor . . . has a personal interest in the book, "Purser's Progress" . . . Ocean City . . . "Oh! Zimmie."

### ALEDA HEBNER — "Skeets"

Ambitious, poised, perseverant ... interested in entomology ... devoted to churchwork ... is writing a book, "Our Insect Neighbors" ... "Oh! Fudge!"

SHIRLEY HENSCHEN — "Shirl"

Petite, attractive, responsible
... blonde belle... cooperative
... stylish... May Queen...
jitterbug... unforgetable social
chairman... floats on dance
floor... fun to work with...
"I got a letter."

HELEN HOWARD — "Helen"

Friendly, ambitious, capable...
Chief Marshall... hair do's (Dr.
Hartley likes it in the middle)
... Red Letter Committee...

seen with "Hack" mostly.

### MADELINE KEENAN —

"Lynn"
Chatterer, witty, artistic . . .
plaits and bows . . . loves to
dance . . . Publicity Committee
of the S.G.A. . . . letter writer
. . . "Kurt," to whom she is
"Maddy" . . . "I'm gonna become a hermit."

### BERNICE KNELL - "Bee"

Capable, sincere, tall . . . sense of humor . . . everyone's friend . . . Len and a baseball team . . letter writer . . . "More fun."













### ANN LANDIS — "A"

Executive type, individualist, positive . . . "Reef" . . . Ocean City . . . Eastern Alumnae . . . loves to dance . . . May Court . . . sports a fraternity pin . . . "Come on, old girl!"

### MINNA LARNER - "Moe"

Attractive, quiet, optimist, Senior 2's prettiest . . . Miss Mac Donald and "Doc" Hartley . . . friendly . . . May Court . . . nice clothes . . . Prom Committee . . . loves music . . . long nails and dark polish . . . "You can say that again."

### JEAN LEHMAN — "Jean"

Capable, friendly, sweet . . . nature lover (what are we going to do without her?) . . . lovely singing voice . . . Miss Mac Donald and Miss Barkley . . . hair do specialist for the "dorm." President of the S.G.A.

### HELEN MARTIN — "Helen"

Quiet, conscientious, musical... songbird of Scnior 3... Glee Club, of course... wistful blue eyes... six brothers!... "Well I guess so."

### WINIFRED McCANN —

"Winnie"

Frank, industrious, loyal . . . current events champ . . . interested in room 202 . . . Chief Marshall, when here.

### LORRAINE MERRYMAN —

"Larry"

Attractive, frank, assertive . . . May Court . . . likes to have a good time . . . nice brown eyes . . . A.M.M.P. (Navy) . . . witty and sparkling humor . . . "I see what you mean!"

### EDNA MAY MERSON -

"Eddie"

Ambitious, friendly, athletic . . . Kappa Delta Pi . . . modest . . . "old Faithful" at electives . . . loves to dance . . . always willing to help . . . generous . . . our radio gal.

### IOANNE MILLER — "Jo"

· Vivacious, happy go lucky, dimples . . . has that gleam in her eye . . . interest at Yale . . . "El" . . . Ford's fan . . . Ocean City, too . . . "Oh! My gosh!"

### DOROTHY PARTICK -

"Dyson"

Athletic, sincere, good natured ... known by her giggle ... ever faithful member of the Glee Club . . . wakes up her suite mates by singing . . . "I swear."

### HILDA PEPER — "Hilda"

Vivacious, chatterer, ardent . . . expressive eyes . . . interested in an artistic life . . . if Lyle's the artist . . . loves earrings . . . and roller skating . . . "Piffle."

### MARY ELLEN PERRIN -

"Perry"

Clairvoyant, assertive, fairminded . . . the section's prettiest (Senior 6) . . . beautiful voice . . . always with Olga . . . A.A. president . . . Aberdeen . . . . Moser fan . . . "Are you kidding?"

### MARY ROSE REEVES -

"Reeves"

Attractive, positive, individualist . . . lovely complexion . . . May court . . . energetic . . . dislikes reading . . . brown eyes.













# IRENE BERGER RUBENSTEIN

-- "Renie"

Sensitive, effervescent, interested . . . lovely singing voice . . . Jeanie Group . . . always dodging Miss Weyforth . . . Florida . . . the section's first Mrs. (Sr. 6) . . . record collector . . . "Wait'll I tell Paul!"

# EMMA WEBB SANSBURY —

"Webby"

Petite, responsible, positive . . .
T.L. Editor . . . May Court . . .
loves math . . . nice singing voice . . . diamond clan . . .
Gerry . . . Mrs. Brouwer . . .
sweet smile . . . "Ohhh." . . .
"California here I come."

### BETTY SHULMAN — "Betty"

Quiet, industrious, friendly . . . Lyric fan . . . ambitious . . . lovely clothes . . . loves music and good books . . . petite . . . seen with Edith most always.

### BETTY SEITZ — "Betty"

Energetic, twinkling eyes, intelligent . . . loves life . . . and Ned . . . South Pacific bound . . . dancing . . . May Court . . . "Oh! I got a wonderful letter!"

### OLGA SOLOMON — "Solie"

Affectionate, responsible, artistic . . . letter writer ad voluminorum . . . Moser and Walther . . . attractive hats . . . finds inspiration in reference library . . . I.R.C. president . . . "I got three letters from Steve!"

### ESTER SPATH — "Spath"

Tactful, ardent, successful . . . specializes in altitude, both physical and scholastic . . . faithful teamster . . . Kappa Delta Pi . . . San Diego bound with "Art" . . . has that engaged look . . . S.G.A. gavel wielder . . . "I see what you mean!"

### EDITH STARK -- "Starkie"

Quiet, shy, witty . . . our "carrot top" . . . tall and agile . . . long nails and dark polish . . . "Southpaw" . . . envied talent for taking notes in shorthand . . . loves classical music.

DOROTHY SUMMERS — "Dot"
Chatterer, friendly, sweet . . .
knockout collars . . . loves to
harmonize . . . anything with
math . . Ocean City . . . sensitive to rhythm . . . charming
smile . . Glee Club . . "I'm
just a nervous wreck!"

### ALICE SYLVESTER - "Al"

Ambitious; positive, sincere . . . Miss Barkley . . . varied interests . . . going on from here . . . Columbia, perhaps . . . Classics in music . . . "I like variety!"

PATRICIA WADDEY — "Pat"

Gifted, discerning, pragmatic . . . Strawberry Blonde . . . nature lover . . . Shenandoah Valley . . . individualist . . . Beethoven and the Don Cossacks . . . Army medic . . . S.G.A. Executive Board . . . "I know, but-!"









### THERESA WIEDEFELD -

"Tess"

Vivacious, chatterer, assertive . . . green and blue skirt . . . varied interests . . . haunts the Pratt Library . . . expressive gestures . . . Far Eastern problems and views . . . "Now waiai- ai- ait a minute."

### LOUISE WYATT — "Whit"

Attractive, slender, sportive . . . always seen with Ginny . . . loves all sports . . . constant smile . . . loves a good time . . . Rex . . . "Oh! I'd hate that!"

### CHARLOTTE ZENKER -

"Char"

Ambitious, perseverant, loyal . . . interested in the 3rd Army . . . swimming . . . has always wanted to fly high . . . loves music . . . "I was soaring through the air!"

### ELIZABETH ZIMMERMAN -

"Zimmie"

Ardent, colorful, friendly . . . Ocean City . . . loves color in the newest shades . . . saves her letters from Rousie to read alone at night . . . May Court . . . House President . . . "I'd like to ask a question!"

These girls are also included in our class:

MARY RUSSELL JONES EVELYN KARAS

SHIRLEY SACKS VIRGINIA THORNTON

# HONOR ROLL - - Class of 1946

FOR WHAT WORTHIER CAUSE COULD THESE, OUR FELLOW CLASSMATES, HAVE LEFT their Alma Mater, than to answer the call of their country? Not for monetary reward or advancement, but to defend that which we also are fighting to preserve here at home in our classrooms. Freedom! Freedom of speech, press, assembly and religion! Freedom from tyranny, oppression and force! The Freedom that we as Americans daily enjoy. To these, our classmates, though unable to finish with us, we dedicate this page.



### CORPORAL EDWARD LEROY CASHMAN — "Cash"

Timonium, Md... Towson High School... entered September '42... quiet, energetic, sociable... heart interest still in Cheyenne? Waiting at Ft. Warren in Wyoming.



### CORPORAL RALSTON THOMAS CULLEN — "Ray"

Rising Sun, Md. . . . Rising Sun High School . . . entered September '42 . . . tall, light and good-looking; "Cassanova" . . . athletic . . . entired with England.



### CORPORAL LYLE EARL WELLEMAYER — "Earl"

Baltimore, Md. . . . City College . . . entered June '42 . . . reserved, ambitious, friendly . . . our Freshman president . . . still intends to teach . . . with the Air Corps in India.

To each, we the class of '46, SALUTE YOU!

# Last Will and Testament

WE, THE CLASS OF '46, having dashed through college in three years, nevertheless found time to acquire both sensibilities and liabilities which we fondly bequeath to those we love best.

### To the school:

A senior class as unpredictable as we. (That makes us more interesting.)

Enthusiasm and college spirit that is just within the limits of control

Oil for the chairs in the assembly hall (also the floor has had too many retreadings)

A smoker with chairs in it

School clocks which are one-half hour slower than city clocks

In the foyer'a radio victrola with an arm that is not double-jointed in hopes it will stay in place for three solid weeks

A piano with keys that play

Special pills which will provide concentrated sleep for students

Three men for each of our 400 girls

A player piano to use in Miss MacDonald's classes A monthly formal — with men

### To the faculty:

Dr. Wiedefeld — students who understand the difficulty of state approval

CAPT. MILLER (our advisor during our freshman year) another Fr. 6

Dr. West (our advisor during our remaining years) clear skies on observation nights with ever-visible stars

MISS BARKLEY — her portrait to be painted by Cezanne and hung in the Naval Academy (because the Navy is a connoiseur of beautiful women)

Miss Bersch — a private garden to supply her with daily bouquets

MISS BLOOD — a squad of jinrickshaws with drivers to take her classes on tours of the harbor

MRS. BROUWER — May Day equipment that puts itself together, walks into place, then back again

MISS Brown — a Rural Club with members ad infinitum

DR. Bulkley — for variety: cersise, chartreuse, and lavender pills

Dr. Crabtree — sections which are just dying to put on an assembly

CAPT. CROOK — a whole slew of fifteen day furloughs

MISS DANIELS—students who will elect gym practicum

Dr. Dowell — 1 large order of chanel No. 5 for spraying the atmosphere at the Sewage Disposal Plant

Dr. Hartley — a beret to keep down all that curly hair; also, a life subscription to Alley Oop

Miss Holt — escalators that go to the third floor Miss Kahl — a television machine to look into early European history

MR. KISER — more termites to add to his collection MISS MACDONALD — a gong to ring on students who are not playing the piano satisfactorily

MR. MINNEGAN — more men at S.T.C. to keep him here with us

MR. Moser — a bell in the bottom of the waste-basket to record his successes in chalk-throwing

Miss Roach — students that do not "chatter, chatter, chatter"

Dr. Scott — a sealed container for transporting tadpoles

MRS. STAPLETON — a supporting fund for the Dramatic club

Dr. Walther — more G. I. visitors

MISS WEYFORTH — an extra hour in every day for glee club practice

Miss Woodward — a rental agency for student teachers

MISS YODER — students that really read in the library

The preceding items we give as a class. Individual members wish to leave the following — for better or for worse.

### Senior:

MARY BAUMGARTNER — those glance-catching eyes with eyebrows to match

MARY CARROLL — soap for the gym showers BABS COLLIER — her effervescing energy; her love for dancing

Edith Dolle — her talent for "drawing"

Dot Everitt — her fine appreciation of waltz music Bernice Feldman — her continental manner

Lois Hale — an annual tour of her farm

ELLEN HART — five hundred copies of the newspaper article about — well you can read it when you get it

SHIRLEY HENSCHEN — her dramatic personality MADELINE KEENAN — her talent for dancing everything but the Hartley square

(Continued on page 23)





IT SEEMS "LONG, LONG AGO" SINCE THE first time we entered the portals of our "Alma Mater." There lives in our "Memories" many thoughts and many events that we will cherish. Among our "Souveniers" are many symbols of "Happy Days." Even more cherished than events are the people and the friends we knew at S.T.C. People, like songs, are constantly in your mind.

Since life itself is like a song, "An Unfinished Symphony," is there any wonder we remember the Class of '46 by their favorite songs.

On our first day at S.T.C we met Esther Spath and her circle of admirers. Ever since "Gather Round Me Everybody" has been typical of our Student Government President. Summer school, "Summertime" and Dotty Summers just seem to belong "Together" with Winnie McCann. On taking one look at Ellen Hart you'll find "Your Heart Goes Bumpty-Bump." "You'll Never Know" just why Lois Hale is crazy about "Over There" or why Mary Ellen Perrin acts the way she does when they play "It Could Happen To You," or why Jean Barnes is always singing "I'm Just Wild About Harry."

In the Class of '46 you'll find many and varied interests. There is Joanne Miller who has a "Yale Dog" and Lorraine Merryman who is interested in "Stardust." Hilda Peper just feels she must lead "An Artist's Life" when she isn't singing. Have you ever met our famous Western advocate, Mary Carroll? If you ever hear or see a "Cow poke-poking Along" the corridors of S.T.C. you will know that Mary is near. Dottie Everitt, however, is "Deep in the Heart of Texas." We have often wondered who Helen Howard is hoping to see in St. Louis while the band plays her favorite, "The Missouri Waltz".

Helen Martin, on the other hand, likes pieces of a more religious nature, the "Lord's Prayer" being her favorite.

There are some questions which come to our mind concerning the class. Just what power is there in "Elmer's Tune" for Edith Dolle? What makes Elizabeth Zimmerman play "Heart and Soul" everytime she is near a piano? Speaking of the piano, there's our great pianist Pat Amos who always played "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise" which in such times as these has a great significance for all of us. Charlotte Zenker would you please tell us why "Get Out and Get Under" is your favorite? We feel that "Comrades" is much more fitting for you and Dorothy Patrick. Why

is Lynn Keenan always singing "Let's Take the Long Way Home," especially since the March dance?

Most of us are "A Little On the Lonely Side" these troubled days, but we think special mention should go to Ann Landis, Betty Seitz and Edith Gerwig. Also doesn't the rest of the world know that "None But the Lonely Heart" are ever truly happy when "Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining." Louise Wyatt and Ginnie Thornton and Lucy Goldsmith, this little message is for you.

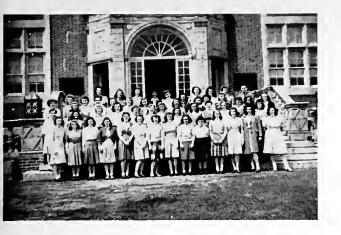
Some songs describe the girls who love them best. They do this better than any words of mine ever could. There is "Pretty Kitty" Flezanis and our little "Strawberry Blond" Babs Collier. Above all we can't forget those "Dark Eyes" of Olga Soloman. Have you ever seen Mary Baumgartner in "Deep Purple?" That is something out of this world. What could more accurately describe Jean Armstrong and Jean Lehman than "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair"?

Naturally in every class this size, we have those who prefer the more classical type music. Victor Herbert is quite popular. The song "When You're Away" holds a certain charm for Shirley Henschen. Betty Lee Granger will any "Wedding March" do or are you particular? Can you imagine Edna May Merson and "A Song Without Words"? Betty Shulman sits entranced when "The Overture to Romeo and Juliet" is played. To make a hit with Lucille Frampton, all you have to do is learn the "Champagne Waltz," from Die Fledermaus. Wagner's "Evening Star" holds a strange fascination for tall Edith Stark. Another Herbert fan is Julia Focus, who is constantly singing "Till We Meet Again." Who's the lucky one? Lois Fallin also likes it. Aleda Hebner turns to nature with "The Flight of the Bumble Bee." We wonder why Theresa Wiedefeld has suddenly become interested in Tschaikowsky and Rimsky-Korshx's "Song of India"? The "Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor" holds a prominent place in Webby Sansbury's phonographic collection along with the "Sweetheart Waltz". What would the Baltimore Symphony and Reginald Stewart do without their most ardent admirer, Bernice Feldman whose favorite is "Beethoven's Seventh Symphony".

Among Gershwin's followers is Shirley Hackerman with "Smoke Get in Your Eyes" and Bonnie Fox, who simply swoons on the first measure. Pat Waddy seems to be crazy about "Rhapsody in Blue".

Why is it that we only see Alma Callahan "Once in a While" these days? Could it be Student Teaching?

(Continued on page 22)



### CLASS OF 1947

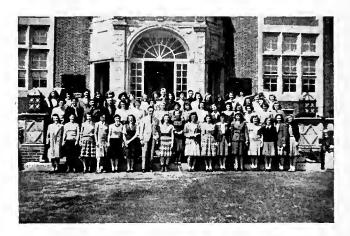
### Officers:

President	Peggy Crump
Vice-President	Etta Jane Murray
Secretary	Myra Belle Dudderar
Treasurer	SHIRLEY ZIMMERMAN
S.G.A. Representative.	Norma Lee Merson
Day Social Chairman	
Resident Social Chairman	VIRGINIA HURRY

### FRESHMAN CLASS

### Officers

President	MARCELLE ISABELLE
Vice-President	MERRILL COHEN
Secretary	JANICE CARRICO
Treasurer	SARA JANE YOUNG
S.G.A. Representative	
Day Social Chairman	IDA SENDLEBACK
Resident Social Chairman	Dorothy Baldwin



### AS WE PASS ON AND OUT

You perhaps have heard that we leave in June The rest of us follow soon after. Perchance you'll cry or sob or sigh. What's that??... Did I hear some laughter?

You couldn't rejoice at our departure — Not us!! We're too unique. We add spice, amusement and the like, Of course — with our own technique!

To the Juniors we leave our men(?) Ever heard of 'em? Well, you will in time. To the Sophomores — our love of the "arts," (Which Mrs. Brouwer will help you define.)

And last but not least, that awe-inspiring group We call Freshmen, must get their due lot. Be different, independent, free thinking . . . like us . . .

We guarantee you'll ne'er be forgot!

Lynn Keenan and other "unmentional associates"



PROOF OF OUR COEDUCATION

The May Court

### A MAY DAY BALLAD

Come with me to May Day We shall have lots of fun I'll show you all the sights there are I'm sure I'll not miss one.

First we see our campus In all its spring array, Can you see the May Poles And the dancing girls so gay? We see the children's faces, Adding brightness to our scene, Brighter than the sunshine And all its fairy beams.

We hear the Coronation March Sh-sh-look to left and right, Oh, how lovely they all look! Tis such a marvellous sight.

And now the May Court's in full view Behold — the lovely Queen of May — With song and dance we greet them. Who is happier, we or they?

Of course no day would be complete Without a bit of fun.
Thus this has been provided
By our Town Crier and "his son".
Now this way, and you shall see
Our bond concessions in the ring.
Listen, too, and you shall hear
Our Glee Club singing songs of spring.

Come now — we must depart The hour of closing draws near But we need not be dismayed For we shall come another year.

E. W. S.

010

### TO THE SENIORS

There's no thrill in easy sailing, When the skies are clear and blue; There's no joy in merely doing Things which anyone can do.

But there is great satisfaction,
That is mighty sweet to take,
When you reach a destination
That you thought you couldn't make.

Source Unknown

### AN AGENT FOR PEACE

A tiny dove winged on its way,
"Tis peace on earth again they say,
But of this thing they'd have no part
Until it came to a small child's heart.

His mother, gentle, kind and true, Had done what mothers ought to do; His teacher played no little role To sow a seed within his soul.

For on his shoulders rest the peace When strife within our world shall cease And teachers, now as then, shall be The light into eternity.

Edna May Merson

010

# OUR FIRST CLASS SONG

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne"

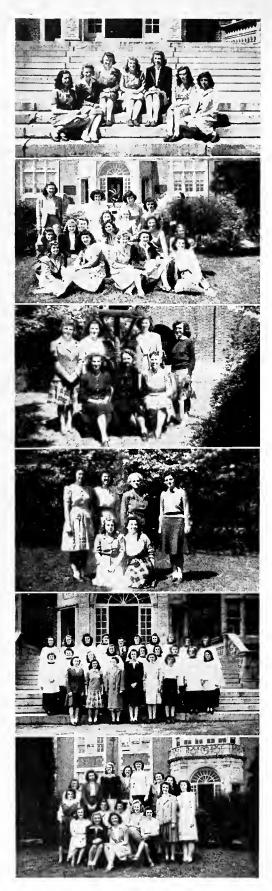
The Freshman Class will bring such pride To dear old S.T.C.

And thru the years as we progress Our love will grow for thee.

Next Soph then Juniors and Seniors finally, For we will ever keep our faith Toward you, our S.T.C.

Your high ideals inspires us all
To keep your name so fine;
For we will strive to do our best
Today and all the time.
From Teachers College, we gain knowledge,
Shine light on our path.
Remaining, retaining,
Our loyalty will last.

SHIRLEY TERL



### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Athletic Association promotes interest and participation in the athletic activities of the school. It conducts intramural and intersection games and encourages individual sports. Awards for participation are the class number or the college letter.

### ART CLUB

For those who are talented in art or who find pleasure in doing art work, we have the Art Club under the direction of Mrs. Brouwer. The crafts, fine arts and art appreciation are the major interests of its members.

### NATURAL HISTORY GROUP

Members of the Natural History Group under Dr. Dowell are lovers of the out of doors. They combine the joy of hiking with learning more about the world around them. Most of us agree that this is a very pleasant way to gain knowledge.

### RURAL CLUB

Promoting a better understanding of community life is the worthy purpose of the Rural Club. In order to do this there are group discussions of civic and social problems.

The members are also interested in the college glen both for conservation and recreation, with Miss Brown as their advisor.

### STUDENT CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The religious services of the college dormitory are conducted by the Student Christian Association. Vespers are held once each month to which a speaker is invited. The S.C.A. Choir, under the direction of Miss Mac Donald, furnishes the music. The candy room of the dorm is taken care of by this group.

### CHIMES GUILD

The Chimes Guild is a dormitory organization under the leadership of Miss Mac Donald. The contribution of this group is grace at dinner. Grace is sung at least twice a week and on special occasions by the members. All other evenings the girls alternate in the playing of the chimes.

### GLEE CLUB

The members of the Glee Club like music and like to sing. Under the direction of Miss Weyforth they give many fine performances both inside the college and out.

If they have a record of perfect attendance and participate in the commencement program they are elligible for a college letter.

### INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

If you are interested in international affairs, you should be a member of the International Relations Club. This organization is sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Its aims are to acquaint students with the problems and issues of the day and to promote social contact.

### STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

Everyone in the college is a member of the Student Government Association. The S.G.A. is the governing body of the school. Any member has the privilege of bringing any matter which has to do with the students' welfare to the attention of the association. It is an example of democracy in action.

### **MARSHALS**

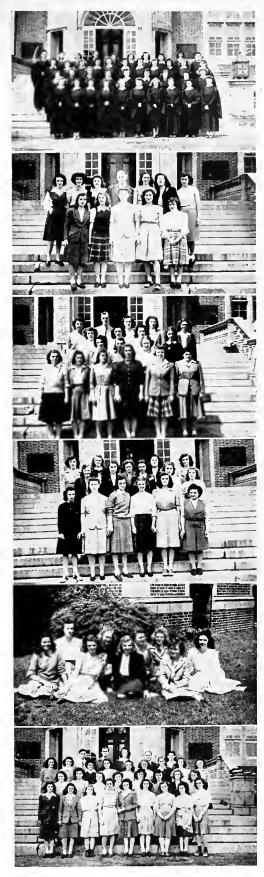
The Marshals are chosen each year from the freshmen and sophomore classes. They serve throughout their attendance at the college. The Marshalls assist at all meetings of the college, public functions, and student assemblies. They can be recognized by their gold and white armbands.

### HOUSE COMMITTEE

The entire Resident Student Body elects the members of the House Committee to serve as the governing body of the dormitory. Weekly, the House Committee meets to help students with their problems and to discuss anything which concerns the dorm in general.

### TOWER LIGHT STAFF

The Tower Light is the College's monthly publication — October through June. The Student Staff under the guidance of Mrs. Brouwer, Dr. Crabtree, Mrs. Stapleton, and Dr. Walther organizes the material contributed by the Student Body.



# Senior Directory

Amos, Margaret9306 Harford Rd., Baltimore, 14 Armstrong, JeanLothian, Md. Barnes, Jean722 Grantley St., Baltimore, 29 Baumgartner, MarySmith Ave., Mt. Washington,
Baltimore, 9
Blackiston, Alice5200 Belleville, Md., 7
Callahan, Alma3009 Wells Ave., Baltimore, 19
Callahan, Sue3009 Wells Ave., Baltimore, 19
CARLISLE, LILLIAN High Point, Pasadena, Md.
CARROLL, MARY3960 Wilsby Ave., Baltimore, 18 CICERO, CATHERINE3007 Mayfield Ave.,
Baltimore, 13
Collier, BarbaraArtizan St., Williamsport, Md.
Dolle, Edith1613 McHenry St., Baltimore, 23
EVERITT, DOROTHYBel Air, Md.
Fallin, Lois Mae.3000 N. Rogers Ave., Baltimore,7
FELDMAN, BERNICE19 S. Collington Ave.,
Baltimore, 31
FLEZANIS, KATHERINE 404 S. Oldham St.,
Baltimore, 24
Focus, Julia5313 Pembroke Ave., Baltimore, 6
Fox, Bernice. 2308 Druid Park Drive, Baltimore, 15
Frampton, Lucille3511 Liberty Heights Ave.,
Baltimore, 16
GERWIG, EDITH
ville, 28, Md. Goldsmith, Lucy812 E. 41st St., Baltimore, 18
Granger, Betty Lee 1315 Sulphur Spring Rd.,
Halethorpe, Md.
Iones, Mary Russell3 Forest Drive, Catons-
ville, 28, Md.
HACKERMAN, SHIRLEY 2609 Springhill Ave.,
Baltimore, 15
HART, ELLEN4025 Deepwood Rd., Baltimore, 18
HEBNER, ALEDA2723 Tivoly Ave., Baltimore, 18
Henschen, Shirley. 7210 Dunglen St., Dundalk, 22
HOWARD, HELEN229 Willow Ave., Towson, 4
KARAS, EVELYN716 S. Oldham St., Baltimore, 24
KEENAN, MADELINE 104 E. Montgomery St.,
Baltimore, 30 Knell, Bernice2319 Edmondson Ave.,
Baltimore, 23
Landis, Ann2900 Ailsa Ave., Baltimore, 14
LARNER, MINNA1201 Scott St., Baltimore, 30
Lehman, Jean
MARTIN, HELEN Emmitsburg, Md.
McCann, Winifred6401 Rosemont Ave.,
Baltimore, 6
MERRYMAN, LORRAINE Knoxville, Md.
MERSON, EDNA MAY119 Elizabeth Ave.,
Lansdowne, Md.

MILLER, JOANNE3212 Loch Raven Rd.,
Baltimore, 18
Patrick, Dorothy
PEPER, HILDA 6801 Golden Ring Rd., Raspeburg, 6
PERRIN, MARY ELLEN
Baltimore, 23
REEVES, MARY ROSE Forest Hill, Md.
RUBENSTEIN, IRENE BERGER. 1610 N. Smallwood St.,
Baltimore, 16
Sansbury, Webby Friendship, A. A. Co., Md.
SEITZ, BETTY3041 Frisby St., Baltimore, 18
SHULMAN, BETTY3401 Liberty Heights Ave.,
Baltimore, 15
SOLOMON, OLGA3026 Va. Ave., Baltimore, 15
SPATH, ESTHER3904 Southern Ave., Baltimore, 6
STARK, EDITH3310 Spaulding Ave., Baltimore, 15
SUMMERS, DOROTHY3507 Elm Ave., Baltimore, 11
Sylvester, Alice1201 Scott St., Baltimore, 30
THORNTON, VIRGINIA4640 Schenley Rd.,
Baltimore, 10
WADDEY, PATRICIA. 2716 E. Preston St., Baltimore, 13
WIEDEFELD, THERESA. 204 E. Chase St., Baltimore, 2
WYATT, LOUISE610 Dunkirk Rd., Baltimore, 12
ZENKER, CHARLOTTE
Baltimore, 29
ZIMMERMAN, ELIZ Ingelside Ave., Baltimore, 7
SACKS, SHIRLEY
Baltimore, 15

S

"MEMORIES"

(Continued from page 16)

Mary Rose Reeves "Together" with Irene Berger Rubenstein almost make for "Sally, Irene and Mary". Alice Sylvester, "My Ideal," and Minna Larner certainly seem to be "Buddies" these days. It sure sounds

like a good arrangement to us.

Once again the spotlight must be shared with "Always" for Sue Callahan - while Lillian Carlisle is partial to the "Army Air Corp".

Our days at S.T.C are drawing to a close. As each day slips away we say "How Can We Leave Thee"? But yet we also would like to try what we have learned here at college. So, instead of saying "Aloha Oe" we'll say "Till We Meet Again".

Motley? Loose-jointed? Yes! But we knew there was a war going on, and we pulled as one group to help put over bond drives and blood donor projects.

And then came a greater service . . . the Victory Pool Drive. We didn't work as a class then, but neither did the rest of the school. In teams we made frosted apples, held barn dances, sold soft drinks and ice cream, threw darts—anything to raise money for bonds. We wanted a memorial swimming pool, and we were willing to work hard to get it. We took advantage of the May Day festivities, and from behind our stalls sold our wares. Motley? Loose-jointed? Yes! But we went over the mark when our total gains were calculated and our goal exceeded.

Standing alone, '46 has no glorious record of unusual or outstanding feats to leave in her wake for posterity. But this one thing she boasts: In a day when money, jobs, and the lure of adventure beckoned with untiring effort; when a sense of values was sadly lacking on the home front; when our world of peace and tranquility was horribly shattered; these of '46 denied themselves money, glamor, fame, and, yes, fortune, and attached themselves to a neglected, but exceedingly indispensable profession—choosing the difficult and unheralded but also the enduring.

No glorious record, no blazing past, but reward will come someday when, as in the days of Solomon, "Their children will rise up and call them blessed."

010

LAST WILL, etc.

(Continued from page 13)

Edna Mae Merson — her renouned attraction for A's

HILDA PEPER — her technique in relating incidents BETTY SHULMAN — her appreciation of classical music

EDITH STARK — her wonderful disposition

THERESA WIEDEFELD — her poly-faceted interests

ELIZABETH ZIMMERMAN — her friendliness and desire to spend a day in Annapolis

MARY JONES — her positiveness

### Senior 2:

JEAN BARNES — her ability to simultaneously sleep in class and take notes

LILLIAN CARLISLE — her litheness

CATHERINE CICERO — to the next senior president, a pipe in which to put her troubles and smoke them;

also an extra hour in every week in which to hold class meetings

Minna Larner — the secret of that "forever-inplace" hair

JEAN LEHMAN — her love for truth, candor and floriculture

Webby Sansbury — her many "special deliveries" and "surprise packages" (also her love for the Navy) Alice Sylvester — her joy of outdoor life and that valuable competent manner

### Senior 3:

SUE CALLAHAN — that ever-straying lock LUCY GOLDSMITH — her "excess" weight

BETTY LEE GRANGER — her musical ability

BERNICE KNELL — 1 pint of whoodle whoodle

Ann Landis — her "gracefulness"

HELEN MARTIN — her lovely voice

JOANNE MILLER — laughing Irish eyes

Dorothy Patrick — her happy disposition

Betty Seitz — punctuality (!!); the secret of her natural slimness

VIRGINIA THORNTON — her floor space in the smoker

Louise Wyatt — her pin-up girl qualifications Charlotte Zenker — her invisible wings

### Senior 6:

IRENE BERGER — her knack for getting a husband

Julia Focus — her enthusiasm

Bonnie Fox — her beautiful black locks

EDITH GERWIG — her brown eyes

Winifred McCann — to the next Marshall Chief, a magnet to draw all marshalls to meetings on time

ELLEN PERRIN — goldfish that stay put

Olga Solomon — her executive ability

ESTHER SPATH — her literary acumen

Dorothy Summers — the secret of her crowning

glory; also, capturable bees

PAT WADDEY — her naturalness

### Specials:

IEAN ARMSTRONG — her calmness

Lois Mae Fallin
Shirley Hackerman a moment of silence in the

HELEN HOWARD library

EVELYN KARAS — her artistic talents

SHIRLEY SACKS — her charm

With due respect to our bequests and the chaos they will bring, we do hereby acknowledge this document as our Last Will and Testament.

Class of '46

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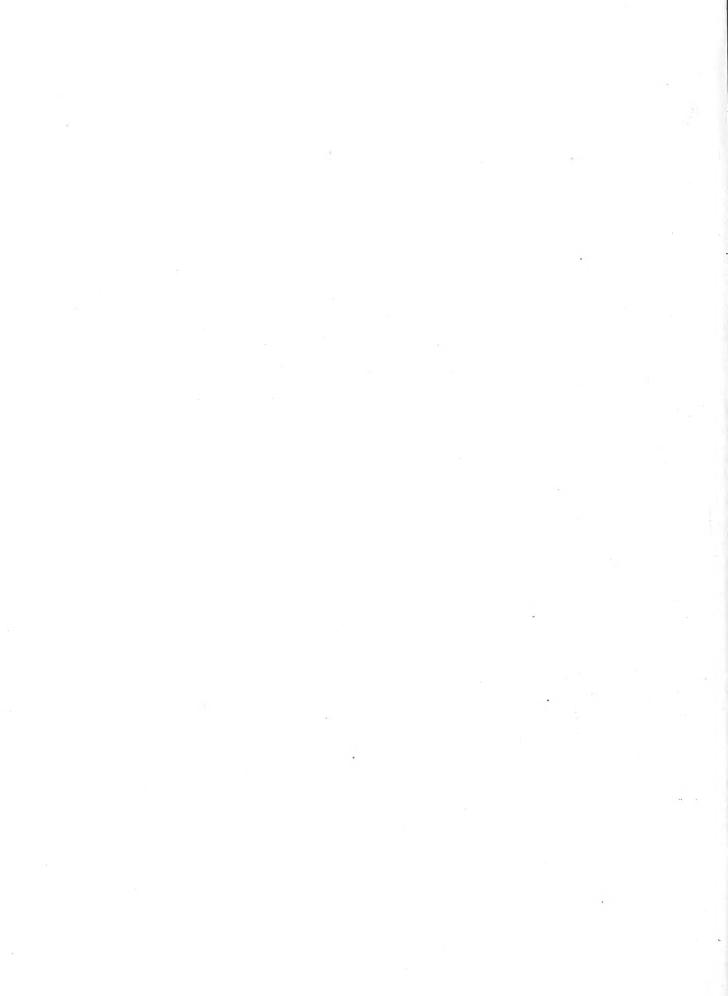


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TOBER, 1945



# **Dedication**

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE FRESHMEN Class of our college we dedicate this our first edition of the TOWER LIGHT for the 1945-46 year. May this in some way express our sincere admiration for their cooperation and helpfulness. They have entered with an attitude of willingness to learn and work. Their spontaniety and enthusiasm are admirable. They have brought with them the spirit of "new blood"—may they extend this zeal to their successful development in this, the teaching profession.

# Greeting to the Freshmen!

Dear Freshmen,

You are just embarking on your college career. This is your maiden voyage in the teaching profession. Make the most of it.

If you haven't already learned to love our college and its traditions and beauty—you will eventually. As freshmen, you have much to look forward to. As newly entered students, plan your life here at S.T.C. so that it will include those phases of college life that you will want to recall and remember with joy. The activities here are varied widely enough to include most of your interest. Become active in your school both in curricular and extra-curricular activities, keeping in mind always that you are striving to develope the attitudes and characteristics of a well-balanced, well-rounded personality. Your profession needs the type of individual whose goals and standards are well above "just average".

Your studies should be given foremost attention, but life as it is lived in the "after classes" time can and should be just as vital a part of you as your scheduled activities. Just now, you are probably "feeling out" your likes and dislikes and are in the process of selecting the groups and clubs with which you wish to work. Fine! Go into each of these experiences with that same fine enthusiasm that so characterizes your class, but remember to keep a listening ear and willingness to be told "How", "When", "Why", and "Where".

All too soon your stay here at Towson will be drawing to a close and each tiny insignificant phase of your college life will suddenly be brought into closer focus, so do those things now that will be worthy of reminiscience in your post-college life.

You are an able class. You've made a good beginning. Continue to do "big things" and to make your college proud of you.

Sincerely yours,

Edda Torr.

# A Reminder—

THE FRESHMEN, AS A BODY OF STUDENTS, newly found in the venerable halls of S.T.C., encompass more than just a group of college men and women. The myriad idiosyncrasies of each individual must be considered.

You have seen the newcomers in the halls, arms loaded with books, and, you have thought, no doubt, "Ah, a new broom sweeps clean. I, too, once had such (Cynical Senior speaking.) You have seen them run (not after that certain notice-and they were not alone) to get in the cafeteria line at lunchtime, and in the library, talking of the "but terrific" assignments such and such a teacher gave them. You have seen them in the bookshop, munching candy between classes, or buying paper and textbooks. One of them may, perhaps, be your "little sister" (or "brother"). But do not forget that they are more than this or that freshman class; more than a group of new faces in the halls; more than a new roll on an instructor's attendance sheet—they are individuals. Don't forget it.

Get to know your new fellow-classmen—remember their names, their individual faces, their opinions and tastes. What they think is important. Let us not be so concerned with our own opinions as to exclude their ideas about college affairs. It is easy to forget that you, too, were once a freshman. Let us all remember "to remember".

Teachers, remember more than just their names. It is easy for instructors to forget that students are more than "seat-fellers" in classes, more than just "names". Remember their ideas, their contributions in classroom work, their efforts to become good future teachers. And let us, the student body, remember the same and more, let us not forget them, above all, as classmates and friends. Let us continue to cooperate in our work and play, as most of us are already doing.

EILEEN LYNCH, Sr. 4.

# The Challenge of Looking Ahead

"We should all be concerned about the future, because it's where we're going to spend the rest of our lives."

CHARLES F. KETTERING.

HERE WE ARE, YOU AND I, ON THE threshold of a new year at this college. What does the future hold for you as a student or as a teacher in a world that is binding up the wounds of conflict? What challenges will confront you in the months to come?

Perhaps you are a Freshman, anxious to "hitch your wagon to a star" and reach great heights in your newly chosen career, if so strive to attain great heights. Or maybe, you're an upper classman promising yourself to be a better person for having lived through the experiences of a freshman or a sophomore—if so keep that promise.

This year should be one of great planning and great accomplishments in this school, in this community, in this state, in this nation and in this world. We say that man has fought this war so that his fellow men may be free—if this is so, it is up to us to see that it becomes a truth. For it is nothing to lay down the terms of a treay of peace to a vanquished enemy, unless we refrain from indulging in the very things which brought about the need for such a treaty to ever be drafted. Can we say—free the slave, when men in our nation live as such? Can we say—equal opportunities for all, when men still starve? Can we say—freedom to elect by popular vote, when thousands are staying away from the polls because of poll taxes?

You shrug your shoulders—what is all this to me? I have no vote, I hold no man in slavery, and I'm not a representative at the table of peace. What is my share? What is my challenge? It is your challenge to be the man behind the man at the peace table. It is your task to endeavor to educate the masses by your acts of tolerance, and desire to be free. You don't need a white banner or a parade, for the spirit of democracy lies in the few who have found it themselves and have given what they believed to the world.

We are here because men believed in an ideal—the ideal of FREEDOM! Now it's up to us. The CHAL-LENGE is ours. We can dash it to the earth unheeded or hitch our wagons to that star!

Or have they died in vain?

# -PROFESSIONAL-

JUST AS FRESH AS OUR FRESHMEN (AND I mean that in a complimentary way, honest!) are the plans for an exam. week. It's a good idea, don't you think? Or don't you know the plans? Well, let me explain—

For many years now both the faculty and the student body have thought that an examination week, a time when there would be nothing but exams., would be highly profitable to our school and the members therein, but very little was done about it—until this year, that is. And now, for all of this hard work of really putting on paper a plan that will work, and incidentally, one that will be tried this semester, we have the Standing Committee to thank.

The last, or eighteenth week of each semester will be set aside for exams. This year that will come on Jan. 28, 29, 30, and 31. Please note, that is only four days, leaving Friday free. Yummee!

Each exam. period is two hours long, thus giving you (and me) time to put down all of the knowledge we have been accumulating. (Who am I trying to kid?) The hours for exams. will be: 8:00 to 10:00 a. m., 10:00 to 12:00 noon, 1:00 to 3:00 p. m., 3:00 to 5:00 p. m.

I see a deep wrinkle of dislike coming between your eyes and it shouldn't be there because you're thinking that you're going to work like an "eager beaver" all day from 8 to 5. "No can do" because no student can have more than two exams. per day. That means that we might have one from 8:00 to 10:00 and then not another one until 3:00 p. m. We have all that time to study.

During this week no regular classes, homework, or extra-curricular activities will be carried on, so that we'll really be able to concentrate all of our attention on the exams which we have scheduled. Won't it be a lot different from knowing you're having an exam. and four or five classes next day, beating your brains out the night before over the test material, and then arriving in the other classes totally unprepared, squirming in your seat all those hours because the instructor might call for some piece of work that should have been done?

You've been thinking that an exam. week will necessitate an exam. from an instructor who doesn't usually give one. Such is not the case. If an instructor does not wish to give a final exam., he will meet his class for the two hour period for discussion, reports, or any other activities he may decide upon. The instructor may not excuse his class from this

(Continued on page 8)

# -G.I. VISITORS-

Josh Wheeler visited the college while on a thirty day furlough from England.

Theodore Katenkamp was home on a "short delay" before going to California.

Bernard Phelps was among those present for graduation.

Harold Kutz is back to the "Battle of Texas" after a fifteen day furlough.

Comdr. Carl E. Bull, U.S.N.R., was a recent visitor at the college. He says, "On a thirty day leave and then to duty on the staff of the Commander Destroyers Atlantic Fleet."

Lucien Peters, a Radar Navigator, was home on a thirty day leave. His next assignment was to report to Greensboro, N. C.

John Shock was ready to go out on VJ Day with a B-29 Crew, but now is uncertain about anything.

Donaldson Gorsuch is now an ex-soldier and "feeling swell."

Jack Williamson—"Back from Das Reich for forty five days and then to Oklahoma for whatever may happen. Would sure like to see some of the '43'ers.

Among the other recent recent visitors were:

John Wheeler, who has returned to camp in Texas. Herbert J. Stern, 2nd Lt. M.A.C.

Robert Bishop.

Ralph Barrett.

Dick and Dottie Pulse.

Louis Cox, Jr. and his wife.

# Announcing: Second College Bond Contest

LAST SPRING THE TREASURY'S COLLEGE Contest was designed to discover the best, all round college program. The winner, Lowell State Teachers College in Lowell, Massachusetts, was chosen for a program which has created in every single student and faculty member a true awareness of the importance of United States Savings Bonds.

Many entries were received which were truly outstanding in one or more phases of the program. This year, to allow full recognition of these special achievements, Treasury awards will go as follows:

1. To the college which has most effectively dramatized its hospital campaign.

2. To the college which has had the most influence in a community Bond program.

3. To the college with the most thorough academic program conducted by six or more departments in support of the general College Bond program.

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- 4. To the college with the best newspaper or magazine publicity in the Bond program. (This includes Bond ads, special features, regular sales reports and editorials.)
- 5. To the writer of the best paper on the subject: "The importance of college Savings programs in the Post War period."

The contest will run from October 15 to December 15. Entries should be mailed to your State War Finance Office, not later than December 20.

### HOW TO PRESENT YOUR ENTRIES.

Reports may be submitted in any form. Last year, scrapbook reports were found most effective. Include in your report pictures, editorials, sales reports. Aim for clarity and conciseness in your write-ups.

### AWARDS FOR CAMPUS PHOTOGRAPHERS:

For the outstanding student or faculty photography of Bond activities, the well known American photographer, Captain Edward Steichen, USNR, has contributed an original camera study. All entrees should be sent to your state Schools-at-War Chairman not later than one week after taking of the picture. Submit as many pictures as you wish.

### MANUSCRIPT AWARDS.

Here are the prizes which will be presented to the libraries of the winning colleges: All are original manuscripts.

Memoirs: Sherwood Anderson
A Thousand Shall Fall: Hans Habe

Some of My Best Friends are Soldiers: MARGARET

HALSEY

Names on the Land: George Stewart Apartment in Athens: Glenway Wescott

# Poet's Corner

Freshmen—
Fall and freshmen
The halls vibrating laughter
While drop by drop
New term enthusiasm
Leaks into the building's veins
Rooms brimming
With eager students
Full of that vital pep
That only freshmen can bring
Freshmen—
Fall and freshmen.

BERNICE SHUGAR, Jr. 4 Sp.

# A Freshman's Impression

ON A GLOOMY, RAINY DAY IN SEPTEMber I began my freshman year here at the State Teachers College. The following days, however, were brighter and filled with many cheerful activities. I remember well, my first visit to the glen, of all the stillness and beauty I found there secluded from the everyday thoughts and noises. I remember my first impression as I looked up on the hilltop at the beautiful, old, ivy covered buildings haunted by students of other days; and of the huge, velvet-clothed lawn spotted with trees and shrubs.

Then, too, I recall strolling inside and gazing at the stained glass windows outlining the history of the college. But, best of all, I remember the cheery atmosphere as I stepped into Newell Hall, my new home. When ever I look at the dark, varnish-stained, old-fashioned woodwork I am always conscious of the beautiful traditions and customs of S.T.C.

As a freshman, I fell in love with the college that first day and nothing can make me think any less of this school, in fact, I love it more each day. I only want to continue loving it and to live up to its high standards and beautiful traditions.

MARY LOU WALLACE, Fr. 6.

# "So many new faces"...

"So many new faces are seen round the hall— There must be a thousand; we can't learn them all."

Oh, woe, to the upperclassmen, And woe to the underdog, too. The Freshmen have arrived here With questions by the slew. And what a surprise on their faces To hear, "One night a week out!" But patience, dear children—yes, patience; The first is the worst of the bout. You envy your "big sister" seniors, And think theirs is a life of bliss, But the life you are leading as freshmen Should never be run amiss. Before you can stop and count figures The time will pass so quickly on, That the work and the pleasure of college Will be coming—then going—then gone.

GINNY FRANZ, So. 3.

# The Impressions of a Freshman

THE FIRST NIGHT I WANDERED TO S.T.C. to park my luggage and another essential, mainly me, I distinctly remember my feeling of ease with the whole situation. After the family helped me to move a conglomeration of paraphernalia up to my penthouse on the third floor, overlooking what I thought was a crematory, (but what I later discovered to be a laundry with an abnormal chimney) I gave a big sigh of relief because as yet my roommate had not arrived and I could fulfill all those irregular whims I have such as playing "Don't Fence Me In," ten times or more.

I hurriedly unpacked my suitcases and removed skirts and sweaters that I fear an Eskimo would have cooked in. Of course, this was during war days when an individual froze one night and cooked another, so with the unasked for advice of numerous individuals, I was prepared for the worst.

With one graceful swoop of the hand, I reached into the cupboard and absentmindedly pulled at coat hangers, which were not there. Goodness! I rumaged through all sorts of places before I realized that a little white piece of paper had distinctly said "Bring own hangers."

I was in such a jolly mood that even the absence of needed coat hangers couldn't daunt me, so with another thought of praise for the yet vacated bed of my roommate, I proceeded to drape my wardrobe about the towel rack, desks, chairs, bedposts, waste can and door knob.

Up to this point, living in a Dorm was an adventure. Then to my amazement, I heard a terrible pounding on the door, it opened and heads of all descriptions, loomed in, the feet still left outside. Guided by the leering smiles encountered, I tried to analyze their thoughts, and found them to be thinking "Ha ha one more timid freshman," or "Gee Whiz—she's sooo young to." None of this came forth verbally of course, instead, something sweet like, "Well hello. You're a new freshmen aren't you? We were sure you'd be lonesome, so we came over to give you a big, big welcome!"

To myself I thought "You can't win Downing. It's your frightened look that must draw people. No unique little things will you venture into this night. You have visitors. You are now a hostess so speak woman speak.

I did speak with one unenthusiastic, "Hello." This lack of enthusiasm was interpreted as a universal (Continued on page 6)

THE TOWER LIGHT

# **CLUB NEWS**

PLASH! THAT EXTRA-CURRICULAR PHASE of activities that fills out our college program at S.T.C. has gone into action—the CLUBS! Starting off with a bang at the Club's Assembly on October 16—these groups swung into action.

The Natural History Group (N.H.G.) is a club that is really fun as well as educational. (That shows how modern they are!) The N.H.G. takes hikes on Fridays and Saturdays, has speakers for the college, and now that the war is over—maybe they can take some of those overnight hikes and Solomon's Island trips! Look for a big year for the N.H.G.!

The Little Theatre Guild, our dramatic club, expects big things to happen. The membership of this group will make a big leap—they'll show us how many talented students we have at our Alma Mater. And then—Dr. Brewington is the advisor, So——!

The S.G.A. Bulletin is campaigning for an appropriate new name and a lot more staff members. Don't forget to add your suggestions and "hot" bits of news. We bet things will begin to hum with Betty Jane Johnson as the new editor. Let's give them our support—the "?? New Name?? Bulletin" will be just what we all make it!

The Student Christian Association is the religious group on campus for dormitory AND day students. Their activities vary from the most solemn to the gayest! You've heard the students talking about the speakers they've had in assembly and at the monthly evening vespers in the dorm. (Remember everyone is invited and welcome!), the candy room and selling car-checks and stamps for the students convenience in the dorm-the Pajama Parties after study hour-(they've "put their hair up" instead of letting it down)—the chapel, an inspirational meeting on Tuesday mornings at 8:10—the week at Camp Kanesatake (Penn.) in June-the week-end conferences at John Hopkins and at Franklin and Marshal College in Lancaster, Penn. (Better hurry to sign up for F. and M. conference on Nov. 10-11—all students welcomed -watch the bulletin board.) The S.C.A. is really fun and most worthwhile-join their activities!

The Men's Club may be a minority group—but then "Dynamite comes in small packages." (Who said anything about being small?) They have big meetings and serious talks—all about business, of course. They represent the indispensable group on campus—Yep all seven of 'em!

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# What Freshmen Think of S.T.C.

Virginia Cacace: "It's better than I expected it to be—there's no place like it."

Jean Abill: "I like it a lot—that is I like it a lot but I'd rather be home."

Clara Beall Carter: "I think its grand."

Joyce Reisinger: "It was confusin' at first, but now its swell."

Mary Rosencrantz: "I'd like to make an 'A' on my English themes."

Peggy Norwood: "I'm beginning to like it but I still don't like it like I should like it."

Gwendolyn Blizzard: "I like it—was impressed by the friendliness of the kids—place is fine but get me a new room."

Winifrid Haines: "Everyone's swell but I love those weekends."

Bertha Beiner: "Not so bad—aside from music, everything's going fine—not enough social activities to encourage school spirit."

Joan Sorensen: "No football team—need co-ed activities." Likes profs.

Shirley Young: ".. need for cooperation between dorm and day students." Likes campus.

Rosemary Zellinger: ".. more settees... with men." Hilda Martin: "It's wonderful..."

Norma Appel: ".. easier than Eastern.." Likes free periods.

Elizabeth Roberts: "I like the school and the teachers but not the marking system." Wouldn't trade it for anything.

Mary Lou Wallace: ".. love the place, girls."

Keith Rembold, Carl Reitze, Norval McDonald: ".. fine place.. lacks school spirit but we're helping to make it co-educational."

Helen Hanson: "Nice atmosphere, it's silly, gay."

Nancy Gilpin: " . . informal, better than high school."

Jean Sharp: "Words fail me . . "
Jeanne Hyatt: "I love it . . "

JANE DOWNING.

# PLASTERING

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# Off The Record

ON THURSDAY MORNING OF A PAST week, a momentous event occurred, of which many of us were not informed. Dr. Brewington, S.T.C.'s illustrious Freshman advisor, hurried pellmell to his desk, announcing proudly to all and sundry within earshot, "I'm an uncle this morning. My sister has just given birth to twins."

And who, indeed, would not have been enthusiastic about such a gala event? Just think—a double-uncle! Is it any wonder that Dr. Brewington was "twinminded" for the remainder of the week?

This incident had certain repercussions, as Miss Barclay, of the library, could tell you. It seems that Dr. Brewington, in his peculiar state of "twinmindedness," dictated an assignment to one of his Freshman classes. One of his students, in attempting to acquire the book needed to complete the assignment, consulted Miss Barclay. After reading the title, which the Freshman emphatically stated she had faithfully transcribed from Dr. Brewington's dictation, Miss Barclay declared, "You have the title 'Contemporary Twins,' but I'm sure we have no book of that name in the library. Suppose you look it up in the catalogue."

The Freshman looked it up. A slight mistake had been made on the part of the instructor, it seems. The correct title was "Contemporary Trends." Could it be that there is a new trend in the age-old malady of "seeing double"??????

Dr. Brewington, apparently, has monopolized our "Off-the-record" department for the month. Perhaps this tale, "well calculated to keep you in suspense" (and stitches, we hope) concerns the fish-bowl in the student-faculty room, and a mysterious piece of marine life discovered therein.

It has not been determined, with complete certainty, who made the startling discovery of the intriguing purplish bit of growth which seemed to appear suddenly in the aforementioned fish-bowl; but said discovery definitely created "a stir" among the scientifically-minded intellects among both students and faculty. This puzzling manifestation, to all appearances the result of spontaneous combustion, was carefully transferred from fish-bowl to laboratory, for the purpose of further scientific investigation. Several hypotheses were advanced as to the nature of the botanical phenomenon, and many possibilities were explored as to its particular variety of fungus, bacteria, etc.

Meanwhile, Dr. Brewington, hearing of the excitement ensuing from the phenomenon, realized the origin from whence it had sprung, and hastened to inform the investigators that an erroneous impression had been created. Dr. Brewington, for reasons known only to himself, had deposited the tiny purplish mass in the fish-bowl. It was no more than a piece of fine filament resulting from the production of phonograph records of S.T.C. Freshmen voices!

(I'm not asking you to believe it, but that's just what has been heard—Off the Record!!!!)

# The Impressions of a Freshman

-(Continued from page 4)

period of homesickness, so then and there they decided to do their solemn duty and cheer me up. Had I been a horse in a wild race "Protesting Arms" would have won while "Neglegent Feet" would have been the nag that forgot to come home.

In the first room I entered, I was led gently to glass mountings of bugs (bugs!); all kinds and all descriptions. It was most interesting until the energetic people decided to find out my "I Q" in "Bugology." Their questions were about the Odonata and the Monomorium Pharaones. I didn't realize that they were speaking of the fly and red ant so I hung my head in shame and was taken bodily from that room to another where I sat for an hour listening to the horrible subjects I had to take and how to get along with the peculiarities of different teachers. As a last gesture of friendship they offered me a "coke" and escorted me back to my adobe leaving me with the words "We'll come after you for breakfast tomorrow morning." Then they left.

At this point, living in the Dorm was a headache, so as a remedy I crawled in bed and slept.

As good as their word my newly acquired friends escorted me to breakfast the next morning and then to the Ad Building to register. After filling out many colored forms—blue, white, pink and yellow, all asking the same questions, "Where were you born? Why were you born? How were you born?" I left to explore Towson, the site of which I had chosen to spend my next four years.

In conclusion, I might say that I am still exploring Towson.

JANE DOWNING.

# **SPORTS**

AH, WHAT DO WE SEE AS WE GAZE INTO the air of sports? Hockey, soccer, and archery. It is wonderful to look out on the field and spy so many new faces. The freshmen are showing much enthusiasm, but as we look a little farther down the field we see so few upperclassmen. Where are they? Hiding behind books or in some nook and corner?

Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors, come out for the next electives! We welcome all, beginners and avanced. Maybe you would like to know what sports are offered for the entire year. Badminton and basketball follow the hockey and soccer season; succeeding this will be volleyball and badminton. We then arrive outdoors again for archery, volleyball and softball. Surely among all these activities offered, you can find at least one that interests you. While you enjoy yourself at the games you will also succeed in making new friends and earning points toward your athletic awards. Don't you agree these activities are worthwhile? We'll be expecting you next term if you haven't already "enlisted".

# Announcement . . .

WE HAVE BEEN ASKED TO ANNOUNCE the following:

The National Poetry Association cordially invites the students of your College to submit manuscripts for the Annual Anthology of College Poetry.

Closing date for the submission of manuscripts for this year's Anthology is November 5th. There are no charges or fees for inclusion of work in the Anthology. The recognition afforded by publication will reflect definite credit on your school, as well as afford satisfaction to those who see their work in print.

Each effort must be written or typed on one side of a single sheet, and must bear the author's name, home address, and college. Manuscripts should be sent to the National Poetry Association, 3210 Selby Avenue, Los Angeles 34, California. As space is limited, more favorable consideration is given by the judges to shorter poems.

We hope that your school will be well represented in the 1945 Anthology of College Poetry.

Dennis Hartman, Secretary, National Poetry Association.

(Editor's Note—For more detailed information please consult the Tower Light Bulletin Board. It would certainly be nice if our college could be represented.)

### OCTOBER · 1945

# MEN'S CLUB-

MINUTES OF 10/2/45

THE MEETING OF THE MEN'S CLUB WAS called to order at 12:25 P. M. (Post Meridian).

The minutes were read, and, since no one felt like correcting them, they stood as they were and were approved. While half choking on a sandwich, yours truly speedily wrote the minutes which he is now reading.

Old business was discussed. It was unanimously agreed (after a hot argument) that the S.G.A. be informed of our need of sixty-four dollars for our athletic fund.

Girls and social affairs were discussed. Lover Cohen and loud-mouth Rembolt, who is as girl crazy as they come, contributed the most to this discussion. Cohen suggested that if we invited girl friends to eat with us at lunchtime, he could not get all of his girl friends into the cafeteria. "Therefore," he said, "we should lay off girls for a while." Rembolt came back with a snappy rebuttal, arguing that we invite women on our next social affair.

New business was discussed. Therefore, Doc did not repeat the joke about the rabbit and the carrot (or the lettuce leaves or whatever it was). Don Hammerman suggested that we make the men's club known throughout the school by doing a little advertising, such as setting up men's club posters all around. A special meeting was called for Tuesday, November 9, for the purpose of discussing the participation of our club in a coming assembly. It was suggested that social affairs be discussed in the meeting after this special meeting.

The meeting was adjourned at 12:50 P. M. (Post Meridian).

Respectfully submitted (?)

Yours truly,

Presley Sapp!

Treasurer (?) Secretary!

(Editor's Note—This article is printed just to show you that tolerance does exist in this college. All minorities, no matter how insignificant, are given a chance to express their views and opinions. The college assumes no responsibility in the publication of this "whateveritis.")

# **News from Other Colleges**

 ${f M}$ ANY OF THESE IDEAS MAY BE ADAPTED to our own college. They're fun, in the spirit of fall fairs, informal parties, carnivals and other campus entertainments. Here's what other colleges are doing.

At Ohio's University of Akron, students put faculty members on the spot by bidding for their services at an auction. The University President carried one Bond buyer's books, did her school work for a day.

Athletic coaches washed cars; English teachers wrote love poems. Teachers shined shoes, cooked meals. More than \$10,000 in Stamps and Bonds were

Everytime a member of Theta Delta Chi on the University of Wisconsin Campus engages in "rivalry or invective" at the dining table, the fraternity buys a Victory Stamp. Last spring the house bought two Bonds from fines.

At Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., high Bond bidders at an auction were given a rare privilege. They were permitted to smoke in Main dining room. Perhaps such coveted privilege exists at your college. The Student government may allow Bond bidders extra date leave, or freedom from certain duties.

The girls at Woman's College of the University of North Carolina buy "One and Only" tags. Price is a Stamp, and fickleness is encouraged, with loyal Stamp buyers buying dozens of tags, each in the name of a different man.

At the University of Georgia, in Athens, 100 student veterans were organized for a canvas of the faculty. Veterans returning to your campus will have a special interest in putting the Victory Loan over the top.

Touchdown for Victory: Why not schedule an extra. or post season sports event with admission in Victory Stamps and Bonds? Even inter-class games will take on new excitement if you build up advance publicity and charge Stamp or Bond admissions. Even if your team loses, you win with Victory Bonds.

# **Professional**—(Continued from page 2)

final 2 hours, for it is a part of the regular course time allotment and class sessions must be held to meet state requirements.

The weight of the final exam. in evaluating the student's work for the term has not been changed. It will count as it always has—no more, no less.

Now, are you beginning to see the light? It's not as bad as you thought it would be, is it? In fact, I can see that smile across your face—you really like it! Good! And I'll bet we even like it better after we've tried it!

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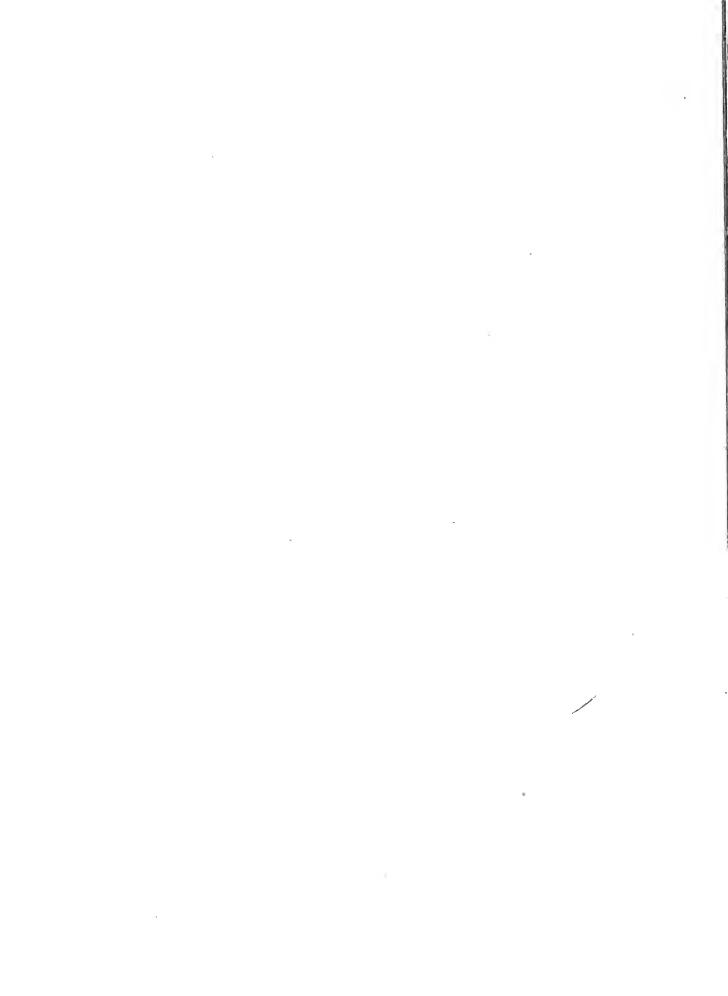
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**EVELYN MORRIS** 

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# Town Light

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VEMBER, 1945



# The Challenge of Thanksgiving

ON THIS THANKSGIVING DAY TO COME, what will you have to be thankful for? What have others about you to be thankful for?

Let us give thanks for a world once more at peace for a world at rest. But then how many of us can remember that while we feast others starve in the demolished countries of Europe and Asia. It isn't easy to give thanks to a bountiful God when your stomach is empty and your flesh turns blue with cold. No, and it isn't easy to keep a paper peace without the backing of every individual in this world. Will it remain a charter of peace made of paper, words, and good intentions? Or will it grow into a permanent world brotherhood? YOU have the final say in this matter.

Let us give thanks for the blue of unclouded skies, the fresh greeness of grass, and the rich brown of fertile soil. Reflect-look across the seas, where a poor farmer urges a meager living from shell torn acreswill he give thanks?

Let us give thanks for the return of our loved ones. Can we give thanks for the return of our own, still finding room in our hearts for those who are not as fortunate as we?

Let us give thanks that we, a people of all bloods, all races, and all religions still strive to build America from the sweat, blood, and faith of all men. Will we remember that we are a melting pot for all nations and that in this land of ours all men are created free and equal? Will we remember to be thankful for the contributions of the Jew, the Pole, the Chinese, the Negro, and the Italian?

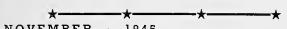
This Thanksgiving in the year of 1945 should be a time of great rejoicing for a tired world. But let us keep ever with us the faith of our fathers gone before, the sacrifices of men and women here today—using them as a guide for our efforts of tomorrow.

Will we give those who follow after us a heritage to be thankful for? What about Thanksgiving Day 2045??



"The same strength which won us the war will win us the peace. Buy Victory Bonds for dear life, and for lives that are dear."

-Fanny Hurst.



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# POET'S PAGE-

# Every Day is Thanksgiving Day What am I Thankful For?

Every day is Thanksgiving Day, We've so much to be thankful for. The beauty of the sky and earth, The end of a terrible war; The peace that now has come to reign, The silence of all guns; The thought of loved ones coming home-Brothers, husbands, sons; The love our parents give to us, The home we know is ours; The out-of-doors in which we spend So many happy hours; The wind that blows, The birds that sing, The flowers that bloom In early spring; For all of these we must thank God And show Him in our way That for us, Thanksgiving comes Not once, but every day.

BETTY ANNE SPRUILL.

What am I thankful for? Salt spray against my cheek Salty smell of the wild breakers Pleading eyes of a little dog Bold strains of a symphony Soft fur of a baby bunny These am I thankful for. What am I thankful for? Cold clean wind of a winter night Wondering eyes of a little child Clean fresh smell of the pines Ringing of a church's chimes Feel of grass, so newly mown These am I thankful for. What am I thankful for? A soft zephyr on an August day An endearing glance from one I love Fragrant perfume of roses and lilacs A familiar song on a lonely night The touch of one who loves me dearly These am I thankful for.

HELEN HANSON.

#### I Give Thanks

For Spring's fine days, with gentle breeze, With daffodil and crocus gay, With peace and joy I walk to church 'Neath budding trees on Easter Day. For these I give thanks. For Summer's days, so long and warm, When roses in my garden flow'r, For touch of surf and sandy beach With fun in each vacation hour— For these I give thanks. For Autumn's days, with tangy air, With trees all turned bright red and gold, For starting of a new school year And meeting friends both new and old— For these I give thanks. For Winter's days, so bleak and cold, The country blanketed with snow, For Christmas carols, pealing bells, For fireside tales when lights are low— For these I give thanks.

NANCY GILPIN.

#### Thankful

The warming sun, a cooling breeze, The cabin hidden 'neath the trees, The scent of pines throughout the air-These am I thankful for. The season drear, the seasons bright, The moonlight on a starlit night, The songs of birds that gladly sing-These am I thankful for. A curve of flame which leaps on high, The grass so green, so soft and dry, The dew on roses, the rain on leaves-These am I thankful for. Of all these things that I can name, This very message I proclaim, The smiles, the words, the love of friends— These most I'm thankful for.

HELEN HANSON.

THE TOWER LIGHT

# FORUM—Why a Victory Loan?——

Not all our MEN ARE HOME. SOME ARE working, at home, and overseas, to see that our War Job is finished. Neither is your War Job yet finished. Not only is this a critical period in our fight for economic stability: the nation's bills of war production and for occupation and rehabilitation continue to loom large.

This has been the most costly war in history. One good reason: the nation has spared no expense to save the lives of its fighting men. Former Secretary Morgenthau termed this spending to save lives "the most significant fact in War Finance."

In financing the Victory and the Peace the rehabilitation of our wounded continues to be a major cost. Educators and students especially will have a keen understanding of the long teaching and re-education needed for these men.

#### The Nation's Borrowing Needs

Bills still are coming due for war production delivered in the last months of the war.

The cost of hospitalization and rehabilitation for our wounded runs into millions.

It costs millions to bring the boys home, muster them out, adminster the GI Bill of Rights.

American dollars are needed to keep our occupation troops in Europe and in Japan.

American goods, American money, are needed to feed Europe's children in order to avert another war.

Says President Truman: "You can't liquidate overnight the cost of a total war."

Moreover, the Nation's economists say that the greatest inflationary danger is ahead. We have bought Bonds during the war to siphon off inflationary money. Through our savings, and through price controls, we averted much of the effect of inflation. Now the Minute Man has a new role. He must warn people against dangers of runaway price rises even when the behavior of prices may seem to suggest that the danger is past.

#### Common Sense

Last year, student polls in many colleges revealed that Bonds were bought for three reasons, listed in the NOVEMBER • 1945

order of their importance: to win the war, to check inflation, to provide for personal security.

Now, the reasons may be listed: to secure the peace, to check inflation, to provide for personal security. The last two reasons are practical: they definitely concern you, as a student and as a potential job-holder.

#### That First Job.

The period between commencement and your first job is often a difficult time. In the past, many graduates have been forced to borrow from parents or friends to tide them over temporary unemployment. Now, with a Bond reserve, they are cushioned during their job-hunting days, may wait until a good position is found. Bonds bought in college also make it easier to marry, establish a home, or specialize in your field of interest.

#### Students Have Saved on College Costs.

Most upperclassmen, especially those whose courses have been accelerated, have spent less money on tuition and board than they would have spent before the war. Sometimes costs for a full year were eliminated.

Working students have earned more money at summer and part time jobs than ever before.

This is the accounting period, when students can take stock of the savings made during the war. Make these savings count by putting them into Victory Bonds.

When you buy Victory Bonds, remember there's still a job to be done. Lincoln described the job in his second Inaugural address: "To strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan... to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

"Don't get behind this Victory Bond Drive—Get out in front and help set the pace... And don't forget that on top of every compelling reason we have for buying Victory Bonds for our self-preservation as individuals and as a nation, there is the further added attraction that right now they happen to be the best investments in the world security market."

JOHN KIERAN.

# Thanksgiving for Timmy

N JUST TWO MORE DAYS IT WOULD BE ■ Thanksgiving. Timmy's mouth watered at the thought. Thanksgiving at "Windy Gates Farm" was something pretty special. Mum and Granny started preparing for the holiday several days ahead of time, working away all day in the big sunny kitchen, making cranberry sauce, preserves, cakes, pies, and all the good edibles that made Thanksgiving a noteworthy occasion at "Windy Gates." Every time Timmy went into the kitchen and smelled the tempting odors, his small boy's stomach turned completely over, as he pictured himself at the big dining-room table with his plate before him—a plate heaped with steaming, delicious FOOD! Yom! He could just hear himself saying, "C'n I have another helping, please?" And his mother replying, "Goodness, Timmy, if you eat any more turkey, you'll turn to one." It was such a good thought!

Timmy went out to swing on the big double gates opening onto the lane leading to the farm. Grampa had told him that the gates swung back and forth in the wind, you could hear the goblins that were hiding there until next Hallowe'en, a-moaning and a-groaning. Timmy didn't believe in goblins. He'd told Grampa that it was just that the gate needed oiling. And Grampa had told him he was too "cynical" for his age. Timmy didn't know what "cynical" meant, but it sounded nice, the way it rooed over his tongue. He kept singing it softly under his breath—back-cyn, and-i, forth-cal. He made a little chant of it as he "rode" the creaking gate.

And then, all of a sudden, he remembered "Baldy." "Baldy" was the most important part of this Thanksgiving, for he was the turkey. Timmy loved the crisp, fried taste the turkey made in his mouth every Thanksgiving; the holiday dinner just wouldn't be the same without it. But Timmy did wish that some other turkey could be served up on the huge platter, instead of Baldy. You see, Baldy had become Timmy's own very special chore, for Grampa had brought the turkey into the barnyard about two months ago, and said, "Now, looka here, Timmey, I'm bringin" this here turkey in here for fattenin' up, come Thanksgiving. We want him good 'n plum now, so when yer dad comes home on that Thanksgiving furlough o' his'n, he'll have somethin' to sink his teeth inta. I'm going to give him into yer hands special like. You're to

feed him every day on this here mash I bought just fer him, and if he's taken proper care of, so's we c'n smack our lips over him when yer Ma carries him in to dinner, you can c'nsider you gave yer dad a right proper comin' home present."

Timmy solemnly promised he would be sure to feed Baldy every day, and he ran to do it right away, just as faithfully as he had every day during these past two months. The trouble was, Baldy had become a kind of a pet with Timmy, and he was going to miss carrying Baldy his mash and hearing him say "Gobble, gobble, gobble" over it. Yep, Timmy sure had become attached to that turkey. He wouldn't let himself think of Grampa chopping off Baldy's head with the big shiny axe that was kept in the tumble-down woodshed. He just wouldn't!

So Timmy poured the mash into the feeding tray which sat just inside Baldy's private pen. Baldy's brilliant red "goatee" bobbed up and down in hungry anticipation as the soft yellow grain slithered out of the bag into the tray. Timmy then straightened up, closed the bag, and, carefully shutting the door of the pen behind him, carried the bag back to the granary.

And then Timmy saw it—just as he came out of the granary. It was leaning up against the side of the barn, just inside the door, right beside the pitchfork. A long, new, shiny rifle! Timmy was fascinated; he had never seen a gun so close before. He walked carefully up to it and rubbed his finger gently over the gleaming barrel of the gun. Just think, he was seeing a gun up close—a gun just like his dad had carried overseas. Timmy wondered how heavy it would be. He thought of all the times he'd been warned not to touch firearms until he was older and could go out hunting with Dad and Grampa, but then temptation gave Timmy's better self a mighty hard push and he just plain forgot to remember all those things he'd been told.

Timmy was a big boy of seven, going on eight, and he was strong for his age. The rifle wasn't heavy at all, and he was smart enough to keep the gun pointed away from himself, as he picked it up. "I wonder if anybody u'd see me if I carried it out into the barnyard," thought Timmy, and he proceeded to do the very thing about which he was wondering. And then he hit on the idea of showing the rifle to Baldy—to see Baldy's red goatee bob up and down in dignified

(Continued on page 8)

# LITERARY-

#### Thank You God

The other night as I was lying in bed, I thought how much I had to be thankful for. Although not as fortunate as some with many pretty clothes, plenty of money, exquisite homes and good looks, I am happy and happiness to me is the most important thing in life

I could not have found a sweeter mother, or a kinder father if I had the privilege of choosing them myself. My little sister is a darling, although she is a typical "kid sis". My brother—well he is just tops in everything. Our home isn't the finest in the world, but it's home where there is laughter and fun, with now and then a few tears to let us know it is real.

As I let my thoughts roam further, I become thankful for the pretty little town where we live; for the homes with sunny lawns, trees, flowers and enough space to give the men room for gardens, where they can work when they come home from their jobs in the cities; for everyone is so friendly, sympathetic and kind, they seem members of one big happy family.

Suddenly I realize the reason for all these blessings: we live in this wonderful country called The United States Of America. What a thrill those words send through me! What feeling of security! What freedom and joy!

My heart saddened for a moment as I thought of all the boys who must have had that same feeling and died for it. Oh, yes, I am so thankful for them—their courage and strength to fight and win.

In some ways this year will be like the first Thanks-giving. As we sit at our tables and bow our heads, we will all thank God for our freedom gained again, our beautiful country, and our homes so happy. Wasn't that the same prayer the Pilgrims prayed so many, many, years ago? Oh, Thank your God so much for all these bounties.

DOROTHY WILSON.

"Cows are like money. A dry dollar is like a dry cow. A spent dollar is like a dead cow, and a dollar in Government Bonds is like a cow that gives milk."

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

# What have I to be Thankful For?

I am thankful for:

"My Father's World"—

the beauty of dawn and twilight;

the calm after a thunderstorm,

the rainbow after a shower,

the fresh smell of spring;

the moonlight on the fields at harvest time;

the matchless splendor of an autumn day,

the warm, fall days when I'm able to walk through the woods,

the rich colors of the autumn trees;

the snow framing the farm buildings as on a Christmas card;

the knowledge of the beauties that the four seasons bring to the farm.

The Four Freedoms-

the freedom of speech, that I may speak my mind; the freedom of worship, that I may go to the church of my creed;

the freedom from fear, that now the world is again at peace;

the freedom from want, that needy people are receiving help;

My Family-

my life on the farm;

my parents helped me whenever I needed help;

my sister and brother always near;

my family bound by a close relationship of love and understanding;

"All this and heaven, too" am I thankful for.

CATHERINE RODERICK.

#### Reminder—

"Perhaps one of the greatest dangers which any country can be exposed to arises from a kind of trifling which sometimes steals upon the mind when it supposes the danger past, and this unsafe situation marks at this time the peculiar crisis of America . . . We are a people who, in our situation, differ from all the world. We form one common floor of public good, and, whatever is our charge, it is paid for our own interest, and upon our own account."

THOMAS PAINE, The American Crisis, 1782.

# PROFESSIONAL—

"EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER." A group of students on the campus will be putting this old adage to use as a result of the meeting of the Committee of Teacher Education held here at the State Teachers College and presided over by Dr. Daniel A. Prescott.

The sophomore psychology classes are acting as guinea pigs for the experiment. They will change from the present plan of using a text book for beginning purposes, to the newly proposed program of having beginners start with children to study and arrive at aids or texts later on.

The general aim and principle is to develop skill in observing children's behavior and arriving at an understanding of the reason why.

Maryland, as a state, is going in for the change and the four Teachers' Colleges at Salisbury, Frostburg, Bowie and Towson are all undertaking the project. Maryland, however, is not the only state to receive professional guidance in it's reorganization of child study. Dr. Prescott and the other members of his committee were to go to Georgia and other southern states after leaving here. He is due in Towson during January to see what progress is being made.

The new plan will work this way. Each student will choose a child that he will have access to, and make a study of that child for a two year period. This will be done by making observations and then writing them up. These observations will cover every possible type of situation:—in the classroom, at lunch, on the playground, coming to school, and in conversation with his peers. Over a period of two years with about five observations a week, enough data should be collected so that the prospective teachers will be better prepared to understand children as they teach.

The class as a group is very enthusiastic about the project and hopes to gain much from their novel experiences.

SHIRLEY VANCE.

(Editor's Note:—From time to time, we'd like to print reports on the progress being made in this course.)

TT WAS A COLD, DREARY WEDNESDAY Lafternoon when our guest players, the Mount St. Agnes hockey team, met our line-up on the home field. No where was there a beam of sunlight but beams of hope flooded the spectators and the team members when the game got under-way. Good defense was played by both teams as the ball was first at one end and then at the other. Miss Fiske, the referee, had no trouble with fouls but the end line was a noticeable source of confusion for the power the girls had was terrific. Only once, however, did the ball go through the right area of the end line, namely the goal, and then it was in favor of our opponents. No casualties only loud husky yells from the many who "turned out" to watch the great event. At the end of the fourth quarter with a score of 1-0, favor of Mt. St. Agnes, the members of the teams royally entertained by the A. A. with cider and doughnuts in the locker room of the gym.

Spectators leaving the field remarked, "Our players were "on the beam" and Coach Roach did a great job of conditioning them, considering the amount of practice they have not had."

It's all right to believe the words on this page but how about coming out and witnessing the great games that are promised for the future? You will surely not be disappointed and it will be a wonderful testimony to school spirit. We'll be looking for you, waiting to hear the "rah-rah" of a school cheer.

# -MEN'S CLUB

MINUTES OF 10/9/45

AFTER MANY MOMENTS OF DELAY, A special meeting of the Men's Club was called to order at 12:15 P. M.

Once again the minutes were read and they were not corrected; as they were well recorded, there was no need for a correction. By the gleams in the eyes of the members, I knew that they approved of them.

The participation of our club in next Tuesday's assembly was discussed. It was unanimously agreed that we get up a scene of the Men's Club in action at a typical Men's Club meeting for that assembly. An assembly committee consisting of Ship P. Rembolt, Good Boy Hammerman, and Pretty Boy Reitze was appointed by our president, Lover Cohen.

The meeting was adjourned at 12:35 P. M.

Respectively submitted (?)
PRESLEY (BOB HOPE) SAPP,
Secretary-Treasurer (?)

THE TOWER LIGHT

# CLUB NEWS-

THE ACTIVITIES AT S. T. C. ARE RAPIDLY becoming even more plentiful and more varied. The clubs are scheduling times, dates and places for their meetings. There are no "closed door policies", so be sure to get on the "inside" with those organizations which you've joined.

The Natural History Group has made a head start. Did you see the snap-shots on the bulletin board? They're sure proof of many good times. The hike to Lutherville was planned for just the right week-end to see the lovely Fringed Gentians. If you want a good laugh—ask any member who their mascot was!! The students as well as Dr. Dowell, their advisor, had fun hiking, eating their lunches, ETC. For November 3, they planned a hike, open to all students, to the Forest Reserve. The club posts notices and sheets on which hikers may sign up. Be sure to get *your* name on the next one! They're bound to keep up that reputation for "having lots of fun."

The Chimes Guild sings grace at dinner three times a week and for special occasions in the dorm. They meet once a week to practice with Miss MacDonald. Those who are interested volunteer to play the chimes the evenings on which the group doesn't sing. All the students appreciate this reverent moment before dinner.

The Rural Club will soon be having its regular meetings. The aims of this club are to promote a better understanding of community life and give the members opportunities to meet leaders in progressive schools and in the community. The Rural Club has meetings, debates, and study groups activities. Watch for notices—be there at the next meeting!

'Nuff said for now—but keep your eyes on those clubs and be a part of their programs. Here's to lots of FUN . . . . !!

# -G.I. COLUMN-

Recently Returned-

"Things haven't changed much have they?" and our handsome "new" science instructor had to agree. Our own Mr. Crook, recently discharged from the Army, is seen once again at the south entrance door with his "as-of-old" between-classes cigarette. We are certainly glad to have you back on campus again, Mr. Crook. A hearty welcome from all of us! News Items—

Edward Clopper has been discharged and expects to return to school in February.

NOVEMBER • 1945

Bob Curland is on terminal leave and hopes to get back to teaching again soon.

Joshua Wheeler has been discharged and is now principal of Carroll Manor School in Baltimore County.

William Cox is teaching the fifth grade at Towson. Sigmond Shpritz and Dallus Smith, who were prisoners of war, have been discharged.

Among others who have been discharged are: John Shock, James Tear and Gene Rush.

Luther Cox has been promoted to Captain and is stationed at Mitchell Field, Long Island. Congratulations, Luther.

#### **Sidelines**

THIS YEAR THE STAFF MEMBERS AND advisors have decided to have a definite theme for each issue of our TOWER LIGHT publication. These themes are only tentative ones, so if you think you'd rather have something else in place of one of the themes listed here, we'd be happy to receive your ideas.

The themes are as follows:

For:

OCTOBER—FRESHMEN

NOVEMBER—THANKSGIVING

DECEMBER—CHRISTMAS (with the sub-title)—PEACE

JANUARY—THE FACULTY ISSUE

FEBRUARY—A ROMANTIC ISSUE

MARCH—SOPHOMORES

April-Juniors

MAY-SPRING

JUNE-SENIORS

From the list, it is quite evident that we have tried to use a theme that carries out the important holiday of that month. Also, we have included one issue for each of the classes. We will try to keep the issues for each respective year, exclusive for that class. (Our October Freshmen edition was primarily representative of that class in that most of the articles selected for publication were submitted by members of the Freshman class.

Our October, November, December issues have tried, where it was at all possible, to carry out their respective themes throughout all of the articles.

It might interest you to know that all phases of the January number will be taken over by the Faculty. This illustrious body of workers has already begun plans for their own issue.

START NOW TO PLAN YOUR CONTRIBUTION FOR THE ISSUE THAT BELONGS TO YOUR YEAR.

#### Thanksgiving for Timmy

—(Continued from page 4)

approval at how well Timmy handled the rifle. He carried the gun over to Baldy's pen, and then it was that everything suddenly went wrong and a rosy world of make-believe soldiering came tumbling down with a crash.

Somehow, Timmy stumbled and the gun went off with a big "BANG!!!" straight at Baldy's pen. A couple of minutes later, Timmy picked himself up from the ground. The scene before him was one of utter devastation. The gun lay on the ground before him. A huge hole gasped in the side of the pen, where his rifle bullet had torn through. But (and this was worst of all) Baldy lay opposite the hole in the pen. He lay quite still and lifeless, on his side and the bullet had made a neat round hole in his rumpled feathers.

Timmy couldn't believe his eyes. He limped to the pen, yanked open the door and bent over Baldy's still-form. But it was true. Baldy was dead. A hoarse sob tore through Timmy's stocky little body. His soft blue eyes widened at the thought of killing anyone as near and dear to him as the friendly turkey, and he began to cry. It wouldn't have been so bad if someone else had killed the turkey, for Thanksgiving dinner, but Timmy had shot the turkey himself, as Baldy was moving around the pen and eating the mash. Somehow it was much worse this way. Timmy felt like a murderer. He left Baldy in the pen and made his way slowly out of the barnyard, leaving the rifle on the ground. He dug his fists into his eyes, but the tears still ran down his cheeks and into his trembling mouth. His mouth tasted salty as he gulped for air between sobs. All he could think of was to get away and by be himself. He was so ashamed of killing Baldy.

An hour later, Timmy's Ma called him for dinner. But there was no reply from the quarter usually filled with boyish enthusiasm about anything connected with the delectable idea of eating. Grampa sized up the situation and, knowing how Timmy must be feeling, sent up a hue and cry for the missing "murderer". So the search began.

Timmy was found an hour later, sobbing his heart out against a wooden paling in the "windy gates." Grampa gently picked him up and carried him back to the farmhouse, the iron-gray head bent over the thatch-yellow head on the denim shoulder.

It was dusk when Timmy awoke in his cozy little attic room, up under the eaves. Timmy guessed he must have cried himself to sleep. As he opened his eyes, Ma came in, carrying a tray. She sat down on the edge of his bed and helped him prop himself up against the pillows.

"Hello, son," she said in a gentle, kind voice. "How are you feeling?"

She didn't wait for him to answer, but went right on talking, as she spooned up the hot soup. "When you eat this, you'll feel better." She paused for a moment, then continued, "I know you feel bad about shooting Baldy, Timmy, but accidents happen to the best of us. I'm sure that Baldy, wherever he is now, knows you didn't mean to kill him, and he's forgiven you."

"Do you think so, Ma?"-eagerly.

"I'm sure of it. We would only have had to kill Baldy, come Thanksgiving, anyway, Tim. You knew that, but I know that this way was worse. But we all forgive you—even for taking the rifle you should never have touched." As Ma said this, Grampa came in. He said, "Yer Ma's right there. You should never a touched it, but as long as ya did, I'm glad ya remembered to keep it pointin' away from you." He paused a moment and cleared his throat, then glanced hastily at Ma, as if doubting her approval of what he was going to say next.

"As I said before, son, you did keep the gun pointin' away from ya, so I guess maybe you're ready to learn how to really handle a gun. The next time yer Dad and me go shootin', if ya like ya kin be one o' the party. Then I guess maybe ya won't have no more accidents along that line, after you're taught what you're about." Grampa winked broadly at Timmy, so Ma couldn't see, and Ma cleared her throat.

Timmy's face lit up and a bright smile shone through the drying tears. "Do you mean it, Grampa?"

Durned right I do, if yer Ma says it's O. K."

Ma cleared her throat once more and said, "It seems to me that your suggestion is a right proper one, Pa. But you clear out of here now and let Timmy finish his soup. Timmy's had enough excitement to last him until Thanksgiving."

EILEEN LYNCH.

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# "Everywhere, Everywhere, Christmas Tonight!"

THE CHRISTMAS STAR BRINGS A MESSAGE I of hope in this dark and war torn world. By its light the children of men are endued with the spirit of brotherhood and peace. Everywhere tired hearts are lifted to rejoice:

"So the stars of the midnight which compass us round Shall see a strange glory, and hear a sweet sound, And cry, "Look the earth is aflame with delight, O sons of the morning, rejoice at the sight!"

Phillips Brooks

#### Editorial

"PEACE ON EARTH"

ARE WE READY FOR IT?

THE VICTORY IS OURS. THE FORCES OF L evil have been quelled. Peace reigns supreme. But—what will we do with the triumph? How will we handle the antagonist? How long will the suppression of wrong last this time? What significance has the word PEACE for us as a world, a nation, an individual? Yes, it is ours but what will we do with it?

As a warring world, we exhaust our genius to produce extraordinary implements for the destruction of human life. As victors in the test of strength, have we ever dared to concentrate the efforts of those of profound mental endowment for the propagation of harmony in international relations? Is the cessation of hostilities this time to be as shallow and as temporary as the other times in our history? Will those who follow in our wake shake their heads in pity and derision and conclude that we were unprepared for

For too long a time, we the citizens of this world have been slaves to isolationism and nationalism. Internationalism and world-wide organization are new concepts in our thinking. Heretofore when we have marched to war, we have emerged from the fracas with the documentary victory at least. Again posterity will be furnished with a great deal of documentation as proof of our militaristic achievement. After every other war in our history we have supplied our files with impressive sheaths of paper, volume upon

(Continued on page 8)

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EVELYN MORRIS

# CLUB NEWS-

THE CLUBS AT S.T.C. HAVE JOINED IN THE Christmas spirit with a fervor that is typically contagious and heart warming.

The Student Christian Association's monthly vesper service was appropriate for the seasonal festivities. Their speaker for the evening was from a nearby church, who spoke on Christmas in relation to the S.C.A.'s theme for the year, "Peacetime Problems". The S.C.A. Choir sang several selections and accompanied the group in singing additional Christmas carols. Everyone left with a more spiritual feeling of Christmas.

The I.R.C. has definitely gone on the "Active List". They have been meeting to discuss current events and international problems. Reports were given on event of the year from the publication, "Carnegie Endowment for International Peace." Other reports and discussions are planned for the coming meetings. A group of students attended the conference held at Notre Dame on November 18, 1945. This annual event is one of the high-lights of the year.

The Natural History Group has planned a trip to Washington which will include sight-seeing at the Smithsonian Institute. They have high hopes of visiting Dr. Schmitt, Curator of Biology, who spoke for the group in assembly last year. They have adequate reasons for expecting a worthwhile day—for what trip with the N.H.G. wouldn't be?

The World Student Service Fund set a goal of \$125.00 for its drive this year. The World Student Service Fund was originated for aid to the penniless students of the world. These students receive food, shelter, books and writing materials from the W.S.S.F. office in Geneva, Switzerland. Because this war has brought more destruction into the world than any other war has ever done, the need is greater than ever before. Many students are without homes, adequate clothing, nourishing food and proper studying conditions. These handicaps don't stop them; they push onward and will succeed with our help. They are proud and courageous, but without our help many will die and many more will not be able to continue their work. Back them up, GIVE TO THE W.S.S.F. NOW!!!

As always the Glee Club is playing a big part in the Christmas program. The Glee Club and Jeannie Group have been working on several beautiful numbers to be presented the evening of the Christmas (Continued on page 8)

# G.I. COLUMN—

Lieut. A. H. Baer has just arrived from Trinidad, B.W.I., for forty-five days temporary duty and then he will get a new assignment.

Henry Schwartz has been discharged and is planning to return to school in February.

Ed Clopper was married November 10 to Jeanette Jones. Congratulations, Ed.

Ensign Ned Logan, who graduated from State Teachers College in January, 1944, returned to his Alma Mater last week to tell us some of his thrilling experiences aboard the Flagship Idaho. The Japs succeeded in humiliating the men on the Idaho by showing no reaction, whatsoever, at the presence of a U. S. Flagship in Tokyo Harbor, just after the signing of the peace. Narrow escapes from Jap suicide drives will make April 12th a day never to be forgotten in the Navy life of Ensign Logan.

Now that Ned is home, he is definitely *not* going to remain in the U. S. Navy, but instead, plans to return to the field of education and, perhaps, obtain his Masters degree while making use of the G.I. Bill of Rights.

# -SPORTS NEWS-

about over, everyone is looking forward to the winter ones—basketball, badminton and volleyball. Our school certainly showed its grand spirit in attending our hockey games and we sincerely hope that everyone will continue with that same spirit for our games in the future. We are hoping to be able to schedule basketball and badminton games with other schools. This time, however, they will be scheduled at a time that won't interfere with our regular electives so everyone will have an equal chance to participate.

Also, we are planning on organizing a cheer leading squad to cheer at the games. Keep your eyes open for further information about tryouts.

Sometime during the year we would like to, if possible, devote an assembly to sports, where the sections can play against one another.

We want to remind everyone about "Demonstration Night," which will be here before very long. This is one night everyone will have a chance to do something and never forget all the fun it was planning and carrying out the stunt that her class put on, in hopes of winning. Start thinking kids! Try to make it your class that wins this year.

So long for new—Happy Holiday!

#### World Student Service Fund

THE WORLD STUDENT SERVICE FUND provides direct relief, rehabilitation and reconstruction for students and professors in the war torn countries around the world. Student-to-student help is the American student's part in the world wide enterprise. This Fund provides aid where it is most needed on an international, interracial, non-sectarian, non-political basis.

A Chinese student wrote "Since we began our resistance, you have sent us sympathy and encouragement, and you have done various kinds of work to help us. This loyalty and friendship we shall never forget."

A Dutch student told a W.S.S.F. worker, "Yesterday I received your package. It is a real thrill and comfort to know that there are people outside who are genuinely interested and are doing everything possible to help."

More than ever before, there is a need for World Student relief. Now that the war has ended and the Allies have attained victory, the possibility of reaching more students has made the need greater for student relief. Students and professors around the world are without textbooks, food, clothing and shelter. Many students are from prisons, forced labor camps, and resistance forces. Their universities have been damaged or destroyed and their faculties dispersed. Many find themselves homeless and unable to locate their families. In China, students have carried their universities on their backs for over 2,000 miles. Now they must return over that same hard path. Students elsewhere holding classes in caves, and dugouts in the ground. Their professors are underpaid but still continue onward. They know the future of their country and the world depends upon their success.

Students in war-torn countries need medical care as well as food and clothing. Many are tubercular, need rest, and hospitalization. Over 70% of the Dutch students need hospital care before returning to their studies. French students are in need of hospitalization because they suffer from malnutrition and various other deficiences.

Securing food is the big problem in Europe and Asia. Farms have been destroyed and workers killed. In the University of Toulouse alone, some French students get one meal a day consisting of soup, some beverage, and bread. In China, students get one bowl of rice and a cup of tea. It isn't easy to study when you are hungry and cold. Concentration of the mind is almost impossible.

The job ahead is great. After World War I, Ameri-

can students raised more than two and one half million dollars, for World Student Relief. This year American Students have been given the privilege of raising one million dollars.

The World Student Service Fund has already sent shipments of food and medical supplies to university centers in France, Belgium, Holland and Yugoslavia. To restore rundown students to health, student rehabilitation centers are being established all over Europe and Asia. Tubercular students from European countries receive lodging and treatment at the University Sanatorium in Switzerland. Chinese students relief centers provide supplementary food, bath, haircuts, and even heated, lighted rooms for study. Local relief committees supply medical help, winter clothing, bedding and direct monetary aid to needy students. In addition, aid still goes to student prisoners of war, refugee students, and dislocated Japanese American students.

One dollar will supply the notebook and paper required by a European student for one-half year. Come on, S.T.C., do your best.

Confucisis said, "Giving is like a piece of candy. When you eat your candy it tastes good, but its flavor is soon gone. When you give, the flavor lasts forever. The candy is good for the stomach but giving is good for the heart."

S.T.C. let's reach our goal of \$125.00. We can do it. It is our privilege to participate in this work. Give to the W.S.S.F. Today!!!!

# Christmas Eve in the Woods

Under a bunny's pelt Be it russet-brown or white, A hidden sun glows On this frozen, star-crisp night. On this snowy night and silent, Among the icy rocks A topaz light gleams softly In the eyes of a tawny fox. In a hillside wood or thicket Hastening or out of sight, Each small animal carries In his heart a golden light. In honor of Mary's small son With dark and loving eyes Whose spirit again is blazing As shown by the glittering skies.

B. SHUGAR.

3

## The Challenge

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD men"—so sang the heavenly carolers on that first Christmas morning. And so sings a war-humbled world today.

"Peace!" we carol in exultation. But what is this peace for which men died? Is it so trite a thing as the mere cessation of war? Let us rather look to the spirit of Christmas for our answer. There is truly peace in worshiping the Babe, singing carols, hanging our stockings. Peace is the laughter of children, the gifts of friends, the family dinner, the Christmas tree, the calm of the night. It is the joy of reunion, the security of home, the hum-drum happiness of routine. This, then, is peace.

"Peace?" some murmur in doubt. Where is good will to be found in famine, strikes, revolts, and dissent? We know there is no vestige of peace in these. Herein lies our challenge. Statesmen and diplomats have drafted the blueprints for the peaceful World of Tomorrow, but it is up to us—you and me—to translate these plans and ideals into realities. "But how are we to do this?" you may ask. He whose praise was sung that first Christmas counsels us to "be doers of the word, and not hearers only". Hence let us answer the challenge of peace with our every action. And may the voices of our honored dead, who may not speak, be loudly heard. Then, indeed, will we maintain peace, lasting peace!

## Christmas 1945

No more shall men be slain to give The world a peaceful place to live No more shall blood run thick and red, And nations count their valiant dead. The guns are silent on the field The hoards of foes have had to yield, Now friendly planes shall fill the sky And man may live instead of die. Then ring glad bells, proclaim afar Our men, long gone, are home from war, Are home from toil and sweat and tears Are home from death and ghastly fears. Rejoice, rejoice all ye that sing Retell the birthday of the King. Proclaim the words the angels told, For peace is come on wings of gold.

HELEN HANSON.

## Christmas

Far away in Bethlehem So very long ago, God sent to earth His only Son, His love for us to show. A star up in the heaven high Sent forth its brilliant ray To guide the shepherds to the place Where little Jesus lay. The wisemen came in royal robes To greet the Heavenly Babe. With gifts of myrrh and frankincense For Him they gladly gave. The angels sang in sweetest strains The message from above; The peace on earth, goodwill toward men; The story of God's love. Today again we have that peace And may it ever stay To make this world as bright as one As that First Christmas Day.

BETTY ANNE SPRUILL.

#### Memorial Pool News

ES, THEY ARE GOING TO START TO WORK on it this spring, which means that many of the present students of S.T.C. will enjoy swimming in the Memorial Pool before they graduate. (That is, if we make as big a success of our present bond drive as we have in the past two years.) I, for one, am sure we can.

Here are some statistics on what we have done and what we have yet to do in the way of raising money. At present we have approximately \$6,000 toward our ultimate goal of \$10,000. Our goal for this year is \$1,000. Each member of each team has pledged to give at least 10 cents per week. There are twenty-six more weeks of school; therefore each student will contribute \$2.60 toward the pool this year. There are about two hundred and fifty in the school, which will make the total contribution of the student body \$650. We hope to net at least \$100 from supplementary activities. This will give us a total of \$750, enough to buy a \$1,000 United States Victory Bond.

Remember your dimes are serving a twofold purpose. They are helping to pay for our Memorial Pool as well as speeding the day when all our boys will come home from "over there".

Our teams are organized now, so let's hop to it and see which can reach its goal first. Good luck to you all.

# LITERARY-

#### "ANDY COMES TO BOARD"

WHEN ANDY SIMMS CAME TO BOARD with us, a subtle change came over my mother's rooming house—a change so gradual that none of us recognized the effect it had upon me, at least until the end of the whole affair—until Christmas Eve, and on into the dawn of Christmas itself.

I can still remember that first day—that day, a year ago, when Andy walked haltingly up to our lower east-side brownstone house, with the "Rooms to Let" sign in the front bay window, I'd never grown quite used to mother's renting our five upstairs rooms. When my father died, we were a little pressed for funds, and we'd had to let rooms, of necessity; but, somehow, I'd never grown accustomed to strangers walking in and out and through our front hall, in spite of the fact that "Mom's Boarding House" was a profitable establishment of five year's standing.

I remember, even now, what I was playing—"Autumn Nocturne". Andy stepped into the hall, and I could hear Mom and him talking about one of the upstairs rooms. He murmured something to the effect that he'd take it—and Mom couldn't understand why he said he'd look at the room later.

He walked into the room and up to the piano, then I was more aware of those sad brown eyes than anything else about him—like the eyes of a whipped dog. I didn't stop playing—I don't know why. Maybe something in the way he looked at me compelled me to continue. When I finished, he said in a hard, slurred kind of speech that didn't go with his eyes—"Autumn Nocturne", isn't it? My brother, Eddie, used to play it for me before he died. I've always thought it was so beautiful." And before I had a chance to answer, he had walked out of the living-room, opened the front door and was gone.

I didn't see Andy again for several days. I knew he had moved his belongings into our upstairs room— a shabby black suitcase, a portable radio, a heavy pack of sheet music. I'd seen them in the hall, before Andy took them upstairs with him.

About a week later, Andy made his appearance at the dinner table with our other boarders. He took his place quitely—almost too quietly. He kept his head down—a head with close-cropped brown hair—avoiding even visual contact with our other boarders, and barely glancing at me. He pecked at his food throughout the meal, and when I passed him the heaped up plates, he helped himself without so much as a word of

thanks. Yet I felt he knew better. You see, I watched his table manners. They couldn't have been better.

I could hear old Miss Crotchit talking about him later. "Something queer about that young man. He looks to sheepish to suit me." The trouble was, he could hear, too. She didn't bother to lower her voice.

I caught him as he reached the landing on the stairs leading to his room. It was dark there. Mom had been meaning to put in a light for so long, but as it is with most busy people, good intentions were as far as it went. I put out my hand and touched the rough tweed of his coat, detaining him. "Please don't mind Miss Crotchit. She's old and she doesn't have anything to do but gossip. She talks like that about everybody."

"I don't mind", he replied. "I'm used to having people talk about me." He hesitated a moment, and then continued in that same hard, bitter voice, "Don't worry about me. I've been kicked so often, it doesn't even hurt anymore." Then his tone softened. "Thanks, anyway. I like the way you play the piano. Particularly 'Autumn Nocturne'. Just like my brother Eddie used to before . . . . . . " He stopped, and suddenly put out his hand and took a piece of my hair between his fingers. "May I come in and listen to you play sometime?"

I couldn't have said anything else but yes even if I had wanted to, which I didn't. He abruptly dropped his hand to his side and climbed the rest of the way up the stairs. I turned away and went slowly down the steps. Why had I wanted him to kiss me?

It was quite by accident that I found out what Andy did all day to earn the money he paid us for the rent. It was about a week before Christmas. Andy and I had grown close during the year he had lived with us. The living room was somehow gloomy unless Andy was there to share the cozy fire in the fireplace, the soft candlelight above the piano, and "our music". Andy was quite different from the man I had encountered on the landing that night nearly a year ago. He talked more easily, particularly about his music. He brought the bundle of music I had seen before down to me one evening and I played for him. On the corners of the sheets there was the initials "E.S.", which I assumed to be his brother's—Eddie's. He never spoke of his brother and I somehow felt that it was there that the root of Andy's trouble lay.

But back to that Christmas week, I had been doing the usual rushed Xmas shopping, and was in a hurry to reach home, I arrived at my battered coupe and

(Continued on page 7)

## Library News

FERE IS A LIST OF SUGGESTIONS FOR LA Christmas Gift Books. In my opinion a lovely book is the most worthwhile gift anyone can give a child. I also think these books would be valuable additions to a teacher's personal library. Indeed I believe that any adult, who is genuinely fond of children, would find enjoyment in owning and sharing any of these books with children they teach or have occasion to entertain. One of my greatest pleasures is watching the children who visit me enjoy the books I keep on one shelf of my bookcase just for them. I have suggested these particular titles because they are beautifully illustrated, and because they are collections of stories, poems, and songs. The last three are collections of holiday stories that are often needed for story-telling programs and school celebrations.

These books are for young children especially, but the illustrations will appeal to anyone interested in art and will help give ideas of costumes for the dramatization of folk stories. The songs and the poems are suitable for any child with a lively imagination and an appreciation of words and rhythm.

Fyleman, Rose, ed., A'Piping Again, N. Y., Stokes. Fyleman, Rose, ed., Here We Come A'Piping, N. Y., Stokes, \$1.00.

Fyleman, Rose, ed., *Pipe and Drum*, N. Y., Stokes, 1940, \$1.25.

Jones, Jessie Orton, comp., Small Rain-Verses from the Bible, Viking, 1944, \$2.00.

Robinson, Tome, In and Out, N. Y., Viking, 1943, \$2.50 Stevenson, Robert Louis, Child's Garden of Verse (Photo-Illustrations by Toni Frissell), Cleveland, World Pub. Co., 1944, \$2.00.

Harrington, Mildred P., comp., Ring-a-Round, N. Y., Macmillan, 1930, \$3.00.

Tenggren, Gustaf, illustrator, *Mother Goose*, Boston, Little Brown Co., \$2.50.

Tippett, James S., I Know Some Little Animals, N. Y., Harper, 1941, \$1.00.

Wheeler, Opal, Sing For Christmas (Illustrated by Tenggren), N. Y., Dutton, \$2.50.

Wheeler, Opal, Sing For America (Illustrated by Tenggren), N. Y., Dutton, \$3.00.

Farjeon, Eleanor, A Prayer For Little Things, Boston, Houghton, 1945, \$ .85.

Field, Rachel, Prayer For A Child, N. Y., Macmillan, 1944, \$1.50.

Duplaix, Georges, *Animal Stories* (Illustrated by Rojankovsky), N. Y., Simon & Schuster, 1944,\$1.50.

Gibson, Katherine, ed., The Tenggren Tell-It-Again Book, Boston, Little Brown Co., 1942, \$2.50.

—(Continued on back inside cover)

# PROFESSIONAL NEWS

# Teacher's Salary

THE JOURNAL OF THE NATIONAL EDUCAtion Association has taken up the cry of "increased pay for teachers". The editor devoted an entire page in the November issue to an editorial on the subject as well as reprinting part of an article, "Teacher's Pay, A National Disgrace" by Robert Littell from the Reader's Digest.

In his editorial, Mr. Morgan quotes figures from the War Production Board."... profits in American industry during the war increased 120% after paying wartime taxes. This increase is after all expenses and taxes have been paid. How much has your income increased during the war after all expenses and taxes have been paid? The estimated average teacher's salary of \$1,786.00 for 1944-45 would buy about what \$1,350.00 would have bought in 1940."

This was true when wages were rising and the cost of living was rising but there were still a large percentage of wage earners whose pay was never increased.

"The average salary of teachers was at least \$500.00 less than average earnings in industry in 1944-45."

Of course these figures are averages, for some states pay more than others to their teachers and the rural teachers almost always get a lower salary than those teaching in the city.

Believing that the teachers with the lowest salaries are the ones least able to help themselves, Mr. Morgan has outlined five steps in the direction of higher salaries for teachers. They are:

1—Get special committees of teachers and laymen at work on the problem.

2—Arrange to distribute copies, or print in local papers the article by Robert Littell in October's Reader's Digest.

3—Use facts from N.E.A. Handbook, Leaders Letters and American Education Week material.

4—Use higher salaries to upgrade teachers.

5—Work for more funds from local, state and federal governments.

"The welfare of our country demands that intelligence be exalted; that our schools be staffed by an adequate supply of competent, well-prepared, well-paid teachers. When a community fixes the salaries of its teachers, it fixes in a large measure the intellectual and social outlook of its people."

After all, as Mr. Littell says, "dogcatchers and garbage men are useful but aren't your children's teachers useful, too?"

—(Continued on page 8)

THE TOWER LIGHT

#### "ANDY COMES TO BOARD"

—(Continued from page 5)

after climbing in and depositing my bundles in the back, I started the car and moved slowly off amid the snow and sleet and downtown traffic, I had gone only three blocks when my motor stalled. I managed to pull in to the curb, and then walked another block or so to the nearest garage.

"Can I have someone fix my motor right away. I'm stalled a block back."

"Yeah; just a minute I'll get my ace mechanic, Hey Andy!"

Yes, it was Andy Simms, in a grease-smeared smock with a piece of dirty waste in his hand.

"Fix this lady's motor so's she kin get home."

We walked back together through the snow, Andy's arm through mine, to help me over the icy spots. It didn't take long to remedy the trouble and as soon as the motor was fixed, I asked Andy if he would care to ride back with me.

"Do me a favor. Let me take you to dinner. There's something I'd like to tell you that the old familiar surroundings would keep me from saying." We went to a little place—"Georgian's"—with red checked table cloths, guttering candlelight, a jar of bread sticks placed at the center of the table. A piano played softly in the background.

We ordered dinner, and, while we were waiting to be served Andy began to tell me all I had wanted to know. He brought out into the open all my half-guessed truths, and petty fears.

"I brought you here tonight to tell you the truth, Karen, about myself. I picked tonight, because I'm going away after Christmas, and I haven't much time. Not much time for—anything. I know you've wondered about me, Karen. I don't care what anyone else thinks of me—I only care what you think." He was leaning forward now with an intense restlessness—a compelling force about him that drew me completely, irrisistibly into his confidence.

"Don't interrupt me. If I say it through now—I'll never say it; to your or anyone, it's like this. I grew up in Detroit with my brother, Eddie, and my sister, Betty. It was always just we three. Eddie was the talented one in the family. He had the brains—particularly in his fingers. He'd been playing the piano ever since he could walk. He was going to be a concert pianist some day. Our parents died when we were just kids, so Betty and I quit high school to earn enough to support the three of us, Eddie kept on with his schooling, especially his music. We sent him through Julliard, and he was ready for the big time—compositions, concerts—and then it happened.

Eddie was always a good kid, but maybe Sis and I spoiled him too much. Anyway, Eddie, as soon as he began to make a name for himself, started to live high. He got in with the wrong crowd—the parasitic type that bleed you dry. Fair-weather friends. One night he threw a big party. I guess they ail had too much to drink. Anyway, an argument started between Clark Monroe, an obscure orchestra leader and Eddie over Monroe's singer, Evelyn Vaughn. The argument became more heated, and Eddie began to play, "Autumn Nocturne"on the piano, ignoring Monroe. Monroe saw red. He went over to the piano and slammed the lid down on Eddie's hands. The pain was so intense that Eddie just sat there in agony; he couldn't even move his hands from the keyboard.

God, I can see them now. Monroe must have been crazy. Before anyone could stop him, he slammed the lid down again and again!!! My God!"

Andy put his hand out blindly across the table and found mine.

"Oh, Andy, you don't have to go on. I understand." But he blindly shook his head.

"I was so dazed, for a minute I couldn't move. Then I realized the horrible thing Monroe had done. I grabbed him by the collar and shook him back and forth like a dog would shake a toy. And then I began to beat on him with my fists until he was unconscious. And then I flung him away from me.

"They said—the police—that his head struck the sharp corner of a table. He was dead when the doctor arrived. When the doctor examined my borther's hands, he said that were was no hope. Eddie would never play the piano again. The jury was harsh that year. At eighteen I was to give up the next five years of my life in the State Prison. In that time I learned the mechanical trade by which I earn my living now. I received my parole from the Governor just in time to go home and see Eddie die—his hands—blood-poisoning of some kind—not a chance.

"I tried to enlist when the war began. They don't take men with prison records. But there is a remote island base in bad need of plane motor mechanics—ground crew—they're making an exception in my case. I leave the day after Christmas."

We reached home at 12:30 that evening. We had walked and talked until we were exhausted. There was one question, however, that I had not had the courage to ask before. As we went slowly up the staircase, we reached the landing. Mom still hadn't put in the light. It was quite dark and I stumbled over a loose piece of carpet. Andy caught me as I fell, and I buried my face against his coat collar, mumbling—

(Continued on page 8)

#### "ANDY COMES TO BOARD"

—(Continued from page 6)

"Why hadn't you told me all this before? I would have understood."

"I would have told you, but I was so afraid it would make a difference—it has with so many people. It would have been a terrible blow to me—a deeper hurt than any yet, if you had turned away on learning the truth. You see, Karen, I've fallen in love with you."

Christmas Eve came all too soon. Andy would be going away in just one more day. We made the most of our short time left together. We trimmed the tree, Andy sitting astride the tall unsteady ladder as I handed up the balls to him. We heaped the gifts around the base of the tree. Andy lit the fire, and I sat down at the piano to play "Autumn Nocturne". As I played, Andy came up behind me and slipped something shiny and gold around my throat.

"No, don't stop playing. This is my Christmas gift to you, Karen—my mother's locket. Wear it always and never forget me."

"No, I'll never forget you and your story nor "Autumn Nocturne".

"It's name should be changed."

"You mean 'Autumn Noeturne'?"

"Yes. It should be changed to 'Christmas Nocturne'—a nocturne of peace, contentment, happiness."

"For us, but as it should be for everyone."

EILEEN LYNCH.

#### CLUB NEWS—(Continued from page 2)

Dinner, and the day of the regular Christmas Assembly. Two of the selections are the forever Christmas favorites: "The Shepard's Story" and "Angels O'er the Fields Were Flying". Less familiar but equally beautiful are the songs sung by the Jeannie Group—, "Babes So Tender", a Flemish carol arranged for girl's voices and the "Wassail Song" which is a Gloucestershire carol sung by mixed voices. Aside from these special numbers there are the ever loved Christmas carols for all to sing.

Here's to a Merry Christmas for all and a Happy New Year for those who survive that last minute shopping. "Happy Holiday".

#### TEACHER'S SALARY (Continued from page 6)

He goes on to tell about Flint, Michigan, where school teachers are started at \$400.00 a year less than it starts its garbage collectors. And about Salt Lake City, where after 16 years of experience a teacher can attain a maximum salary of \$2,724.00, while the dog-catcher earns \$10,000.00 a year on a contract basis.

Mr. Littell also tells of some students who, working part-time, make more money than their teachers.

Such deplorable conditions will have to be corrected if the future citizens of the world are going to get the right start with a good education and we, as future teachers will have to work for and support any such committee that may be formed.

#### "PEACE ON EARTH" (Continued from page 1)

volume, that are indications that we have passed through a number of national exigencies. We even have some documents that concern a world League of Nations, that show at least some thinkers were concerned with the post-war settlement of the first World War but with what success did this attempt meet? We fight the wars and win the battles but how hopelessly we lose the peace.

In the past we have fought our wars as if they were football games. When we're on the field and in action, we can play a good game of defense or offense. We can provide a strong line, smart plays, and come out with a winning score; but after the game, we're ready to go home. War and peace aren't as simple as sport. The rules of sportsmanship are superceded by engaging the fastest and most effective devices for annihilating our opponent. War is too grave a business to take many of the characteristics of healthy diversion, and peace is too sacred and rare to be taken as lightly as a report of sportive activity.

Must the world go on scheduling competitive contests to see who has the greatest strength? What does attaining such capacity for endurance prove? Is a different type of strength needed to prepare a lasting peace? This time it's peace and security or total obliteration for the world as a whole. Man has done too effective a job in preparing his weapons of war. We are now faced with turning our most serious thought and action to developing the instruments of peace until they reach or surpass the advancements of extinction.

This is our Peace, perhaps our last chance at making it a success—Are we ready for it?

# Ghristmas '45

Mother Nature spreads a blanket On the world so fair: Then the sleigh bells start a-jingling In the crisp, clear winter air. For it is the Christmas season, And we have a better reason To thank God for all He has given. He has showered us with bliss. We will priase Him, too, for this And lift up our hearts to heaven. But for all the little girls and boys, Whose only interest is in toys, Who do not realize the One above, He will keep the vigil still, Teach them of His faithful will. Lend to them and all the rest. His boundless love. But especially on this Yuletide, Now that the war has ceased. We raise our eyes to heaven and

GINNY FRANZ.

# -MEN'S CORNER-

We thank our God for peace.

The Night Lights Went Out.

Remember the dark eerie night that the lights went out in the dorm? Guess where the boys were?

Scene: Second floor Newell Hall.

A deep bass voice whispers—"Don, is that you? Where's the door?"

Suddenly the still night is pierced by an car splitting scream. EEEEE-E-E-KKKK. Then a thud. (She fainted).

The above incident was reported by a B.T.A. spy. It seems that on this night which was a very opportune evening the Kottage Kids darkened their faces with brunt cork, put on their commando suits and invaded the dormitory. When the lights came back on they were caught red handed! Reading Edda Torr's love letters! The culprits were brought before the all high inquisition. The Grand Salami (judge) delivered the sentence. "To write an article for the Tower Light"—Better we should get the death sentence! (Ed. Note—I agree!)

#### LIBRARY NEWS—(Continued from page 6)

Harper, Wilhelmina, comp., The Gunniwold and Other Merry Tales, Phila., David McKay, 1936, \$2.00.

Hutchinson, Veronic, ed., Chimney Corner Stories, N. Y., Minton Balch & Co., \$2.50.

Simkhovitch, Natasha, iflus., Merry Christmas (Collection of stories, poems, and songs), N. Y., Knopf, 1943, \$1,50.

Harper, Wilhelmina, comp., Merry Christmas To You, N. Y. Dutton, 1935, \$2.00.

Harper, Wilhelmina, comp., Easter Chimes, N. Y., Dutton, 1942, \$2.00.

Walters, Maud Owens, ed., A Book of Christmas Stories For Children, N. Y., Dodd, 1930.

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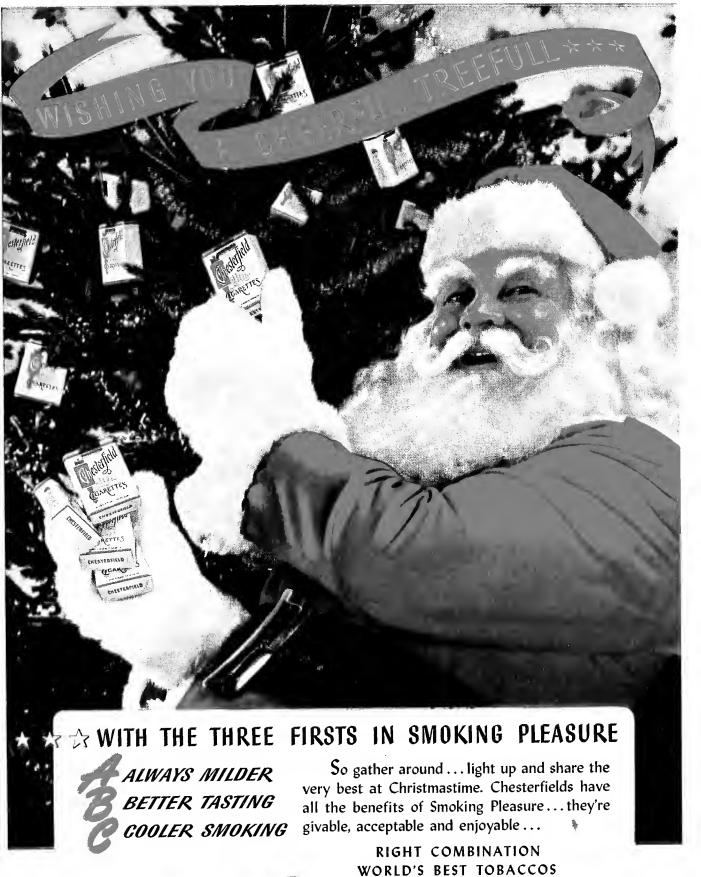
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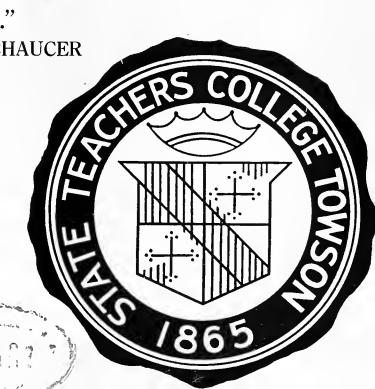
"AND GLADLY WOLDE HE LEARNE, AND GLADLY TECHE."

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

LUME XII

MBER 53

NUARY, 1946



The Tower Light Staff has always tried to encourage the interest and patronage of the faculty and all articles and suggestions from this illustrious body have been most welcome. However, we of the staff, still felt the need of a greater faculty participation. We have fostered the hope that such a participation would evolve from an interest in our school publication. This month we feel we have attained that peak of interest, accompanied by a sharing of responsibility, heretofore unknown to our magazine. With pride and joy, the Tower Light presents its first "Faculty Edition", dedicated to, written and compiled by, and edited by our faculty for the enjoyment and enlightenment of the student body.

Especial thanks is given to Dr. Eunice Crabtree and Mrs. Helen Stapleton for their assuming the job of organizing and editing.

# S. T. C.—Past—Present—Future

#### • 1918-1945 **•**

AS HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF IN AN aftermath of war, the elder folks of this generation, a little boastful, a little nostalgic, talk of that other war met in the heyday of their youth. That war ended in 1918, this one in 1945, an interval of twentyseven years to complete the evolution that brings us back to the starting place, older and wiser, and, with the gossipy inclination of the not-so-young, to draw comparisons.

We could compare manners and morals, music and painting, dress and hair cuts (hair-dos was an unknown word in 1918); or, in more serious vein we could discourse upon the differences of the two periods in strikes and cost of living, in politics and international relations, or in conceptions of democracy. But let us turn from these discussions, and just for fun think of the then and now of our college.

We were not the State Teachers College in 1918. We were the Maryland State Normal School-M.S. N.S.—in the vernacular of the students. We offered to high school graduates two years of preparation for teaching. To students entering from the second or third year of high school we offered academic preparation for one or two years to precede the professional training. The war, then as now, had seriously depleted the teaching ranks. Fabulous salaries were paid for government clerks in Washington. Why be a teacher and work hard for small pay? This point of view so reduced interest in teaching that the enrollment of the school had dropped to barely a hundred. In 1920 the State of Maryland elected a new governor, Albert C. Ritchie, who elected a new state superintendent of schools, Albert S. Cook, who appointed a new president of the State Normal School, Lida Lee Tall. These three dynamic persons launched a campaign to give to the state a trained teacher in every class room. With publicity programs, moving pictures, and increased salary scales the next year advertised education. Our school started with a bumper crop of prospective teachers and we entered a new era.

In those days there was no Richmond Hall, no elementary school building, no gymnasium. The needs met today by these fine buildings were fulfilled by the Administration Building. What a busy place it was with the elementary school, a large cafeteria and a kitchen in the basement; with athletic classes and games in the auditorium; and with cubicles separated by draperies forming supplementary dormitories in

the north wing of the upper floor! Of the five rooms now forming the library only one was in use. The glen was a wilderness. There was no book shop.

All these "have nots" suggest a dreary place, but it was not. The life of the school, then as now, was in the late teens. There was always eagerness in the air, a keen awareness of fun, a constant promise of the flower from the blossom.

Apparently for the first time in its history it was a feminine school. No Eligible Eight lent masculine charm to classroom of campus. True, one boy arrived. He was given a room in the basement of Newell Hall. In the morning the window was open and the room was empty. The caged bird had flown. He was never seen again.

But the following year four boys entered. Thereupon was established that inner core of solidarity to which the individual male must cling in a world of women. If you doubt the strength of this centrifugal force observe the Three Musketeers of the present freshman class. Has one of them ever been seen to enter a class room alone? Or alone to breast the feminine tide that ebbs and flows through the corridors at noon hour?

De Ouincy has said that ten men united have the strength of a hundred. This idea of strength through unity started with that class of '23 and ever since has been a strong cementing influence. In these lean war years our enrollment for a while boasted only one man. He has survived and carried the tradition into our present student body. May the men increase and soon match our pre-war quota of eighty-five!

Two of the most important events in the life of the college occurred in this "inter bella" period. In 1924 the City Training School for Teachers merged with our school and our graduates from the city, also a few from the counties, became the teachers of Baltimore City. This merger practically doubled the enrollment. There were over a thousand students. Corridors echoed to thronging feet and the auditorium was crowded at assembly from stage to door. Time gradually ironed out the surplus, also the second great event helped to stabilize the school to the needs of the city and the state. We became in 1935 a four year college, conferring the degree of Bachelor of Science upon our graduates. We were now of age scholastically.

Between two wars we acquired, in addition to building and boys and in addition to numbers and distinction, a more beautiful environment for gracious living and a fine esprit de corps, growing largely from (Continued on page 10)

#### -RECONVERSION ON THE CAMPUS-

EVERYONE IS WRITING AND TALKING the nation's change from a war to a peacetime economy but our interest in reconversion hardly stops with economic readjustments. Reconstruction also can mean a change in the character and course of living. Viewed in this light there is hardly a person who doesn't have a personal task of reconversion'to undertake. Total war has left us all with some important postponed aspect of living which we are determined to realize.

This wartime suspension of the genteel art of living has cast its devastating blight upon the student life of our college. It is something of a shock to realize that no present undergraduate has a first hand knowledge of our pre-war student life. Our present students only can sense an era of richer college living as they see the faithfulness with which our service men and women of the pre-war classes keep in touch with their college and classmates.

There is scarcely a single phase of the pre-war version of student living that has escaped the crippling mutilation of war-time curtailment. A brief review of the struggle to keep alive something of the flavor and spirit of the pre-war campus may provide a better perspective for our present status.

Student government was one of the first of the student organizations to face the struggle for survival. During the period 1939 to 1942 the S.G.A. had been completely reorganized, and just as the full impact of the new constitution was being tested the new government was all but swamped by the rapid reorganization of the college program. A bewildering series of problems brought about by smaller classes, an accelerated program and a shrinking budget taxed the ingenuity of the student leaders to keep alive the hard-won gains for the cause of student government. 1942-43 will always be remembered as the year of many presidents. Much credit must be given to the student leaders and their advisers who brought the S.G.A. through this stormy period without loss of power or prestige.

As the war wore on student life gradually lost its vitality. College spirit depends upon an *esprit de corps* within the class groups, a self-realization of the class groups through interaction with other classes and the perpetuation of a body of traditions which sets the college apart as distinct and unique from all other colleges. War conditions tore savagely at these roots of college spirit. Let us read the record.

In the past four years we have seen enrollment abnormalities which have created an ever-changing series of startling class inter-relationships. Each of the college classes, from senior to freshman, has at one time or another assumed a marked numerical superiority to the others. We have seen the senior class outnumber the freshman class by a ratio of two to one. We have had the unique experience of seeing as many as four different sets of freshmen enter during one single college year. In the halls it was not uncommon to hear one student inquire of another: "What class are you in?" Often the reply was: "I really don't know." The climax of incongruities was reached in September, 1944, when there were three different varieties of seniors in the college at the same time but no junior class at all.

Still other changes added to the difficulty of keeping alive a vigorous program of student activities. The ratio of men to women students dropped from about 1 in 5 to about 1 in 100. At one time the proportion of resident students to day students dropped to less than half the enrollment of the college. We were rapidly becoming a "9 to 4" college.

Suspensions of the most colorful and inspiring of the college celebrations and activities was especially disheartening. The loss of the men's activities left a gap which never could be filled. One by one other student activities followed into retirement. Reluctantly the students gave up College Play-Day in the fall, the orchestra, most of the class dances, the Old English Dinner at Christmas, much of the May Day pagentry and most of the colorful June Week activities of the senior class.

Now that the war is behind us there are hopeful signs that the trend of events is at last being reversed. The present vigorous administration of the S.G.A. holds a promise not only of a reconversion but a renaissance of student social life and college activities. In this spirit it is to be hoped that the S.G.A. will seek not only to replace the suspended activities but that it will add activities or modify present practices to suit peculiar needs of our student body.

Other organizations, too, are falling into line. The present small but ambitious Senior Class has resolved to put back into June Week much of the sparkle and brilliance traditionally associated with the occasion. The Dramatic Club shows evidence of coming to life and it is good to see an active Mens' Club once more.

Much of the hope for an early return of college color and spirit must be invested in the Freshman Class.

(Continued on page 10)
THE TOWER LIGHT

#### THE TEACHERS COLLEGE OF THE FUTURE

PIVE YEARS AGO WE CELEBRATED THE seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of this college. I made the opening address at the Convocation and called it "The First Hundred Years". I find it interesting and somewhat gratifying to read the latter part of that address in which I predicted for the next twenty-five years. Five of those years have now passed and we begin to realize the fulfillment of some of the predictions which I made.

In that address I said, "It is with great apprehension that I attempt to envisage the next quarter century. Basing our ideas of the next twenty-five years on the needs and demands which are apparent to us today, we can gauge the work which is ahead with some degree of assurance, some wishful thinking, some fanciful ideality." That statement is just as true today as it was five years ago. "The next twenty-five years should mark a period of change and rapid growth. New concepts of childhood education which we struggle to clarify today when we come face to face with the issues which threaten our democratic way of life will lead us to a way of teacher education which has not been tried before."

The Teachers College of the next five years will make more rapid progress in the direction of the foregoing objective than that of the past five years. The new emphasis on child study which has received impetus from the collaboration of those scientists who contribute to the sum total of our knowledge of human growth and development will make necessary a curriculum in which all activities, all courses, are centered in a program of child study. When this is brought about, the dividing lines which we have always held between primary and intermediate and junior high and senior high school grades will disappear. There will be a single program of teacher education and the Teachers College will be a College of Education for Teachers, -not elementary teachers, nor high school teachers-just teachers.

Further in the address there is the statement, "Respect for the individual must take on new meanings"; and again, "Respect for the individual means respect for the individual's rights and abilities of self direction." That concept of education has directed our progress in breaking from the traditional one-program-alike for all. Understanding of the worth of the individual must help always to determine the curricula for all levels of the educational system from nursery school through the grades and through college. The Teachers College curriculum of the future must provide opportunities for students to follow the bent

of their own potentialities. There is no real reason why all teachers should be cut to the same pattern nor kept in the same groove. Sameness is conducive to stagnation.

The Teachers College will continue to strive toward a program which provides for individual differences and recognizes that the greatest good comes from capitalizing these differences and helping students to discover their own potentialities, thus starting them on the way of self-direction.

The curriculum will allow students more and more to select their own programs. There will be many electives from which they can choose and curricular and extra-curricular activities will be closely coordinated. Such a program implies a student body of six hundred selected students and a faculty of fifty instructors, all authorities in the separate fields of knowledge.

The facilities at Towson will render greater and greater service to the State. The development of the curriculum laboratory as a service center for the teachers of the state will afford this college opportunities for active pioneering, for leadership which it has long coveted. This leadership can be most vital in the field of research. Summer sessions will be devoted to the study of the educational problems of the teachers of the state. A new library building on the campus providing reading rooms, little theatre, studios, rooms for exhibits, and workshops will facilitate the realization of this goal.

Opportunities for leadership will be afforded further by the erection on this campus of a radio transmitter operating on frequency modulation, which is to serve Baltimore and the area within a 45 mile radius of Towson. This radio station will be erected just as soon as manpower and materials are available.

The gymnasium and the swimming pool will be instrumental in developing closer relations between the college and the alumni.

The State's participation in a program of exchange of teachers for the purpose of building a basis for international understanding will involve the utilization of the facilities of this college and do much to expand its sphere of influence and to render more fruitful its own productivity. Evantually there will be a program of student exchange, and Teachers College students will take some of their courses while spending a semester in a foreign land while a student from that land lives in her room in Newell Hall.

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# WE REMEMBER READING

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS. A rural school in Texas gave Lucy Scott her start. There she learned to read by the A. B. C. method. With agility she read from large commercial wall charts and a basic reader. Later although no child classics were to be found in the classrooms, she read home copies of Dickens, Scott, and the *Youths Companion* magazine.

EXERCISE DOES IT. Arthur Brewington can't recall what he learned during his first year of school. However, he remembers vividly his entrance into formal education. The first day he ran around the school house three times pursued by his mother. On the third round his mother caught him and directed his course through the front door for a dramatic first appearance! His love of action is revealed in his early literary choices: The Little Brownie, Tom Swift, The Rover Boys and Tarzan.

LISTENING IN. Anita Dowell "listened in" on the reading lessons being taught to her older sister by her mother at home and surprised the family by learning to read, too. The excellence of the method is shown by the fact that before she was six years old she read from the Bible at Sunday School! One of her early favorites was *Little Women*.

PERHAPS MINERVA. Margaret Barkley can't remember ever being unable to read, yet she doubts that she was born with the ability! Of course she means learning to read English—she can tell you all about learning to read Italian, but that's another story. Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses* was her first love in literature.

X Marks The Spot. Hazel MacDonald's first task in the first grade was to write and say the alphabet. She was successful in writing all the letters until she came to X. She had to stay after school and labor over the X to make it stand up correctly and not look like a plus sign. She confesses to a passion for the *Elsie Series*, *Black Beauty*, and the *Youths Companion*.

LITERARY DIVERSIONS. It all goes back to "before she was six" when Irene Steele's mother and sister read to her at home. Grimm's Fairy Tales and Long-fellow's Village Blacksmith were among the selections she enjoyed most. Then her first grade reading came along, and she learned easily. But when she had such unchallenging content as: "a boy, a bat—the boy, the bat," she found relief by quietly retiring under her desk to rest, or play, or think up better stories of her own!

A HEAD START. Joe West learned to read at four years of age. His parents, aunts, uncles, and older brothers were responsible for his early reading and appreciation of literature. No wonder with such a head start that at twelve he was reading Shakespeare (not Lamb's *Tales*) and Chaucer!

By AID of Apron Strings. Theresa Wiedefeld learned to read at home by following her mother around the kitchen asking for words as she encountered new ones in her book. In the first grade all reading was done orally—each child taking a turn. She was such a good reader that she read ahead of the class and consequently when she was called on she couldn't find the place. The book she remembered reading with greatest joy was *The House of Seven Gables* which she carried with her everywhere.

A DREAM COMES TRUE. Donald Minnigan was taught the word method via phonics in an Illinois rural school. He loved to read Ernest Thompson Seton's nature stories and dream of the thrilling adventures afforded the naturalist. Years later he had the rare good fortune of joining Seton's nature camp near Lock Raven and there he heard the author tell his own stories!

Santa Clause Helped. This is the way Bernice Brouwer remembers learning to read her first word. As the Christmas season approached she enjoyed hearing her mother read *The Night Before Christmas*. She inquired about the picture of Santa writing on a long sheet of paper. After her mother explained that he was writing the names of all the good boys and girls to whom he'd take gifts, she said "I know my name is there." Her wise mother wrote "Bernice" on the page. From that day forward, she could read her name on or off the list. It is important to add that she was standing in front of her mother at that time and learned her name up side down. No wonder she's such a good typesetter today!

What A Blaze! William Hartley learned to read in the first grade. In no time he was the best reader in his class, but alas he also became teacher's number one problem boy. The books were too easy to take up his time, therefore he devoted his unlimited energy and versatility to non-curricular activities. His lack of interest in reading enabled him to be promoted by a very slim margin. So it continued until the day he read the story about a poor country boy who was left in the city. There upon the reading spark burst into flame and consumed *The Little Match Girl*, *The Lone* 

# WE REMEMBER READING

Scout, Horatio Alger, and 125 volumes of Tom Swift! And it seems to go on and on!

Goes Down On Brown. Before Pearle Blood went to school she could read, write, and spell a goodly number of words which her older sister had taught her. On the first day of school she made a list of all the words she knew and submitted it to the teacher who promptly placed her in the top reading group. The only trouble she ever had was over the world "brown," and for failure to know it, she was kept after school. The first book she truly treasured was Grimm's Fairy Tales.

Modern Methods. The success of the more recent methods of teaching reading is told by Mary Catherine Kahl. She learned to read sentences and paragraphs for the thought. The whole procedure was so pleasant that she can recall no hazards that first year. She only remembers enjoying very much the primer story *The Little Red Hen*. Another contemporary note in her report is that she loved to read the comics.

BABY READS BIBLE. In modern psychology we hear much of the need for "studying the infant" but we never hear of "the infant studying". Yet on our campus we find this phenomenon in the person of Stella Brown. At the age of two (so her parents told her) she could say her letters and identify them in the Bible! This early success did not turn her head as is demonstrated by the practical nature of the story she liked best in her Butler's First Reader: Beth and Nell Are Playing Washday.

FROM A LINEN MOTHER GOOSE. Dorothey Bergner's reading interests had their beginning in a copy of *Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes* printed on linen which she enjoyed when she was a very little girl. It was a wonderful book, for it could be played with, slept with, and even put through the wash! Later she was an avid reader of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, *The Five Little Peppers*, and *Hans Brinker*.

WAY OUT WEST. Anna Baker's brothers taught her to spell some words before she was of school age. Her success with "candy" and "Daddy" made them very proud. She attended a village school in North Dakota where the oral reading method was in vogue. She and her seat-mate cooperated in keeping the place! Later *Polly Anna* and her brother's, *Boys Scout Series* were her favorites for home reading.

Not Big Enough. Jane Daniels learned her 3 R's at home from her older sister. On the first day at school she was asked to write the multiplication table on her slate. She cried when she found the slate too small to hold all she knew! She loved reading, and after enjoying all the books for children, she began on adult fiction. Among her favorites were the Elsie books and Scarlet Pimpernel.

THE CALL OF THE WILD. Compton Crook's school-teacher mother taught him to read at home before he began his school career. He didn't learn his letters first, but began by learning words. He wrote the new ones each day on his slate. After he was introduced to the *Jungle Books* and *Tarzan* he became a voracious reader of nature and adventure stories, and his family said that he literally read all the time.

When Pupil Turns Teacher. Hazel Woodward entered the first grade when she was four years old. She was puzzled about the primer—on one page she found the picture of a dog with a bird in his mouth. She felt sorry for the bird and spent all afternoon trying to find out what the list of words under the picture said. After a time she must have realized that she was making little progress with the word method, for she invented a kind of thought method for herself. It worked, and reading was fun!

INTICED BY SWEETS. In the 18th Century Basedow advocated the gingerbread method. The dough was shaped into forms of the letters. After learning a letter, the reader could eat it. How superior was the method used by Mary Bulkley's first grade teacher in a Nebraska rural school! There the children read a charming story *Candy Land*. Could such words as "home, tree, and toy," be difficult if the child visualized them made of candy? Perhaps our doctor received at that time her interest in diet as well as in reading!

Homer Behind Bars. Although Emma Weyforth learned to read at school, her literary appetite was whitted at home by listening to her father read aloud. Early favorites were *Emmy Lou*, Eugene Field's poems, and Dickens. She liked very much the tales from Homer, but was curious as to why he had been imprisoned. Whenever her father or teacher mentioned the bard Homer, she imagined the poor man behind bars. Some time later when she saw the word, the mystery was solved!

(Continued on page 11)

# -FACULTY FACTS AND FANCIES

V-J DAY FOUND THE FACULTY OF STC up to their ears in war work. If you don't believe it, consider these facts: Captain Crook was with the U.S. Office of Special Services doing topdrawer secret stuff. Mr. Minnegan was called by his country to serve as Civilian Consultant on the Recreational Program in the European Theatre of Operations. Dr. Brewington was an aircraft inspector at the Glenn L. Martin Co., Walther and West took off their air-raid warden's helmets and bade good bye to Civilian Defense. Dr. Dowell was on the job as a hospital aide and nurses librarian. Miss Roach won the honor of blood doner, par excellence. Miss Barkley looked extremely charming in her Red Cross uniform as she served faithfully at the Blood Donor's Center. President Wiedefeld did her bit in the Nurse's recruiting Board. Miss Yoder served as a faithful correspondent with our boys and girls in service, and kept the college wartime scrapbook. Miss Weyforth took her Glee Club to USO's and camp shows to lighten the moments of the armed forces. Dr. Bergner was busy with research on synthetic rubber. Mrs. Brouwer worked in a printing plant in her spare time wearing a government badge and turning out high priority material. Miss Bersch, Daniels and Scott served on the local Rationing Board doing their part in a vital wartime service.

No note of the wartime service of the STC faculty would be complete without paying tribute to all those who stuck to their wartime jobs of teaching. The college served in an indespensible capacity during the war by maintaining its teacher education functions. Teachers were badly needed and the college worked diligently to answer this need. Faculty members carried on at home by carrying heavy loads. Often there was only one member of a department left to carry on the work in that subject. We would not detract from the honor and glory of those who did their part in the armed services, or in industry, but honor and recognition is also due to those who "carried on" on the home front.

And now that the war is over! Will the faculty rest on their laurels? Not if they are to be judged by past performances. Dr. Crabtree, whose series of elementary school readers are among the best sellers in their field, will continue with her writing, and perhaps even find time to play the flute. Dr. West, another of STC's eminent authors is busy on another book, but not so busy that he can't keep his hand in at pottery making and playing the guitar. Miss Blood is busy revising her Geography of Maryland. Dr. Walther

and President Wiedefeld are working on a series of standardized tests in Geography. Dr. Brewington, whose publications in speech education have contributed greatly to the field, may find time to contribute his basso profoundo to one of Baltimore's leading choral societies. Mrs. Stapleton, who has written many plays and pageants, will again set her trusty pen to paper and create vehicles for our dramatic society. Dr. Dowell, whose health bulletins published by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company have been used by countless teachers, may again be able to do some of the globe-trotting which she loves so well. (This list is becoming so extended that I had better start a new paragraph.)

Take a long breath and read on. The diversified interests and remarkable talents of our faculty can be seen by the following samplying of hobbies: Miss Baker collects antiques and china, Mrs. Brouwer designs hats, Mr. Moser does geological research and makes ship models, Miss Bersch sews beautifully, Miss Yoder is the outstanding teller of children's stories in the Western Hemisphere, Miss Woodward's handmade aprons, quilts and tablecloths are things of beauty and a joy forever, Miss Brown is a world traveler, recipe collector, and gardner extraordinary, Dr. Dowell is an ornithologist of note, Mr. Walther raises the nicest flowers in Baltimore, Mr. Minnegan's clay modeling makes Epstein look amateurish, Mr. Crook is a National Park Ranger in the summer time who makes all of nature his hobby, Miss Roach is Cullerton's closest rival at contract bridge, Dr. Bulkley collects stamps, Miss Kahl studies Russian, Miss Holt collects anything that looks like a frog, Miss MacDonald is a voracious reader and a pianist on a par with Iturbi.

Modesty forbids that we mention that ex-chief petty officer in the Coast Guard who fought the battle of Baltimore, collects blondes, brunetts and redheads, noted for his quiet sox, ties, and sweaters, whose writings have puzzled the educational world for twenty years and whose initials are William H. Hartley.

#### TEACHERS COLLEGE—(Continued from page 3)

The future is rich in possibilities for the State Teachers College at Towson. With sufficient vision and opportunity to develop our potentialities this should be the outstanding college on the eastern seaboard.

M. THERESA WIEDEFELD.

THE TOWER LIGHT

# HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR FACULTY?

Try matching the deeds and the doers. Answers on page 10.

1. Shakes a wicked foot, and can spin a wild tale is song or verse. ( )	18. Is equally fond of frogs and shopping. (	
2. Was once a Y. M. C. A. secretary. ( )	<ul><li>19. Sings bass and was a member of a college choir.</li><li>( )</li></ul>	
3. Gathered rocks from each county in Maryland and built a fireplace for her summer home. I draws, too. ( )	20. Makes artistic flower arrangements and would love to garden if she had time to do it. ( )	
4. Once aspired to being a flutist, and can still trill recognizable tune. ( )	21. Sews a fine seam and creates aprons with eye appeal. ( )	
5. Can raise the roof, and perhaps more, with the rebel yell. ( )	22. Was president of the State Federation of Business and Professional Women. ( )	
6. Sings southern ballads and strums his own banjo	23. Has an artistic bent and can draw and sketch with skill and creativeness. ( )	
7. Can shingle a roof, and do assorted kinds of car penter and repair work. ( )	24. Haunts the antique shops for furniture and old china. ( )	
8. Is studying Russian. ( )	25. Is an exceptionally fine pianist whom we can't hear too often. ( )	
9. Taught a Sunday School class of nearly one hundred midshipmen. ( )	26. Organized details for office management of the	
10. Cans and preserves her garden products. (		
11. Found Washington Square interesting during her days at N. Y. U. ( )	27. Can perform a fire dance with skill and grace.  ( )	
12. For recreation enjoys the symphony and ballet	28. Always has a broad knowledge of worthwhile articles in current magazines. ( )	
13. Knows well the rocks and geological formations of Maryland. ( )	29. Was a forest ranger in Rocky Mountain National Park. ( )	
14. Can plan menus and prepare dishes of which the Waldorf-Astoria might be proud. ( )	a Baker $k$ Crook $u$ Scott	
15. Is a philatelist with a particularly fine collection of U. S. stamps. ( )	d Bersch $n$ Hartley $x$ Walther	
16. Teaches sailing and only occasionally capsizes ( )	g Brouwer q MacDonald xx Wiedefeld	
17. Likes to train birds and "Mr. Micawber" was her prize pupil. ( )	h Brown $r$ Minnegan $yy$ Woodward $i$ Bulkley $s$ Moser $zz$ Yoder $j$ Crabtree $t$ Roach	

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#### Prelude

Hands of men builded of brick and stone A school—and placed it clean in the wind On a hill.

Deep silence followed clamor.
The school looked quietly out
On the hills hugging their purpose,
On the shimmering green of summer mists;
Felt the tingeing of autumn leaves,
And held close the deep joy of nights alone.
Outside—nature.

Inside the long new halls—a loneliness Echoes of the first footfalls—thin and hollow. Soon came a thronging of echoes, Came work and children's laughter. Something began to stir within the building—A slow clumsy awakening to a spirit. All loneliness fled.

It seemed as though in two great kind hands Was held a low light—shielded.
And a voice from the mists of all Beginnings Cried, "Here is a building.
You who are rich with understanding And wise in the ways of beauty Make of this a holy place."

MARGUERITE SIMMONS.

This poem was written by Marguerite Simmons, when she was a student, for the dedication service of the Lida Lee Tall School.

# Looking Out The Window

The smoke rises straight up and then moves slowly off into the sky. It is dark in color as it rises, and then fades to lighter tones as it drifts away.

Ambition is like the smoke, takes us straight up, strong in feeling but slowly relaxes becoming weaker.

To keep ambition strong, the spark which started the feeling must be rekindled and not allowed to burn out.

M.B.R.

#### Musts

MISS WOODWARD SENT A QUESTIONnaire to the faculty inquiring into their reading interests. They were asked to report on the *musts*, the books no one should miss, to compile into a reading list for the students. The returns were so copious there is not space for them here. However there follows a list of ten contemporary writers, favorites of the faculty, arranged alphabetically with one or more of their works. With how many of these writers are you familiar?

Buck, Pearl: The Good Earth, Sons, Dragons Teeth. Cather, Willa; Death Comes for the Archbishop, My Antonia.

Galsworthy, John: The Forsythe Saga. Hardy, Thomas: The Return of the Native.

Hemingway, Earnest: A Farewell to Arms, For Whom the Bell Tolls.

Lewis, Sinclair: Main Street, Babbit.

Maygham, Somerset: Of Human Bondage.

O'Neill, Eugene: Nine Plays. Steinbeck, John: Of Mice and Men.

Shaw, George Bernard: Man and Superman.

# Founder's Day

IN RECOGNITION OF ITS FOUNDING ON January 15, 1886, the State Teachers College at Towson held special exercises on Sunday, January the thirteenth. Though the college has reached the venerable age of four score years, the program for this celebration gave special emphasis to the year the State Normal School was moved from Baltimore to Towson thirty years ago.

Members of the class of nineteen sixteen, served as a committee to make plans for the program and selected the theme, "Reminiscences and memories of Thirty Years at Towson."

Dr. Mary Braun, Miss Lillian Rodenhi and Miss Rhea Kraus, of the Class of 1916, told of traditions which had their origin in the first year at Towson, the curriculum of thirty years ago, and the first year of dormitory living. Rt. Rev. Joseph M. Nelligan, now rector at the Cathedral in Baltimore, pictured the grounds on which the college stands, the York Road, and parts of Towson, as he recalled them before the Normal School came to Towson. Monsignor Nelligan had lived with his parents at Glen Esk, in the house which is now the home of the college president.

President Wiedefeld, who presided, made clear that the site selected and purchased for the Normal School

—(Continued on page 11)

# CROSSED WAVE LENGTHS

PROCTER, ARKANSAS IS SIMILAR TO many small out-lying communities on the highway between Memphis and Little Rock. For years before the highway was constructed it lay quiet and unawakened-a mere cross-road in a flat region surrounded by well-tilled cotton fields and muddy, red clay roads. With the construction of the modern highway, many of the citizens of Procter moved their humble, frame houses closer to the road so they might observe the passing traffic—the only amusement the gossipy housewives enjoyed to pass the time from sunup to sunset. Some of the few enterprising merchants moved their stores and small cafes into a single line along a small stretch of road. To the casual summer traveler between Memphis and Little Rock, Procter, Arkansas was no more than a line of small, drab frame buildings which passed quickly by his speeding eye as he hurried on to the city.

Back from the highway and up a small, red dirt road was the neat and clean home of Sibyl Hughes. She had lived in Procter all of her life— a span of some fifty-five years-and left her house only to buy some groceries at Sol Horseman's General Store on the highway or to attend the Sunday services, morning and night, at the small Methodist Church, a country block away from her home. For it was in this church that her father had had his "funeral sed" when she was just a girl, and at whose altar she had "got religion" during one of the old-fashioned revivals which swept the country-side a few years after his death. Sibyl had lived alone by the side of the narrow, red dirt road all of her life. She seldom appeared at a neighbors home; and whether by choice or by purpose (no one knew), she did not even amuse herself with the playful gossip of the wives of the village. In fact, Sibyl Hughes led to all outward eyes a solitary but exemplary life—an example to all of the young girls of Procter, Arkansas.

For years, Sibyl's only amusement was the radio—a small powerful model for which she had saved many months before she ordered it from the mail order house in Memphis and which now occupied a prominent, almost sacred place in her tidy living room. Though she followed daily the morning programs broadcast from Memphis and enjoyed the serial dramas the most, there was one afternoon program she never missed. This program she accidentally discovered on a Sunday afternoon following a very emotional and soul-stirring message on heaven delivered by the local Methodist parson. And it was by accident because in a moment of religious elation, she turned her radio dial away

from its usual Memphis wave-length and caught a station to which she had never listened before. Such a wonderful program it was! Never before had Sibyl Hughes heard such wonderful music and such beautiful voices. Every succeeding Sunday afternoon saw Sibyl listening enraptured to her two o'clock concert. Though she mentioned the program rather guardedly to Sol Horseman one morning, he never was able to tune in on the concert; and on one Sunday afternoon she almost abruptly pushed poor Mrs. Thomas out of the house because Mrs. Thomas interrupted her during the time she was listening to her glorious concert. Mrs. Thomas just shook her head, trudged back to her home along the red dirt road, and muttered to herself, "Sibly shouldn't listen to that radio so muchshe should married years ago."

On one Sunday afternoon shortly after our story began, Sibly returned from church and expectantly waited for her concert program to begin. She dialed to the 1200 cycle on which it usually appeared and sat down to enjoy the heavenly music—but no music and no beautiful voices greeted her accustomed ear. In its place a Memphis announcer commented on the news of the day and played a few disagreeable records to pass the time away. Try as she would Sibyl could not find this wonderful program; so after considerable turning and twisting of the dial, she turned disgustedly to the tasks of preparing her Sunday dinner and resolved to make her first visit to Memphis the following day.

John Lindsey, the manager of Memphis station, WMC, was busily looking over his morning mail and studying the radio programs for the week, when his secretary walked into his modern office and announced an early visitor, for he didn't expect anyone to confer with him at 8:30 in the morning. "You say her name is Sibyl Hughes from Procter, Arkansas?" he inquired of his secretary. "All right, show her in."

Sibyl entered without hestitation—in fact, with some abruptness that rather puzzled Mr. Lindsey. She refused his offer of a chair and walked straight to the side of his long mahogany desk. Before he could inquire of her the business for which she had come, Sibyl demanded curtly, "Mr. Lindsey, I have come to take your position."

Now John Lindsey was a business man accustomed to logical business dealings. He knew some of the peculiarities of human nature for he had from time to time found it necessary to assuage the sensitive feel-

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#### **1918-1945**—(Continued from page 1)

the student government organization and from a strong teaching staff. Many that we love have left us. To them our hearts reach out in fond memories and devotion. Many that we love have come to us. We appreciate their fine adjustments and contributions. They are helping us to meet with hope and eagerness a new world still in its birth throes. What the future holds for teachers and in particular, for our college, no one knows. But we do know that we shall take our place courageously and forcefully in that brave new world.

So here we are, in spite of the changes and material growths of twenty-seven years, still very much the same. We are still bubbling with enthusiasm, alert for the new, consumed with curiosity, surcharged with energy and eager for work. In fact we are still in our late teens. Sixteen to twenty we were those many years ago and sixteen to twenty we still are. Sixteen to twenty we shall always be. By what alchemy does time stand still. Ponce de Leon spent his whole life in search of the Fountain of Youth. But we, who teach at the State Teachers College, have found it here within our doors, and may drink each day at the fountain head.

HELEN STAPLETON.

#### RECONVERSION ON THE CAMPUS

-(Continued from page 2)

The very presence of such a fine, large class suggests that enrollment abnormalities are rapidly coming to an end. The quality of the class membership gives further cause for hope. The frankness and confidence with which the freshmen attack their individual problems, the presence of many promising leaders, and the ease with which the freshmen meet their social obligations all offer indications of a class which will make its presence felt in the years to come.

No one is more eager to see a rich and colorful student life than the members of our faculty. They are eager and willing to help but it is not in their power to give *esprit de corps*, the pleasures of good fellowship or the satisfactions of harmonious group living. In these things the students themselves must take the initiative. More power to them!

HAROLD MOSER.

# **More from Other Colleges**

TEM FROM THE NASHVILLE (TENN.) Banner October 31, 1945: "There never was such a week at Ward Belmont School, as students will joyously admit and school officials will wearily sigh. For, in order to meet the \$21,000 goal set up for the Victory Loan all precedent was cast to the winds".

All positions on the administrative staff were turned over to student Bond buyers for a week. Most daring of all, men students were enrolled for a week by the President pro tempore!

Radios blared in the library: girls smoked in restricted areas, wore shorts and bluejeans to classes. But the results (\$11,000 toward the school goal) were worth it, according to students and faculty members.

# Answers to—How Well Do You Know Your Faculty?

-(Continued from page 7)

If you make a score of 28, you must be a genius; 25-27 is excellent; 20-25, good; below 20, you need to know the faculty better.

1—z	11— <i>t</i>	21—уу
2—n	12 <del></del> c	22—h
3— <i>xx</i>	13—s	23—x
4— <i>j</i>	14—g	24a
5—и	15—i	25—q
6—у	16— <i>l</i>	26—b
7—е	17—v	27—r
8 <del></del> p	18—0	28—w
9—d	19—f	29—k
10—m	20	

#### War Bond News

Northern State Teachers College, Aberdeen, South Dakota rallied local merchants, the radio station, and student poster artists to put over a home-talent show for the Loan. Majorettes from the college collected pledges, sold Bonds during intermission.

### WE REMEMBER READING

-(Continued from page 5)

ROLL OUT THE BARREL. Clarice Bersch learned her letters at home on an alphabet barrel. She turned the handle and named the letter as it rolled into view. From her first grade reader she remembers this page, "This is Spot. She is my cat." Her favorite picture book was *Stanley and Livingston in Africa*. Whether the barrel method was responsible or not we do not know, but before she was nine years old she was reading and enjoying Dickens.

A REALISTIC REMINISCENCE. Curt Walther remembers that in the first grade he was called an excellent reader, but he says it was due to a good memory. He is convinced that he didn't really learn to read (to attach words and meanings) until he was in the third grade! He had great ability in reading from his primer "with expression" which he achieved by looking at the page and reciting its contents from memory. The first page said "Fanny has a fan. Can Fanny fan Dan? Fanny can fan Dan." It is not surprising that with this start he became a reading fan!

The Solution. Now we know why Mary Betty Roach likes mystery stories so well. Flask-backs on her earliest reading activities reveal a precocious appreciation of all nursery rhymes, particularly Who Killed Cock Robin? "Ding Dong Dell, Pussy's in the Well, Who put her in?" (but Mary Betty aged five knew who did it). And don't think she didn't know who was going to sit down beside Little Miss Muffet on her tuffet, or what Old Mother Hubbard would find in her cupboard, and why the dish ran away with the spoon!

ROCKING CHAIR METHOD. Helen Stapleton learned to read when she was very young. She sat on the arm of her great aunt Mary's rocking chair and followed the lines as she listened to the charming stories of *Kitty and Lulu*. She was tutored at home and did not attend a public school until she was ten years of age. She was entered in the 5th. grade, but completed both 5th. and 6th. grades during that year. In the living room of her home were long book shelves of Dickens, Thackery, Irving, and Cooper. Before she was twelve years old, she had read across these shelves!

Between Two Dames. We are not surprised to note the scholarly reading of Harold Moser today when we consider the impetus he received from his first grade teacher. His first grade classroom was equipped with double desks and benches—each occur

pied by two girls or two boys. His teacher had an ingenius method of punishing inattentive boys. When one let his mind and eyes wander from his reader, he had to "sit with a girl." One time little Harold was particularly inattentive, so she doubled the punishment by making him sit between two girls! He says he utterly collapsed but after that day, he had no difficulty in concentrating on his work.

FOUND FUN IN PHONICS. Eunice Crabtree had learned to read before she attended school, but not according to the sound-it-out and say-it method. which she found her first grade teacher using. In a short time she caught on; then she waited for a choice opportunity to display her new knowledge. Her great moment came in a demonstration lesson of the phonetic method. After much waving of the hand, she was called on. She rose to her feet and distinctly sounded out "p-i-g" and then said "hog"! At the close of the day the teacher and principal asked her to read to them from some second grade books. What we wonder is whether her creative phonics caused her to be moved up a grade or whether she was wise in choosing her chance for humor.

EUNICE K. CRABTREE.

### FOUNDER'S DAY

-(Continued from page 8)

was composed of several estates, The Nelligan property was on the north and extended to the York Road. South of the Nelligan estate was the Allen property which had as its residence the building that the college named "The Cottage." The land where the Administration Building now stands and the surrounding campus were fields of this estate. Smaller tracts to the West near the railroad tracks came from the Sheppard Pratt Hospital and the Bosley estate. A roadside tavern, called the Six-Mile House, occupied the southeast corner of the site.

After the exercises in the Auditorium tea was served to the guests and faculty in the President's offices. Members of the Class of 1916 who acted as hostesses were Miss Irma Cromwell, president of the class of 1916, Mrs. Ada Cunningham Horst, Mrs. Dora Will Knierim, Mrs. Ruth Wright Miller, Mrs. Helen Steever Rau, and Miss Evelyn Ditman.

Dr. Anita S. Dowell.

### CROSSED WAVE LENGTHS

-(Continued from page 9)

ings of some of his radio artists, but never before had anyone entered his office and demanded of him his position. Startled at first by Sibyl's earnestness and then curious about the little woman who stood so straight in front of him, he replied, "But Miss Hughes, I am manager here. No one can demand my job."

Sibyl did not move one wrinkle in her small worn face or budge one inch from her position. In just as definite a tone, she answered, "If you don't let me take your position, I'm goin' to sue you!"

By this time the manager's curiosity about Sibyl's mission had overcome his surprise. When his secretary looked into his office, he waved her away and inquired of his visitor, "Please tell me, Miss Hughes, why you are going to sue me."

Sibyl moved to one side of the manager's desk and in just as earnest a tone as she had first used, she exclaimed, "Because, Mr. Lindsey, you cannot control the wave-length of your radio station. Yesterday afternoon you moved your wave-length into my favorite radio station and cut off the program of beautiful angel voices which I hear every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock."

The manager's first reaction to Sibyl's reply was controlled by the stern appearance of his morning visitor from Procter. Though a surge of laughter suffused him, he allowed only a small smile to cut across his face. Realizing the nature of his present situation and at last able to understand wny he had been confronted by so strange a demand, he proceeded to explain to Sibyl Hughes, as best he could, how impossible it was for the wave-length of Station WMC to cross the wave-length of the program with the angel voices.

Sibyl listened attentively but without changing her erect position. She nodded from time to time and allowed the manager to complete his explanation. Finally she stepped toward the office door and said, "Very well, Mr. Lindsey. I can understand how the situation was yesterday. But do you promise me that you will never again allow your wave-length to cross my radio program?"

He looked at the small intent woman outlined in the doorway, and in his most serious manner, he replied, "I do."

Sibyl Hughes returned to Procter as quietly as she had left it. Her curious neighbors inquired about her trip but they never learned the cause or the nature of it. She still enjoys the concert of angel voices at two o'clock on every Sunday afternoon, though even now,

at every four or five months interval, she makes a trip to Memphis to caution Mr. Lindsey about the crossed wave-length of Radio Station WMC.

ARTHUR W. BREWINGTON.

# Victory Loan News

EAD STORY IN A CURRENT ASSOCIATED Collegiate Press Review is by Phyllis Barry, City Editor of the Los Angeles City College Collegian, which last year won the Treasury award for outstanding college Bond juournalism.

"Written into the editorial policy of the Los Angeles Collegian", Miss Barry says, "is the aim to serve student and community enterprise to a full and satisfactory extent. It was the efforts of the students concentrated on this policy which won for us the Treasury Press award."

The Victory Loan at CCLA was inaugurated with a special Bond issue, complete with stories of the Victory Bond activities of every club, organization and group on campus. In addition to complete activity coverage this issue was stuffed with Bond applications.

Evidence that other colleges have decided upon the same policy of service to community and student interests is seen in other editorials by college editors.

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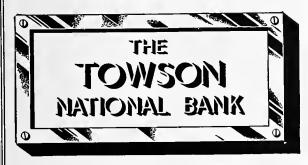
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## Welcome To Our New Students

THE TOWER LIGHT, AS THE "VOICE" OF the students and faculty of S. T. C. most heartily welcomes the newest members of the student body. To those of you who are here for the first time, we say, we hope you will enjoy your stay here at Towson and will become active in our various activities. To those of you who are returning to resume your studies here, we say, we're glad you're back. We've missed you and are looking forward to your participation in the many phases of our college life.

If things seem strange and different don't hesitate to question "why" or "how". There may or may not be a logical reason. Nevertheless, we want your suggestions and need your help in getting our Alma Mater on a post-war footing. This is your school, now, so join in and let's all help to improve and build. Welcome to you all!

# Challenge

WHETHER WE FIND IT IN A MANILA valentine, a blushing "I do", a winning smile, or a friendly nod; there is romance in life. That we cannot deny. But have we in this fast-moving generation forgotten that youth has a premium on romance? Or better still, do we put this romance into our daily lives? Romance, then, particularly the romance of little things, is a challenge of youth.

The "romance of little things" is a very inclusive topic to be sure. It includes such things as disposition, attitude, and all those small acts of kindness which we do for others as "we would have done unto ourselves." What is more unromantic than a long, unsmiling (and unbecoming) face, whether the day is gloomy or not? Is there anything that can be said in favor of the "oh, what's the use" or "it's not worth the effort" type of person? These are so unromantic as to be almost revolting. And what of those who "look the other way," or just "don't see," or "haven't the time" when an opportunity to be kind and helpful, though tangibly unrewarded, presents itself?

Cheerfulness, optimism, kindness, helpfulness—these should certainly be written into our code for youth. Search for 10mance along these highways and we will surely find it. Watch the sparkle in the eyes of an elder who has lived to the full in youth as he recounts, "Now, when I was young . . .". Here we have visual proof of the effectiveness of our code for youth. What further proof do we need? Let us energetically accept this challenge of youth—to find the romance in little things. And when we no longer claim youth as ours, let us remember that whereas youth is romance, the reverse is likewise true. Romance is always young.

# STUDENT NEWS EXCHANGE-

THE EASTERN STATES ASSOCIATION OF Professional Schools for Teachers will hold its annual spring conference March 14 and 15, 1946, in New York City at the Hotel Commodore. Students as well as faculty members of the teachers colleges in the eastern states will attend the meetings.

The conference as now planned will open with a faculty luncheon on Thursday, March 14, at 12 noon. Small group meetings for faculty members will be held that afternoon and the following morning.

The student discussion groups will start at 2 P. M., Thursday and will continue through that afternoon and Friday morning. The program for these meetings is being arranged by a student-faculty committee under the chairmanship of Dr. Roland Will of New Paltz, N. Y. Dr. Will has announced that his committee is endeavoring to select problems for discussion which are most challenging and interesting to present day college students. Working with Dr. Will on his committee are: Dr. Grace Taylor, Jersey City, N. J.; Dean Ruth Haas, Danbury, Connecticut; Florence Braemer, Jersey City, N. J.; Joan C. Goetz, New Paltz, N. Y.; and Claire Kelley, Danbury, Conn.

The high spot of the conference will be the general luncheon for students and faculty Friday noon, March 15. An eminent speaker is being sought for this occasion, and the *a cappella* choir of the State Teachers College, Trenton, N. J., will furnish music for the luncheon.

Owing to the war, there was no meeting of the association in 1945; it was only after assurances from the ODT that the ban on conventions was completely removed that the board of control of the association considered holding the 1946 spring conference. The Board urges that students and faculty members make hotel reservations for the conference at once; for although demands on hotels are easing to some extent, it is still practically impossible to obtain rooms without reserving them far in advance.

The Eastern States Association of Professional Schools for Teachers is the only large professional association in which students participate extensively in the meetings. Students have always had a large share in the activities of the association, and this year there were student delegates present at the October meeting of the Board of Control when the plans were made for the coming spring conference. This is the first time that joint meeting of undergraduates and faculty members has enabled the students to take part in conference plans from the beginning. The student

representatives of the Board of Control in October were;

Pearl Puska, President of School Government Cooperative Association, State Teachers College, Willimantic, Conn.

Margaret McCarthy, student, University of Delaware, Newark, Delaware.

Anne Lippincott, student representative, Wilson Teachers College, Washington, D. C.

Frances E. Proter, student, State Teachers College, Farmington, Maine.

Shirley E. Butler, student, Coppin Teachers College, Baltimore, Md.

Florence E. Braemer, President of Psychology Club, State Teachers College, Jersey City, N. J.

Joan C. Goetz, President of Student Council, State Teachers College, New Paltz, N. Y.

Marie C. Thorpe, student, R. I. College of Education, Providence, R. I.

On Thursday, March 14, from 2 to 5:30 p. m. four panels will explore student problems. The discussions will be conducted entirely by the students attending and will cover these aspects of student life:

- 1. Problem of Student Government: A comparison of various types of student government organizations; membership; faculty supervision; control; fields of influence.
- 2. Curricular Needs and Interest of Students: Needs for curricular revision; value of courses; choices of electives; correlation of methods courses; comparison of practice teaching hours.
- 3. Student Publications: Financial allotments; faculty supervision; size and frequence of publications.
- 4. Extra-Curricular Activities: Fields of interest and regulations; choice; eligibility for membership; dues; number in which the individual can partake; spirit prevailing.

On Friday, March 15, 9 to 11:30 a.m. panel discussions will be conducted with faculty members acting as moderators and students participating. The scheduled topics are:

1. Science and Human Understanding: How do biology and psychology affect human understanding? What effect will new scientific discoveries have upon society? How have scientific methods in education revealed new ideas to us? (Continued on page 8)

THE TOWER LIGHT

# G.I. COLUMN-

WE WERE ALL VERY HAPPY TO HAVE A few of our service men and women back for a visit last month.

Among our welcomed guests were:

Kenneth Martin who, although he has no idea what his future assignment will be, is going back to New Jersey sub-camp of Camp Monmouth for several weeks.

Quinton D. Thompson who reports to Washington, D. C. after a well deserved thirty day leave.

Evelyn Medicus, stationed at the Nation's Capital at the present time, but who expects to be a civilian in February.

Those who have been fortunate enough to don civies again are:

John Gwynn who was discharged November 11th from Bainbridge.

Isaac Schloven, discharged November 12th from Ft. Meade.

William J. Raft who received his discharge from some place in Texas, December 14 th.

Good news for you men (and girls, too) of S. T. C. We hope to have at least four ex-service men in our midst in February! . . . .

Dallas Smith, Edward Clopper, James O'Connor, and David Carthwarte. We'll certainly be looking forward to the new additions. Also returning to us in February will be Dorothy Farmer. Welcome back to Towson!

Furstenfeldbruck, Germany—S./Sgt John A. Schmid, whose parents reside at 6406 Old Harford Road, Baltimore, Maryland, is now at the Army Air Forces (European Theater) Reinforcement Depot, which was recently moved here from Chateau Thierry, France.

While he is at this post, situated near Munich in the heart of a picturesque Bavarian forest, S./Sgt. Schmid will have an opportunity to enjoy the famous scenery and the superb winter sports facilities which has made this region famous throughout the world. Within easy driving distance is Garmisch-Parten-kirchen, site of the 1936 Winter Sports Olympics, now converted into a luxurious Army rest center.

As soon as conditions permit, tours to Berchtesgaden, Salsburg, Dachau and other points of interest will be inaugurated. Available, too, will be ample furlough and leave allotments to Switzerland, Paris, Brussels, and England, according to the policy of expanded educational and recreational facilities recently announced by Col. Malcolm N. Stewart, commanding officer. (Continued on page 8)

# -POETRY CORNER-

They told me you were gone, never to return.

They said that ther'd be pain at first, then emptiness, and finally, forgetting. But they didn't know.

You are much closer now you're gone; my dear—

Your presence is constantly with me. You smile when the wind crinkles the autumn wheat;

Your laugher is the rushing brook;
The pulsing color of an August sunset is the beating heart of you;
The deep pool is the calm soul of you.
If I could but tell them there is no pain, no emptiness, no forgetting; for,
I shall have you with me always now, my dear.

Anonymous.

### Women!

This reaching for the moon's no fun, Why can't we be contented With those who have loved us long and well, And let them go unlamented?

The adage of the bird in hand Fits in this story neatly, But we find ourselves firmly convinced That birds in the bush sing more sweetly.

BERNICE SHUGAR.

# Press Release from:

Boston University Social Studies Students Hear Maryland Educator

The Boston University social studies luncheon at the school of education January 9, 1946 featured Dr. William H. Hartley of the State Teacher's College, Towson, Md., as guest speaker. Dr. Hartley who spoke on the topic of social studies, is a regular department contributor to the monthly magazine "Social Education" of the National Council for the Social Studies, and is editor of the 1946 yearbook of the National Council on Audio-Visual Aids.

# LITERARY-

# Homecoming

HAD BEEN TRYING TO FINISH THE OTHER sleeve of the soft pink sweater which I had been knitting for a little friend all evening, but each stitch I had taken had tended to carry me deeper and deeper into my own thoughts of the difficult problem I was facing.

Trudy and Bishop had been sitting on the sofa since an early dinner laughing and enjoying each other's company as though they were the only two in the living room. They had been married for nearly three years but however, it appeared as though they were still on their honeymoon. While I was sitting by the merrily crackling fire knitting they were sharing an album Trudy and I had kept while Bishop had been away. The album was an old one and one in which the first few pages had been filled with pictures and clippings of Bishop when he was just a boy. Occasionally, between the laughter and remarks, there was a brief kiss and a warm embrace.

I had been sitting in the living room for nearly an hour noticing Bishop and Trudy quite often. While knitting I was remembering this was the way they had always been, happy and apparently undisturbed by worry or trouble. Although the last year had been a difficult one for him, this fact had been concealed from the very first of his return. Tonight I saw him as the same sandy haired boy I had spanked not once, but many times for "borrowing" cookies from my cookie jar. Still very handsome, still very youthful with his warm brown eyes. He had returned, it seemed, unchanged. Bishop, himself, gave this appearance, but in my heart a different story was concealed.

I saw my son tonight as he looked the early Sunday morning when I had sat amidst a quiet congregation with a lump in my throat because of him. He was very happy that morning and I was very proud of him in spite of the one obvious reason why I should not have been. He was the handsomest of the eight small boys with whom he was making his First Communion but the only one who was facing the priest for the first time with a small black eye. I hadn't felt ashamed of my son because to me protecting his little friend was a credit to him. I knew that morning that he was a real boy. I knew that, although outward appearance suggested an entirely different story, he was just as fine a little boy before he received God into his own heart as he was that morning when he innocently left the Communion Rail. Tonight the swollen eye had disappeared but that same warm smile was on his face.

My rocker was next to the sofa so voluntarily my eyes crept silently across the page. Trudy was especially enjoying the album. The clipping her eyes were now resting upon was one from our local paper. Its heading was "Young Parks Receives Award". This was one of her favorite clippings in the album for she was very proud of her husband. The award had been given that year for the most outstanding senior of thirty-eight at The Ren Heights High School. Because of his superior skill and eager participation on the athletic field the award had been given to Bishop. Now glancing at his broad shoulders I heard again the hearty yells of his friends as they had often cheered him on for more touchdowns. Again I turned toward Bishop to feel the presence of the youth I had loved so well.

I stopped rocking long enough to untangle the pink yarn which had strayed noiselessly under and around my rocker. The wrapped yarn seemed to reveal the network of my wandering thoughts. My yarn became untangled and I began to work again not with the soft wool but with my inner thoughts.

Trudy and Bishop were halfway through the album now and the pictures, the cards were all of a recent date. No longer was it necessary for me to glance toward the album to know just how far along the path of reminiscence they had come, for I had gone through this particular part of the book many times. I thought I knew exactly where each card and clipping had been pasted.

The telegrams, the birthday cards, the Christmas cards had all been pasted neatly in the album just as they had been received from Bishop. Trudy was now reading each of the cards aloud. But I was recalling what Father O'Neal had once told me while Bishop was away. When telling him of a telegram I had received from Bishop saying that he was doing wonders for the Army, the good Father had chuckled rather loudly in his friendly Irish way and remarked most sincerely, "A fine son you have, Mrs. Parks. With spirit such as your son's God will surely see him through." I had been grateful for the Father's reassurance but he had only said out loud what I had always felt in my heart. Bishop wasn't any other type of person than the one who would meet the challenge, conquer it, and return safely home.

In thinking about his return I would always remember the very cold day when he was just a boy that he had gone to the nearby woods with some little friends to gather holly and running cedar for their

(Continued on page 8)

# -PROFESSIONAL-

PEBRUARY HAS COME AND THE SOPHOmore psychology classes have finished, technically, their course. Actually, they are just beginning to get

They are the members of the class, you will remember, who temporarily discarded their text books last October in favor of studying the children themselves.

The Child Study group that met here last October and brought the idea to us, met again over the 17th and 18th of January to observe the progress made by the group.

Dr. Prescott, who was here in October was not able to attend these meetings but Miss Mershou and her assistants, Miss Winn and Mr. Schulfelt were here to take charge.

In presenting the work to the group, one of the folders was chosen at random and the observations were read to the conference. The group was satisfied with the reports in that they believed the student in question was profiting by and learning something as a result of her study.

Of course the whole class can't be judged by one set of reports. But if the record read was typical of the work being done, the project may be termed as on the way to becoming a success.

Feeling among the students in the project runs anywhere from one of satisfaction to the feeling that more could be gotten from a continuous study of a text book.

At any rate, the students are getting out of the course only what they put into it and many are getting varying results—according to the child they observe, and the grade the child is in.

Now that the weekly scheduled classes are over the students will have to rely on a text for any information they gather after watching the child.

It will be interesting to see just how far the students can go in this project and how much they will get out of it.

## **Next Month**

ON OUR SCHEDULE FOR MARCH IS THE Sophomore issue, with the majority of the articles and columns being handled by members of that class. This is the second in our series of class editions, the first being our Freshman edition in October. Next on the list of class issues is the Junior issue, to come out

Help make your year's edition the best possible! FEBRUARY · 1946

# The Old Gives Way . . . —

SOME VERY WISE GENTLEMAN AT SOME momentous time or another made this profund and simple statement, "It's time for a change." The time has come and we here have made changes. The new year has been with us for over a month now, with much discussion of ballots, times of voting and final election returns. Just as the old year has given way to the new, so the retiring officers of all the organizations of the college have stepped aside for their newly elected successors. Now, fortified with the hope of a new and successful year ahead, we face 1946 with this group of capable and willing leaders.

### Student Government Association Officers

President: Betty Townshend Vice President: Peggy Crump Secretary: Janice Carico Treasurer: Don Hammerman

### Athletic Association Officers

President: To be clected

Vice President: Shirley Zimmerman

Secretary: Mary Caples Treasurer: Arelyn Thomas

### Senior Class Officers

President: Doris Gutmann Vice President: Elizabeth Rost Secretary: Dorothy Ecker Treasurer: Lorraine Diefenbach Day Social Chairman: Mary Gold Dorm Social Chairman: Kay Koenig S.G.A. Representative: Barbara Whitehurst

### Junior Class Officers

President: Etta Jane Murray Vice President: Loretta Schulte Secretary: Ruth Cronhardt Treasurer: Coryne Harmison

Day Social Chairman: Helen Nitkoski Dorm Social Chairman: Doris Spurrier S.G.A. Representative: Charlotte Diener

### Sophomore Class Officers

President: Doris Miller

Vice President: Anna Mae Kerber

Secretary: Ilia Leonard Treasurer: Ruth DeHoff

Day Social Chairman: Sara MacFadden Dorm Social Chairman: Betty Spruill S.G.A. Representative: Mary Belle Cox

(Continued on page 6)

# SPORTS-

ID YOU WONDER IF WE HAD SUCH A thing as boys athletics around our campus? Maybe you thought we didn't till Tuesday January 8, when we saw our boys challenge Sparks High School in a basketball game. The first quarter seemed a little onesided and the feeling was common among many students. Since it was the first game, we realized they needed to get used to playing with other boys. Yells, cheers, filled the gym with the spirit of victory for our team. The next quarter our boys were shooting them high and shooting them low, the boys had found their positions on the floor and were working as a team. The remaining game was more exciting and the boys were "in the game" fighting to win. Things happened in the game you have never seen happen before, ask any member of the team for further details.

Wonderfully played game, Don, Carl, Presley, Keith, and Merrill! Keep up the good work, and by the end of the season you'll come out on top.

Up to this point no girls games have been played because other colleges did not begin basketball as early as we did.

Games will be played in February and the prospects look good for a Varsity and Junior Varsity teams.

Badminton will be played again next semester and games with other schools will be scheduled. If anyone is still interested in basketball or badminton come over to the gym on the days these activities are scheduled. Sign up to come a certain day and time, and come then.

Come over to the gym either to play or as a spectator. We need both, so make all the games a date with your classmates.

# How to Stay Young

YOUTH IS NOT A TIME OF LIFE—IT IS A state of mind. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the star-like things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what next, and the joy and the game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

FLOORCRAFT.

# Third Finger—Left Hand

BEING A SERVANT TO THE T.L.; I, A CONtributing editor, have to inform you of the following "encounters in battle".

From now on Miss Betty Hutchinson will occupy the time and attention of Mr. Robert Jones.

Miss Katherine Schmidt has assumed an obligation to Corporal James Bracken.

Miss Linda Horner will be pledged and bound by contract to Ensign Frank D. Harmer, Jr., USN.

Miss Marjorie Carrier has entered a conflict with Mr. Leroy Carter.

Miss Betty Hoffacker has become attached to a young "Mystery Man". She won't give me his name, but we'll hear about the permanent partnership a little later on.

I looked high and low for more "encounters in battle" but could find no more. It seems to be a very touchy business. Who knows, I may get in it someday myself!

MARY LOU WALLACE.

### THE OLD GIVES WAY

-(Continued from page 5)

Freshman Class Officers

President: Ann Clotworthy Vice President: Margaret Stauffer Secretary: Virginia Spaulding Treasurer: Louise Carrol

Day Social Chairman: Hilda Martin

Dorm Social Chairman: Mary Anne O'Donnell S.G.A. Representative: Evelyn Sylvester

## Those Men!

IN SPRING WHAT IS IT THAT A YOUNG man's fancy turns to? Fishin'—natcherly!

With the approach of Valentines Day, which precedes spring, natcherly a young man's fancy turns to fishin'. Many are the joys to be gotten from a day spent in fishin'. One may meditate of the trials and tribulations of going to college. Yes, a man needs to go fishin' every once in awhile. It is a balm to his study-weary mind. Far away from all text books, and women; with a line in hand, a man finds peace—quiet, soothing peace. Napoleon, the Mesozoic Age and the five seven chord are pleasantly shoved out of ones mind. The sun beams down warm, and comfortably on the still water, and the still line. A man is indeed at peace—fishin'. And what's more—a man might even catch . . . a fish—fishin'.

# College News from Abroad

### NEWS RELEASE NORWEGIAN STUDENTS

THE GREAT INFLUX OF G.I.'S INTO AMERican universities can be matched throughout Europe where reopened universities in the liberated lands are experiencing unprecedented enrollments, according to word received from the World Student Service Fund headquarters. The great University of Oslo in Norway is given as an example.

Oslo's six thousand students are more than double the pre-war enrollment. These students come from two groups, the veterans of resistance, captivity, or deportation, and the newcomers from high schools. Those from the underground "emerge from their covers restless and with worn down nerves, unfit for immediate studies," due to frightful privations and dangers.

One-half of these students cannot find lodgings and are sleeping on cots in the gymnasiums of schools in the city. Most of the students lack good shoes and clothing. Study books in foreign languages are greatly needed.

There is a great shortage of teachers and classes are unduly large. Doctors and dentists are needed in great numbers but there are inadequate laboratory and clinical facilities for the training of medical and dental students. Many students desire to study abroad in the difficult post-war years.

Eighty Norwegian students have come recently to the United States to study. Thirty of these have scholarships secured through the Institute of International Education in the following institutions: Bowdoin, Bryn Mawr, Bucknell, California, Case, Colgate (2), Dartmouth(2), Illinois Institute of Technology, New Hampshire(3), Pennsylvania, Purdue(2), Radcliffe, Rockford, St. Olaf, Southern Methodist, Stevens Institute of Technology, Temple, Williams(3), Wisconsin(2).

### FROM CHINA

Preliminary reports show that the buildings of Ginling College in Nanking are intact but that the furnishings and equipment of the classrooms, dormitories, and faculty residences have been confiscated. One-half of the volumes in the library have been recovered. A middle school is using the buildings until the faculty and students return from their temporary campus at Chengtu. Lignan University in Canton and Hangchow College have been found to be quite undamaged. Yenching University has reopened on the Peiping campus for freshman and preparatory students.

Students and professors in the ninety evacuated universities and colleges continue their labors under great privations in improvised quarters, without adequate food, shelter, clothing, warmth, light, books, and laboratory equipment.

### STUDENT CONDITIONS IN POLAND

"The fierce desire of Polish students to study" is attested to by the fact that 100,000 applied for admission to reopened universities in liberated Poland, Dr. Douglas V. Steere, Professor of Philosophy at Haverford College, told officers of the World Student Service Fund, after a recent ten-day trip in Poland on behalf of the American Friends Service Committee.

Thirty thousand only could be accepted in the universities, some of which have been badly devasted. Nine thousand of these students are attending classes in the University of Warsaw in improvised classrooms all over the city, because the old city was ninety-five percent destroyed. These students live in cellars, huts, and dugouts, in a ravaged city congested with nearly 400,000 people who are without food, fuel or warm clothing.

Forty percent of the Warsaw students have returned from prisoner of war camps, concentration camps, or from compulsory labor in Germany, where thirty-five percent of them contracted tuberculosis, which is, however, only ten percent more than the general average of tubercular students in Poland, induced by under-nourishment and privation. More than sixty percent of the Warsaw professors lost their lives.

Professors are badly underpaid and are lucky to have one shabby suit each. The state is making contributions to the establishment of crude student centers and student feeding, but at present is unable to do more than to give a bowl of soup a day to every student and professor.

The universities have all reopened and two new institutions have been created, the Marie-Curie-Sladowska University at Lublin and the Cracow Polytechnical School. The University of Lwow has been moved to Breslau, now named Wroclaw. The University of Cracow, founded in 1364, was virtually undamaged, but its entire faculty of 180 was thrown into concentration camps in 1939, where many died.

"The hunger for fellowship with American and English students is terriffic," concluded Professor Steere. Great numbers are learning English. This hunger for a resumed and intensified student fellowship is universal among the students of Europe who have been isolated for so long from other student communities and from recent advances in scholarship and science.

### HOMECOMING—(Continued from page 4)

teacher, for a Christmas celebration. I hadn't been too anxious about letting him go, but with his persuasive talk he soon left me standing at the living room window watching them on their way. An hour passed, after our regular dinner time and Bishop did not come home. I had just started down our walk when I met him coming through the gate smelling of running cedar. Completely innocent of the worry he had caused he apologized in his cleverly childish manner and told me of their taking a wrong path. That night, just before he went to bed he asked me never to worry about his finding the way home again. To satisfy him, I had made the promise and had kept it. I felt after that night that he could always find home, and so he had.

Trudy and Bishop were now turning the remaining pages of the album very slowly. His arm had seemed to tighten around her shoulders and he was holding her left hand gently touching her golden wedding band. I was still knitting on the little sleeve, thinking about how much enjoyment keeping the cards and the other things Bishop had sent to Trudy and me had meant. But that letter! That letter! Would it be put soon into the album? Then I remembered with a shock that it was there. I had forgotten that I had slipped it in between the last few pages of the book while reading it over one night. Now it was too late for me to try to help the situation. I realized what Bishop was carefully unfolding. Unaware of the quick glances which passed from Trudy to me he began to read the untold truth. I kept on busily knitting, Trudy glanced quickly toward the album. He only read for a few minutes and then looked over to Trudy. "You knew all the time?" he asked rather quietly. knew what had happened and what the result was, you know that my time is limited?" Trudy only nodded her head. When he turned toward me with the same question on his face I softly said, "Yes, Bishop, we know." A sigh of relief seemed to come from the very bottom of his heart. After a brief silence he said, "The medals which are given in war for bravery and courage belong rightfully to the brave mothers and wives such as Trudy and you. You're both fine soldiers."

I did not tell him I had known for a very long while that his coming home meant home for maybe a few days, maybe a few months, maybe a year. Nor did Trudy tell him that to her the letter had meant the crowding of all the happiness some people have the rest of their lives to know into only a limited number of minutes, nights and days. We only remained silent and thanked God for the time we had had together,

and for that which still remained. How long the time would be was unimportant.

With his hand on the cover of the album and Trudy's hand on the opposite side they closed the album together. Snuggling just a little closer to each other they whispered something softly I could not understand. Because they were thinking so intensely of themselves they seemed to have forgotten I was sitting there beside them. When they had closed the album they had barred me from their thoughts and so I became the outsider. But not completely because I knew their love for each other was so beautiful and sincere that nothing could ever separate them. knew that Bishop's life had been lived so fully and happily during his twenty five years that there could be no sadness nor grief now because his time was limited. I knew so well he had got from life more than some had gained in twice his twenty five years. I could not have been Mil Parks if I had felt differently about my son's life. So, carefully folding the little pink sweater which I had at last finished for my little friend, I stayed long enough to put my knitting bag away. Tip-toeing softly from the room I left my son and Trudy sitting hand in hand before the brightly burning fire with only the song of the wind to disturb the night.

Virginia Spalding, Fr. 6

### STUDENT NEWS EXCHANGE

—(Continued from page 2)

- 2. Understanding the Russian People: What is the social significance of the Russian form of government? What has Russia contributed to the world's culture? Why is it vitally significant that we understand the Russians, particularly at this time?
- 3. Improving Race Relationships in the United States Through Education: How can the study of anthropology help improve race relationships? What is the importance of environment and intelligence in this study?
- 4. Understanding Labor-Management Relationships: What are the present day demands of labor? How powerful is management? Are strikes justifiable? Are unions warranted?

Friday noon, March 15, all faculty and students will meet for a general luncheon, highlighted by speakers and music.

### G. I. COLUMN—(Continued from page 3)

Before entering the services S/Sgt. Schmid attended Maryland State Teachers College, and was later employed as Vocational Counselor in Baltimore, Maryland.



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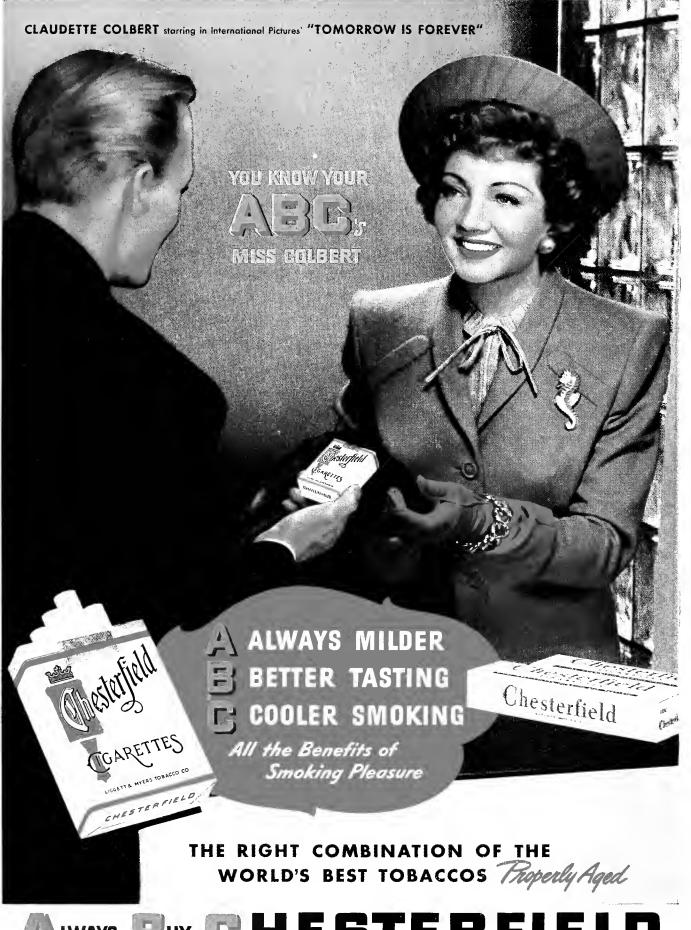
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# The Editor Speaks

(In self-defense, of course)

This issue that you now have in hand, dear reading public, is nothing less than the "SUPREME EFFORT" of the Sophomore Class. As you eagerly read each remarkable page, stop to think how much work and thought was necessary for each contribution.

Marcelle Isabelle, acting as coordinator of her year's edition, can truthfully say that she is a different woman. In explanation, I present to you the first of a series of articles prepared for your reading enjoyment by those lovable and hard-working Sophomores.

# An Exposé

I was sprawled languidly on the bed, reading, of all things, when Marcelle Isabelle came in. "Miss Gross, you write, I believe," said she with a gleam of fore-shadowing in each of her big, brown eyes. "Well," I said, clearing my throat pompously, and rising to a more dignified position. "Well, Miss Isabelle, I don't wish to appear-er-conceited or anything, but it so happens that I am one of those child prodigies who learned to write in the first grade. Ex-child-prodigy, that is."

The gleam narrowed down to the merest flicker. "Miss Gross," Marcelle explained, "You misunderstand. What I mean is, the sophomores are getting out the March issue of the Tower Light, and we sort of thought you might like to dash off an essay or a short story, or . . ."

"Or a treatise on economic conditions in Hindustan," I finished.

"Cease such raillery," replied Miss Isabelle. "Write something humorous, if need be. Just be sure to write something, and for Pete's sake, get the darned thing in by Monday."

"Monday!" I exploded. "Today is Friday already!" I could feel a frantic note creeping into my voice, and goose-bumps creeping up my spine. Miss Isabelle smiled and the gleam returned to the big brown eyes. "Well, I must hasten on, Ole Sock, see you soon." She bowed out of the room, skillfully dodging the shoe I hurled in her direction.

Alone once again, I was panic-stricken. I paced up and down, I chewed my fingernails. I was desperate.

After a long time, my senses began to function once again. I would write an exposé of Marcelle Isabelle. I would tell the world how she goes about, forcing helpless sophomores to grind out articles for sophomore issues of Tower Light. Gestapo technique, that's what it was! In years to come, sophomores everywhere would look upon me as their champion, their Thomas Paine. Ah yes! I would be the first to take up the Cause.

Thus inspired, I went over to my desk, took up my pen and began to write.

RUTH GROSS, Sophomore 2

[Editor's Note: Marcelle! Where did you learn such barbarious tactics? Hmm?]

# This To Thee, State Teachers College

(Song of Class of 1948)

This to thee, State Teachers College Thus our voices we raise Mother of our future knowledge, Listen — while we sing our praise. Like the lights of home before us, Guiding, guarding, watching o'er us, Grace and beauty are thy prizes, Fondest mem'ries to share.

Each month, each year, And each hour we are here, Will leave a light upon the sky, And as time goes by It will never die.

Thanks to thee for friends and friendships, We have made while here,
May they grow to stronger friendships
With the passing of each year.
With remembrance to our studies,
Teachers, campus, sports and buddies,
Love for thee, our Alma Mater,
Will be constant and true!

# Thank You!

That first and fateful day in school, When we set out to learn of college rule, And all the wonders of our world explore We found guidance from the friendly sophomore.

For it was the sophomore who told Us of the traditions hallowed and old, Which we were to know as we, too, became Future exponents of our college's fame.

The sophomore warned us of the pitfalls, Which we might meet in these scholarly halls, For the sophomore was the one who knew All troubles that would make a Freshman blue.

Now that we have taken our place here, The Class of Forty-nine, that future happy year, We, the Freshman, from a collective heart Thank the Sophomores for our good start.

HELEN HANSON, Fr. 3

# A Sophomore Speaks

September, 1944, found me a bewildered freshman in the halls of an unfamiliar place, namely S.T.C. Through the kindnesses of upper-classmen, however, I soon learned my way around and became adjusted to my surroundings. Nevertheless, being a freshman brought forth more difficult problems than just finding one's way around the school; for instance, such problems as: Why did it snow today? Who wrote the opera, Hansel and Gretel? To what phylum does man belong? What is the difference between an essay and a novel? How can color be used most effectively? What kind of stories do we tell children? How do we classify plants? What is history? When is a pivot most useful? These were the problems which had to be solved in order to become a sophomore. Was it really worth the labor? But, on the other hand, how could one become an upper-classman any other way? (another problem!) And, after all, being a sophomore meant superiority, not as many extra class rehearsals for Glee Club, an opportunity for becoming an S.G.A. officer, and many other privileges which freshmen couldn't experience because "they haven't been here long enough to know."

Yes, the advantages outweighed the disadvantages; so after thirty-six weeks of hard, hard work, hundreds of worries, good times, bad times, smiles and tears, and much concentrated effort, I learned the answers to all of those questions and stepped up to the place of Sophomore in September, 1945.

What a joy! At last an upper-classman! "Now to enjoy the privileges of such," I thought. After the first week, however, I found that the privileges of a sophomore included learning where the north star is located, how to classify rocks, what makes a child behave as he does, how to play the piano, what a number is, and other things of equal significance.

Anyway, if I work hard, I won't have to remain a sophomore long. I can become a junior and be a "higher" upper-classman.

BETTY ANNE SPRUILL, Soph. 3

From Mary Washington College, Fredericksburg, Va., comes sales totals on their Victory Bond Armada show. A Coast Guard Band and top-flight entertainers rolled up a total of \$55,000 in E. Bonds.

Tom Waring, brother of Fred Waring, the band leader, was master of ceremonies. Seats were divided between townspeople and students with one section reserved for buyers of special Roosevelt Bonds.

# -THE GEM OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS-

The Sophomore Class that STC is lucky enough to have tripping gaily through it's halls and dormitories is a large and unwieldly group. We are scattered to the four winds, so to speak. As a result of summer school and such, there are some of us who will become juniors in April, some in September when they come back and others next February. There are six classes of us altogether, each one better than the others; so the instructors think.

But now, speaking of adjectives (which we weren't), just as there has to be a superlative form in adjectives, so it is with our Soph. Class. Therefore we are very happy to present below the superlative form of the Soph. Class—or the Class of '48 as we are now known—Sophomore Three.

Now don't get the idea that this is a biased or prejudiced opinion of the teachers or perhaps a minority group. On the contrary, it is the unanimous decision of Soph. 3 themselves!

We are a happy, contented group. We gripe only nine-tenths of the time and the other tenth, when we're in Math, we're too scared to gripe.

But now without further ado, I'm going to present one-by-one, the members of this illustrious class.

To begin with, there is Violet Caltrider—a petite little miss from Pikesville, who has never been known to have one hair of her head out of place. Vi does a mean Highland Fling, too. Ask anyone.

Then there is Phyllis Corwell, known to all instructors, until she tells them different, as Miss Cornwell. Mistake on the sheets, you know. Phyl, as she is called by those who know her best, likes all sports and is good at them all.

Next alphabetically, is our Eastern Shore Miss, Ruth Ellen Cummings. We're all waiting to see what happens to her drawl when she takes Dr. Brewington's Speech Course some time in the future. Incidentally, she's quite a jitterbug, too.

Dot D'Amario comes next. Those who have been fortunate enough to be invited to dinner at the D'Amario home, come away raving about the Italian spaghetti. Dot's sense of humor is unique, to say the least. She always catches on to a joke at least five minutes after you tell it.

Elaine Fiedler—the quiet one, you may be inclined to call her, unless you know better—keeps promising to turn over a new leaf and arrive before 9:00. But she just keeps promising. Maybe some day!?!

Ginny Franz—the poetic one—is always out for a lot of fun. Ha! P.S. And she usually succeeds when Chuck's around.

Soph. 3's only claim to Co-Education, Don Hammerman, is really quite a guy. He only forgets to come to about half the classes on his schedule. Some day he'll be the true absent-minded professor.

The chairman of our happy little family is the next person in the line-up. A rabid Oriole fan and excellent basket-ball player, you all recognize her as our own 5' 11" blonde, Jean Ritter.

Katie Schmidt—next in our procession of personalities—has a one-track mind. Since Jimmie has come home, just try and talk to her about anything else.

Doris Shocket has been lucky during her summers. She worked in the office at the Holabird Signal Depot. Hum! I wonder why? Bet it was interesting, anyway.

The next member of distinction is Betty Anne Spruill. Since there could be a whole article on Betty Anne, suffice it to say here that she will offer a helping hand to everyone, any time she is able. She is now a dorm student, incidentally.

The red-head of Soph. 3 is Ethel Thomas. Quiet and aloof, she is friendly when you get to know her. By the way, did you know she comes from Dundalk every day?

We won't say anything about the next member of the class. I'd prefer not to be too easily recognized after this article is printed. You understand. Just call me Miss X.

So now we have Mitzie Varner. Mitzie divides her time between Annapolis and Baltimore, practically commuting between the two. In fact, the conductors on the B. & O. know her by sight, now. What can the attraction be?

Mazie Wood—or Helen May, as no one calls her, is very dramatic in all she does. At times she is radical in her points of view so she is always an extremely interesting person to talk to.

Last but certainly not least is Sara Jane Young. Hailing from Middletown, she livens up the dorm and is a very sweet and sincere person. Jane might be inclined to "tell it to the Marines." It's possible.

Well, there you have us and I hope you aren't sorry for the chance to meet us. And just to prove what a wonderful class I belong to, I'm going to sign my name to prove that I'm not afraid of anything they'll do to me. After all, I've got Jean Ritter on my side. Ha!

SHIRLEY VANCE, Soph. 3

# Quiz Kids

[Editor's note: I'd like to share this letter with all of you who have been wishing for the recognition of our profession. This is a step in the right direction; I believe.]

Dear Editor:

I thought this story on the Quiz Kids contest to find the "Best Teacher of 1946" would have special interest to your readers who are teachers or prospective teachers.

We believe that all the "Oscars" need not go to movie actors. The teachers deserve some, too. That's why we're throwing the national spotlight on the teaching profession in an effort to get it wider and more appreciative recognition.

Dr. Ralph Tyler, chairman of the department of education at the University of Chicago, and Dr. Paul A. Witty, professor of education at Northwestern University, two of our judges, are amazed at the letters the children are writing—and earnestly believe they will make a worthwhile contribution to education.

We're amazed, too, at the immediate response the contest received—both in the press and on the air.

Sincerely yours,

ELIZA MERRILL HICKOK
Assistant Program Director

# School Kids to Pick "Best Teacher of 1946"

What makes a good teacher click?

Nobody knows better than his or her own pupils, and they're having a chance to "tell all" in a national contest sponsored by the Quiz Kids to find the "Best Teacher of 1946."

School kids by the thousands are writing letters on "The Teacher Who Has Helped Me Most." These letters are being read by the judges, Dr. Ralph W. Tyler, chairman of the department of education at the University, and the Rev. Dr. Phillip S. Moore, Dean of the Graduate School of Notre Dame University.

The judges will select the winning teacher from these letters (after a personal investigation) and he or she will receive from the Quiz Kids a year's paid schooling at any college or university in the Chicago area, tuition fees, living expenses, transportation, PLUS \$1,000 in cash. The child writing the best letter which recommends the winning teacher gets \$100 in cash. Ten dollars each will go for the next 100 best letters.

So revealing are the letters for the training of teachers in schools of education.

Each letter is filled with intense devotion. Each child believes *his* teacher is best, and here are a few reasons why:

- . . . "she treats us all like we were her real, good friends."
- ... "she is really the PIN-UP of all teachers, because she fills my brain with knowledge and with a pleasant feeling of confidence that I'm going to pass."
- ... "she explains and explains even if it takes her 30 minutes."
- ... "she is always happy and ready to laugh at any good joke."
- ... "he understands even when I get into trouble ... and he always helps me out."

Appreciation of a teacher starts early. Many letters are coming from six and seven year olds who claim their teacher is "the best in the whole wide world." Printed in large letters on stationery decorated with colorful cats and dogs is this one:

"I am six years old. I am in the first grade. I like my teacher. She is pretty. She never gets mad. She helps me with my reading. She makes us mind but she is kind.

LOVE and XXXXXXX."

Another letter from an eleven-year-old is a frank confession:

"At the beginning of the year I was almost the worst pupil in the whole room because I did not work hard enough and also because the teachers I have had were not strict enough and gave such small assignments that anyone who had the least interest in their studies could get them done. This teacher makes us work but she is nice. She never loses her temper."

Teachers are writing that the contest is putting them on the spot. "Each teacher in our school has her best foot forward," writes a Chicago fourth-grade teacher. "We are eyeing all pupils as prospective writers. This should do something for the teaching morale!"

Although the contest is open to all children from the first grade through high school, the majority of letters are coming from children between the ages of nine and twelve, as was predicted by Dr. Tyler.

The tragedy of the war is reflected in many letters. The children tell of moving from school to school, the loneliness felt as a "new pupil" and the understanding help given by teachers. (Continued on page 7)

### As One G.I. Saw It

A two and a half ton truck was leaving the Yokohama pier. Its cargo was twenty some G. I.'s who had just arrived from the Philippines and were now landing on ground that raised and trained their military enemy. Had the L.S.T. which brought them here come several weeks before, the situation would have been entirely different. In place of being an invasion task force which had seemed inevitable and toward which end they were fast preparing, they were arriving as an occupational armyvictors on the enemy's homeland. Need I recall the spoilage the Egyptians or Romans accomplished under like conditions, or in the more recent past, the action of the "super-man" races on conquered territory? But these were American soldiers, representatives of the Utopian country of the United States of America. As the truck rolled through the city streets trying to keep up with its fast-moving convoy, its occupants wondered just how they should act. Much to their surprise the city of Yokohama was very much like an American metropolis. The damage of incessant bombings could hardly be overlooked. However, people were hurrying about their business, traffic was fairly heavy, and streetcars were clanging their way through the wide avenues. An army truck was not a new sight to these folks since military personnel had completely taken over the business of the city.

The outlying districts presented an entirely different picture since they had not suffered directly from the raids. Many of the scenes of the humble environment of the common folk could be recognized as those captured by photographers and used in geography books. Neatness and cleanliness seemed to be the rule of the community. Every inch of available space was used to raise food products for the many-mouthed families. (Gardens plowed up within the ruins of building foundations were common sights, as well as homes improvised from sheets of rusty metal strips with rocks to hold the roof down.) The workers in the fields used most primitive methods. Young and old shared the responsibility of the field.

The truck was hauling a load of variously minded fellows. The "wolves" whistled just as enthusiastically at the Japanese fair sex as they would have to American belles. A few had comments of scorn to make. Many were awed with what they saw, while some could recall similar scenes at home. The waves of the people were returned by most of them. The kisses thrown by the saucer-eyed children could be resisted by no one. They are the leaders of tomorrow; are they to blame for the wrongs of the today? (Continued on page 7)

# Glimpses of the Returned Vets

Registration day brought a welcomed change to the halls of S.T.C. The servicemen, come back to resume their education, made their long-waited appearance. Coach Minnegan and Miss Yoder, their faithful correspondents for four years, were on hand to welcome those who had done so much to make the dream of victory a blessed reality. These men of the world are back with us now and their contribution to S.T.C., as to their country, is invaluable. They have met the stark grimness of war and have been part of swift moving panorama even they cannot describe. What will it mean to them to settle down to books, and a year or more of "quiet" study?

Sammy Clopper from Clearspring, Maryland served in France with the "Fifth Armored." About a year ago, they were engaged in a battle of fury, the Battle of the Bulge. An asset to both the army and the college, Sam is as solid as they come. His unusual judgment when needed in a pinch made him an invaluable leader. In the good old days he and Creston Herold played on championship soccer teams for S.T.C. Creston, the handsome smiling ex-air corpsman, was then director of the Men's A. A. intramural program. Creston was one of the group that trained for the atomic bomb mission but just before the "zero-hour" for Hiroshima, he was withdrawn because of a knee injury received in a crack-up.

Pete Galley, who may usually be seen on campus with a pert Soph., was in the South Pacific and Japan. He served as chaplain's assistant in the South Seas and is now ready to settle down to books.

Jimmy O'Connor and Dallas Smith both served in the European theatre. Jimmy, a student of science, went to Europe as a non-com. and was recommended and sent back to the U. S. for O.C.S. After receiving his lieutenant's bars he was given a mission in this country, doing survey work which necessitated much travel. Smith was one of the unfortunates who was captured by the Germans and had to go through the ordeal of a forced march from the Russian border to the western part of Germany. Dallas was one of the few men that survived.

Under Eisenhower's direction were Ralph Daniels, and George Hoddinott. Daniels went to University of Missouri for a year before entering service. After the war, on the Western Front he had the administration of a large group of German civilians and prisoners of war. George was in an armored division in Europe during some of the bloodiest campaigns. Prior to leaving for Uncle Sam's army he proved an excellent thinker in science.

(Continued on page 6)

### SPORTS-

DID YOU WONDER IF WE HAD SUCH A thing as boys athletics around our campus? Maybe you thought we didn't till Tuesday January 8, when we saw our boys challenge Sparks High School in a basketball game. The first quarter seemed a little onesided and the feeling was common among many students. Since it was the first game, we realized they needed to get used to playing with other boys. Yells, cheers, filled the gym with the spirit of victory for our team. The next quarter our boys were shooting them high and shooting them low, the boys had found their positions on the floor and were working as a team. The remaining game was more exciting and the boys were "in the game" fighting to win. Things happened in the game you have never seen happen before, ask any member of the team for further details.

Wonderfully played game, Don, Carl, Presley, Keith, and Merrill! Keep up the good work, and by the end of the season you'll come out on top.

Up to this point no girls games have been played because other colleges did not begin basketball as early as we did.

Games will be played in February and the prospects look good for a Varsity and Junior Varsity teams.

Badminton will be played again next semester and games with other schools will be scheduled. If anyone is still interested in basketball or badminton come over to the gym on the days these activities are scheduled. Sign up to come a certain day and time, and come then.

Come over to the gym either to play or as a spectator. We need both, so make all the games a date with your classmates.

## How to Stay Young

YOUTH IS NOT A TIME OF LIFE—IT IS A state of mind. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the star-like things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what next, and the joy and the game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

FLOORCRAFT.

### Third Finger—Left Hand

BEING A SERVANT TO THE T.L.; I, A COntributing editor, have to inform you of the following "encounters in battle".

From now on Miss Betty Hutchinson will occupy the time and attention of Mr. Robert Jones.

Miss Katherine Schmidt has assumed an obligation to Corporal James Bracken.

Miss Linda Horner will be pledged and bound by contract to Ensign Frank D. Harmer, Jr., USN.

Miss Marjorie Carrier has entered a conflict with Mr. Leroy Carter.

Miss Betty Hoffacker has become attached to a young "Mystery Man". She won't give me his name, but we'll hear about the permanent partnership a little later on.

I looked high and low for more "encounters in battle" but could find no more. It seems to be a very touchy business. Who knows, I may get in it someday myself!

MARY LOU WALLACE.

### THE OLD GIVES WAY

—(Continued from page 5)

Freshman Class Officers

President: Ann Clotworthy Vice President: Margaret Stauffer Secretary: Virginia Spaulding Treasurer: Louise Carrol

Day Social Chairman: Hilda Martin

Dorm Social Chairman: Mary Anne O'Donnell S.G.A. Representative: Evelyn Sylvester

### Those Men!

IN SPRING WHAT IS IT THAT A YOUNG man's fancy turns to? Fishin'—natcherly!

With the approach of Valentines Day, which precedes spring, natcherly a young man's fancy turns to fishin'. Many are the joys to be gotten from a day spent in fishin'. One may meditate of the trials and tribulations of going to college. Yes, a man needs to go fishin' every once in awhile. It is a balm to his study-weary mind. Far away from all text books, and women; with a line in hand, a man finds peace—quiet, soothing peace. Napoleon, the Mesozoic Age and the five seven chord are pleasantly shoved out of ones mind. The sun beams down warm, and comfortably on the still water, and the still line. A man is indeed at peace—fishin'. And what's more—a man might even catch . . . a fish—fishin'.

### College News from Abroad

### NEWS RELEASE NORWEGIAN STUDENTS

THE GREAT INFLUX OF G.I.'S INTO AMERican universities can be matched throughout Europe where reopened universities in the liberated lands are experiencing unprecedented enrollments, according to word received from the World Student Service Fund headquarters. The great University of Oslo in Norway is given as an example.

Oslo's six thousand students are more than double the pre-war enrollment. These students come from two groups, the veterans of resistance, captivity, or deportation, and the newcomers from high schools. Those from the underground "emerge from their covers restless and with worn down nerves, unfit for immediate studies," due to frightful privations and dangers.

One-half of these students cannot find lodgings and are sleeping on cots in the gymnasiums of schools in the city. Most of the students lack good shoes and clothing. Study books in foreign languages are greatly needed.

There is a great shortage of teachers and classes are unduly large. Doctors and dentists are needed in great numbers but there are inadequate laboratory and clinical facilities for the training of medical and dental students. Many students desire to study abroad in the difficult post-war years.

Eighty Norwegian students have come recently to the United States to study. Thirty of these have scholarships secured through the Institute of International Education in the following institutions: Bowdoin, Bryn Mawr, Bucknell, California, Case, Colgate (2), Dartmouth(2), Illinois Institute of Technology, New Hampshire(3), Pennsylvania, Purdue(2), Radcliffe, Rockford, St. Olaf, Southern Methodist, Stevens Institute of Technology, Temple, Williams(3), Wisconsin(2).

### FROM CHINA

Preliminary reports show that the buildings of Ginling College in Nanking are intact but that the furnishings and equipment of the classrooms, dormitories, and faculty residences have been confiscated. One-half of the volumes in the library have been recovered. A middle school is using the buildings until the faculty and students return from their temporary campus at Chengtu. Lignan University in Canton and Hangchow College have been found to be quite undamaged. Yenching University has reopened on the Peiping campus for freshman and preparatory students.

Students and professors in the ninety evacuated universities and colleges continue their labors under great privations in improvised quarters, without adequate food, shelter, clothing, warmth, light, books, and laboratory equipment.

### STUDENT CONDITIONS IN POLAND

"The fierce desire of Polish students to study" is attested to by the fact that 100,000 applied for admission to reopened universities in liberated Poland, Dr. Douglas V. Steere, Professor of Philosophy at Haverford College, told officers of the World Student Scrvice Fund, after a recent ten-day trip in Poland on behalf of the American Friends Service Committee.

Thirty thousand only could be accepted in the universities, some of which have been badly devasted. Nine thousand of these students are attending classes in the University of Warsaw in improvised classrooms all over the city, because the old city was ninety-five percent destroyed. These students live in cellars, huts, and dugouts, in a ravaged city congested with nearly 400,000 people who are without food, fuel or warm clothing.

Forty percent of the Warsaw students have returned from prisoner of war camps, concentration camps, or from compulsory labor in Germany, where thirty-five percent of them contracted tuberculosis, which is, however, only ten percent more than the general average of tubercular students in Poland, induced by under-nourishment and privation. More than sixty percent of the Warsaw professors lost their lives.

Professors are badly underpaid and are lucky to have one shabby suit each. The state is making contributions to the establishment of crude student centers and student feeding, but at present is unable to do more than to give a bowl of soup a day to every student and professor.

The universities have all reopened and two new institutions have been created, the Marie-Curie-Sladowska University at Lublin and the Cracow Polytechnical School. The University of Lwow has been moved to Breslau, now named Wroclaw. The University of Cracow, founded in 1364, was virtually undamaged, but its entire faculty of 180 was thrown into concentration camps in 1939, where many died.

"The hunger for fellowship with American and English students is terriffic," concluded Professor Steere. Great numbers are learning English. This hunger for a resumed and intensified student fellowship is universal among the students of Europe who have been isolated for so long from other student communities and from recent advances in scholarship and science.

# Diary of Silly Sally the Sophomore

Monday:

Math class was really rugged today. We had another test, oops, I mean "thinking exercise." I did a great job, per usual. Had four out of sixteen right. It's shameful because all we are really doing "is learning to read and write numbers." "He" sure looked sharp in that collegiate combination he wears. Ah! (deep sigh) Went to Glee Club today, just to hear Mac and Pete sing love songs to each other. It's so touching. They both really have their heart in their work.

### Tuesday:

Had loads of fun in Zoology. My pet worm "Corny" is so cute. I had him lying in the pan alive, but peaceful and calm. I turned away a minute to listen to Mr. Crook and suddenly I felt "Corny," cold, wet and clammy crawling up my bare arm. Such is life in the lab!!

### Wednesday:

This nice warm weather sure is great. I have spring fever already. Mrs. Brouwer really caught me day-dreaming in class this afternoon. I was staring out the window, miles away and then I heard, "Sally, will you please answer my question?" And I hadn't even heard it. And you know how I blush!

### Thursday:

They had both pie and ice cream for lunch today so I slipped from my diet (just this once) and ate both. I tried to enjoy my pie a la mode but all I could think about was our Health class right before lunch. 500 calories! Here comes that five pounds I lost. I worked some of it off in Physical Education however. I think the State is trying to make ape women out of us instead of teachers. Oh! my aching back. Oh well, only one more day and then another week-end. Wish we were having another dance like the last one. Guess I'll have to settle for a quiet movie with Homer.

### Friday:

Music was a riot today. It seems Miss Weyforth's "black amazon" is giving her a lot of trouble. Hope she finds a new one. At least she warned us she was in a mad mood. However, one of the lowly Freshies fixed that. Just leave it to the good humor man—Rembold.

Betty Costlow, Fr. 6

### Thanks!

Especial thanks goes to our typists who did such a wonderful job of helping to get our faculty edition out on time. There was much material to be typed and retyped (and right in the midst of term papers and examinations, too!) but our dependable staff managed the "impossible." With the aid of our grand faculty and an understanding and patiently helpful printer, the staff, sighing with relief, says — "It came out on time!"

This month again, our typists have rushed to "the rescue" of a harried and hurried staff. We are deeply grateful for their loyalty and unselfishness.

### PARDON US-

"With malice toward none" and a note of regret, we ask that you pardon our publication's being behind schedule. We merely state that "due to conditions beyond our control, we are late. Our new motto is: "Patience and Fortitude."

Until we get back on schedule, the staff asks for your understanding and cooperation.

Edda Torr

A month before the Victory Loan, Marygrove College, Detroit, Michigan, spoke through its student paper, *The Watch-Tower*. "Is it too much to ask you to buy Bonds for the preservation of a peace so dearly bought?"

Two colleges, Saint Vincent in Latrobe, Pa., and Saint Joseph's in Emitsburg, Md., multiplied their Bond sales by preparing mimeographed letters home. "We want our peace effort to surpass our war effort. Won't you help?" the letters asked.

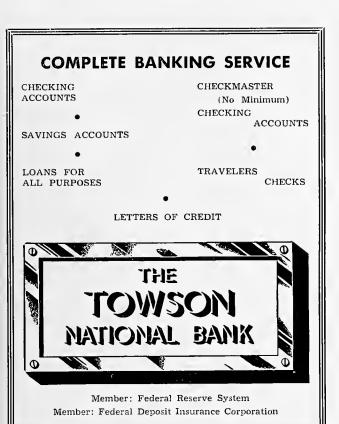
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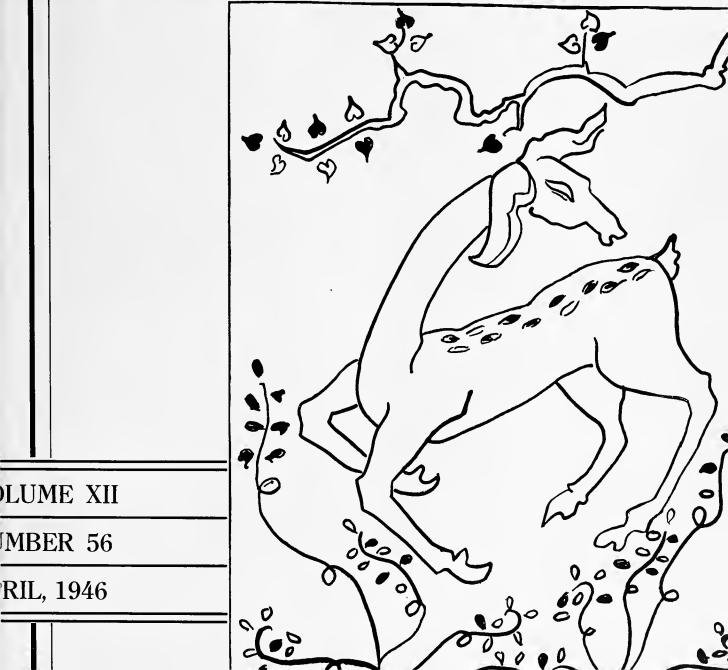
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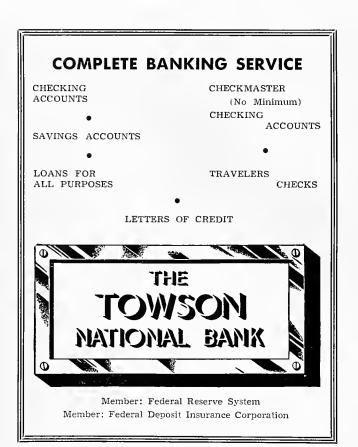


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# How It All Began

THIS ISSUE of the Tower Light is another link in a long chain of practical jokes and buffoonery, that centers around the first day of April. Just where this chain first had its beginnings is unknown, but it is believed to have originated at the ancient pagan festivals held at the vernal equinox, which ended on April first. Some authorities claim that England borrowed the idea of practical joking on April first from France, while others maintain that both England and France got the idea from Germany.

There are those who profess to see the beginnings of sending gullible persons off on ridiculous errands, in Noah's sending of the dove out of the Ark before the water had sufficiently abated—an act which happened on the first of April. The devout trace a resemblance between the "fools errands" of April first, and the tragic journeys of Christ from Pilate to Herod, to Caiphas, back to Pilate, and to the Judgment Hall. Since "All Fool's Day" often falls during Holy Week, this association is understandable.

But, no matter how it started, playing jokes on April first has become an international pastime. Though the victim of the joke is called a "fish" in France, a "cuckoo" in Scotland, and a "fool" in England and the United States, he still provides the people of the earth with their most precious commodity—laughter. It is in this spirit that we bring you the April issue of the Tower Light, hoping that in it you will find much joy, and a few hearty chuckles.

MILDRED LEVY, Fr. 6

# Famous Quotations

(Or reasons why we have this issue)

A little nonsense now and then Is relished by the wisest men. — *Anonymous*.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

 $Proverbs\ XV.$ 

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.—Proverbs.

The day most wholly lost is the one on which one does not laugh.—Nicholas Chamfort.

Laffing iz the sensation ov pheeling good all over, and showing it principally in one spot.—H. W. Shaw.

(Continued on page 2)



# \*The Grant and the Hassopper

ONE DUMMER'S say in a hield a fassgropper was chopping and hirping about and cinging to his seart's hontent. An ant who was carrying a cain of gron to nis hest, bassed py.

The hassgropper asked the ant to come and hat with

But the little ant said he was boo tusy faying up lood for the winter and advised the hassgropper to so the dame.

The sassgropper haid, "Why wother about hinter? We have fenty of plood now." But the bant tontinued his coil.

When cinter wame the hassgropper had fo nood and quencecontly hied of dunger. But the ants had fenty of plood wall inter.

The storal to the mory, chy mildren is — all way and no plork will send you to a hort but grappy shave.

\*In order to translate this nonsense follow this procedure:

Drink a glassful of carbonated water highly spiked with a little lemon juice, vinegar, coca-cola, iodine, shampoo, and a tiny dash of paprika. Then stand on your head in front of a mirror from which all the black goo has been removed. You will now be either able to translate the story or ready for a place where you won't need to!

CLARA BEALL CARTER, Fr. 2 (Col. Stoopnagle of S. T. C.)

# **Famous Quotations**

(Or reasons why we have this issue) (Continued from page 1)
If you are wise, laugh.—Martial.

Mirth prolongeth life, and causeth health.

Nicholas Udall.

# To Be A Good Student

- 1. Raise your hand on all occasions, even if you don't know the answers. This will fool the instructor into thinking you are a "brighty."
- 2. Laugh at everything the instructor says. They like to think their jokes are laughed at. You may have difficulty in distinguishing jokes from regular instruction, so give a big "ha ha" at every opportunity.
- 3. Beat around the bush. An instructor simply gloats on hearing someone beat around the bush. Talk for hours on anything but the subject at hand. This will allow you to show your wide scope of understanding and instructors adore fertile minds.
- 4. Never bring one textbook to class: take either none or a cartful. No text books will kid the prof into thinking his lectures sufficient and a bookstore will make him think he's making the course tough. Either flatters him immensely.
- 5. Always come to class five minutes late. This will allow the instructor to blow off steam for about ten minutes on tardiness. A good instructor is good for only about thirty minutes anyway and has to waste time somehow. *The Recorder*, Wed., Oct. 10, 1945. Teachers College of Connecticut.

Professor: I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down.

Voice from rear: Have you tried tomato juice, old man? — The Archive, Feb., 1946, Duke University.

### ACADEMIC FREEDOM

Football Coach (pep talk before the game): "And remember, boys, that football develops leadership, initiative and especially individuality. Now get in there and do as I say." — *Journal of Education*, January, 1942.

### ISOLATION

Professor: "So you think you could end all unemployment, do you? And how, if I may be so bold as to inquire?"

Student: "Why, I'd put all the men on one island and all the women on another."

Professor: "And what would they be doing then?"

Student: "Building boats." — Journal of Education, Nov., 1941.

# The New York Trip

East side, west side, on the B. and O. We're swaying on the Royal Blue, It's to New York we go. Boys and girls together, Having a wonderful time, We're off to the Convention And the good old New York clime.

East side, west side, back to Towsontown; We had a most exciting time, But boy! are we worn down! There was a fine convention, We had our moments of cheer. We're sure you would have liked it, too; Be sure to go next year.

- E. M.

### Thursday A. M.---

Since Thursday begins in the early hours, I'll tell what happened to a group of ours. After Como we were as gay as a lark — Some of us on Fifth Avenue, others in Central Park. While we were walking down Park Avenue, The Waldorf-Astoria loomed into view. We decided at once that we should go in But Don said, "No, that would be a sin." But into the hotel we gaily went To see how other fortunes were spent. Out we came and home we flew; We'd seen enough for a day or two. So after an evening of gaiety We woke in the morning to reveille. After a breakfast of toast and tea, We were off to the studio of N. B. C. Our tour was one of radio broadcasting, Which we will remember to time everlasting. We thought we were traveling on an even keel, Till Millie fell down and lost her heel. Others went to the Music Hall. Where once inside we stood in awe. Huge mirrors inlaid with gold Were truly a memorable sight to behold. The stage itself is really gigantic, Almost as big as the ship—Titanic. First came the movie, a world premiere, The story of Gilda, who had no fear. After the movie, the stage was set, But this was no reason for us to fret, For onto the stage came the shapely Rockettes, The sight of which one never forgets.

# How to use the Card Catalog

Suppose you want a book on dogs -

- 1. First, look up the word "dog"; but, of course, you won't find the word, because whoever heard of a dog writing a book?
- 2. What you will have to do is go through all of the drawers until you find someone who has written a book on dogs.
- 3. Then, look under the subject of dogs. If the book is listed under this subject, you can be sure the book will be suitable.
- 4. Now look for some cards on cats. Isn't the printing pretty?

# Puzzword Crossle

In doing a puzzword crossle, one must guess the *definitions* which fit the letters in the spaces. One can readily see that this procedure is exactly opposite to the one used in solving a crossword puzzle. Now go to it!

1 I	$^{2}I$	<sup>3</sup> I	4 I
5P	P	P	P
6T	T	T	T
7 Y	Y	Y	Y

### Answer:

### Across —

- 1. parts of the human anatomy
- 5. vegetable
- 3. afternoon parties
- 7. having wisdom

### Down —

- 1. Irene Pat Terry Young (abbrev.)
- 2. the word "pity" scrambled
- 3. Isaac Peter Thomas Yokum (abbrev.)
- 4. four letters of the alphabet

NORMA APPEL, Fr. 2

### NEW YORK TRIP-Continued

Next on the program came the ballet, Dressed like puppets bright and gay. This show was one seldom topped

But all was over when the curtain dropped. Our next stop was the conference, which was an exhi-

bition of real intelligence.

Now ends my tale of Thursday morn. Don't you wish you'd come — along!

Betty Johnson

# **PERSONALITIES**

(Demonstration Night Stunt - Remember?)

We girls of '48 began to cogitate About our teachers, and we all agree That each one has his special —
Personality,

And since we've got the time,
We'll tell it all in rhyme.
And take 'em all in from "A" down to "Z".
You'll find each one's a different —
Personality.

Let's take B. BROUWER first.
And we will do our worst
To criticize and analyze.
Her art's O. K. — we all say —
O. K.

But when we do our stuff,
We find the going rough,
Until she gives us an "A" — or a "B".
That's what we call a charming —
PERSONALITY.

Let's take MISS DANIELS now,
Who simply shows us how
To touch our toes without bending the knee.
To help give us a better —
Personality.

She really makes us bend
And twist and turn and then
Lots of improvement you'll very soon see,
When we step out to show our —
Personality.

First touch your toes with your fingertips, It's bound to give you slender hips. We never fail to exercise — We're wise!

And from the Baltimore Sun

Our Alma Mater has won

Two great big pages of publicity,

Due to MISS DANIEL'S course in —

Personality.

It's DOCTOR HARTLEY'S dance
That holds the girls entranced;
His jitterbugging is something to see.
We're all so fond of HARTLEY'S —
PERSONALITY.

The girls liked HARTLEY'S hair,
And now it isn't there;
But that just makes him more charming to see.
He certainly has a varied —
Personality.

He takes pictures, too,
Of me and you;
And getting us right in view,
And then we watch the birdie —
SMILE PURTY.

And in his history class
We learn our lessons fast,
To tune of news time and photography.
We think he has a perfect —
Personality.

When college summons all,
And then we meet MISS KAHL;
And her youth we surprisingly see.
The students rush forth — eager to learn —
HISTORY!

She knows the ins and outs,
And everything about
The U. N. O. and tyranny.
She teaches everything with —
ORIGINALITY!

But when KAHL appears and work's begun A chapter looms that must be done; And outlines, too, are assigned to you — Boo Hoo!

But without rebuff,
She really knows her stuff.
As any fool can easily see,
She has a well developed —
HISTORYALITY!

# **PERSONALITIES**

To DR. JOE YOUNG WEST, who always gives those tests,
The sophomore class hereby has a request.
We "Sweet Young Things" you torture
Really need a rest.

And when you enter the room, we all begin to fume, We never know what the future will bring — Ten page examinations
Sure top everything.

Astronomy is heavenly, Geology's so earthly, But that's all a mystery To me.

THE WAST STATE OF

Now we don't think we're smart;
Just take a glance at our marks.
We're sure it soon will be easy to see
We ought to learn to use our —
Personality.

When music class begins
And all the Jenny Linds
Give their voice to some juvenile songs,
You'll find that EMMA WEYFORTH
Really rings the gong.

Her class in elements
The students all lament
As they approach the piano to play.
You'll find them pleading vainly —
Do I have to stay.

Take the melody, make a harmony, Run the scale of G — now a minor key; Then add your chords — so, la, ti, do — You know!

And when the Glee Club sings, Her little foot she swings. Ah! Sure 'tis ever a sight to behold. But there is no mistaking, She has a heart of gold. The class of '48

Has made its estimate

Of some teachers at S. T. C.

We found that each one has a

Personality.

You're high in our esteem,
We find you're on the beam;
You're everything that our teachers should be.
We wouldn't trade a single
PERSONALITY.

We feel that you'll aspire
To mark our papers higher
With "As"; no "Bs"; and, please, no "Cs".
Start the new day in this way.
O. K.?

In spite of stringy hair,
We girls may get somewhere;
We've found the "Open Sesame".
We know what makes the teachers
Personality.

### CLASS CONSCIOUS

Jim: "I see by the paper that nine professors and one student were killed in a wreck."

Charlie: "Poor chap." — Journal of Education, April, 1941.

School principal (praying at chapel exercises): "O Lord, bless those who are called on to teach."

Voice in student body: "And don't forget those called on to recite." — *Journal of Education*, February, 1941.

### Laundry Not to Blame

"I failed my history test," Frank moaned to his roommate.

"But I thought you had all the answers written on your cuff."

"Yeah, I did," was the sorrowful reply, "but I accidentally put on my geography shirt." — Journal of Education, February, 1940.

Absent-minded Dean (knocking on the gates of St. Peter): "C'mon open up here or I'll throw the whole fraternity out." — *Journal of Education*, June, 1939.

# Let Dr. Becker Look To His Laurels!

Nay, more, let the 'Gyptian mummies do likewise! 'TWAS A year or so ago, when, lo! the august Eastern and Western High Schools celebrated the 100th anniversary of their august founding. On this historic occasion many a one-time attendant upon one or the other of the above institutions, now temporarily or semipermanently attached to the S. T. C. at Towson, found herself at the Lyric, along with several thousand others. One of these, a certain Miss Barkley, encountered a no less certain Miss Weyforth in the lobby of the above-mentioned Lyric. Said the former to the latter, "So you're one of us. What was your class?" But the wary latter said, "Ah no, you are not getting me to give my age away like that." Then, on second thought, she added, "But why should I hesitate? I have reason to be proud. I was in that first graduation class, whose venerability we have tonight celebrated." At this the former laughed, and the latter, feeling she had said something — oh, so humorous — smugly wended her way to the exit.

But pride goeth before a fall. On the steps outside, the former "latter," now the sole faculty participant in this narrative, found herself in the company of a bevy of S. T. C. maidens. "Oh," said they, "we didn't know you went to one of our high schools!" And now the oncewary faculty member, rashly prepared that pit of destruction that awaits the proud. Having got one laugh by that remark about the one hundred years removed graduation, she thought she would try it again. So she said, "Yes, I went to Western! Why I was in that first class that you heard about tonight." "Oh, you were?" said Evelyn Morris (the truth will out), "why I think it's a shame they didn't have you on the platform!" "Isn't it, though," said the startled and chastened faculty member. "Dr. Becker said he was a museum piece, but he would have had nothing on me. Send for the Smithsonian."

By this time Evelyn and the others had done some mental arithmetic and had begun to suspect that maybe —

But then, when one is in one's teens — of what consequence is a matter of six or seven decades on the life of one past — well, say — twenty-nine!

Sic transit gloria juventutis.

\*Guadeamus igitur, Juvenes dum sumus!

Post jucundam juventutem,

Post molestam senectutem, Nos habebit humus, (Continued on page 8)

# To The Editor

HAVE YOU been thinking recently about that book that you are going to write when you are no longer editor of a magazine? Long before writing your book, you, being you, probably have known to whom it is to be inscribed as a compliment. But when "finis" has been signed and the moment for phrasing the dedication is upon you, just what expression are you going to use? Have you thought of that?

Many authors before you have been left with energy for no message longer than "To T. L.", or "For My Roommate". But in complimenting Babs, Don Marquis's inscription was more elaborate: "Dedicated to Babs, with Babs knows what, and Babs knows why," he put on the empty white page prefixing his book Archy and Mehitabel. And having explained How To Be A Hermit in 328 pages, Will Cuppy dedicated his pages "To Isabel Paterson — than whom there is no, — well, than whom there just isn't, that's all."

Don't forget that families have to be recognized as factors in a beginner's life while she is making herself an author. Louise Randall Pierson admitted they laughed: "This book is for the family who laughed when I sat down to the typewriter — they didn't know I was going to write a book," she confessed in her dedication of Roughly Speaking. Barbara Woollcott knew what to expect of the family's reactions to her first book, None But A Mule; she offered it "To My Family — gingerly."

By the time you are dedicating your tenth or twelfth book to an initialed S. T. C. or B. W. there will be reasons within reasons for choosing the one to be honored. Louise Andrews Kent, you know, presented her tenth, Mrs. Appleyard's Year, to initials, for several reasons: "To E. T. A. — because while she and the author disagree about politics and the way to make lemonade, they like each other's families, hold the same strong views on shellac and asparagus fern, cherish curly maple bureaus with cats to match, and laugh at the same jokes — twice if necessary." After offering her book to one with whom she disagreed about politics, Mrs. Kent apparently worried, as, be reminded, authors must, about the possibility of E. T. A.'s trying to identify herself with two or three of the characters who appeared from time to time during Mrs. A's "Year." And so, for protection, on the page facing the dedication, Louise Andrews Kent made it clear that "The author asserts that any resemblance between Mrs. Appleyard, members of her family, or other characters in this book, and any real person or persons, including the Scandinavian, is purely coincidental, and she can't think how it happened." (Continued on page 7)

# **ODD REMARKS AND SITUATIONS-**

# 1. Excerpt from test paper in Community Hygiene:

"An important activity of the United States Public Health Service is to maintain a leopard colony." (The U. S. P. H. S. provides segregation and hospitalization for lepers.)

# 2. Letting the child show his initiative:

Students in history class were disturbed because some had found in their reading that George Washington's mother had little influence upon his life while others had come across statements depicting Washington's mother as a forceful and dominant factor in her son's life.

The teacher of the class, always anxious for students to use source materials, asked how they should deal with such an impasse. After a few moments of reflection, a student on the back row raised her hand.

"If I were teaching," she said, "I should tell the children both points of view and let them decide what Washington's mother was like."

3. The third grade was reviewing the life of the Hebrews. In the midst of his story, one little boy remarked:

"Moses brought the Ten Commandments down from the mountains written on a pill."

"Oh, no," the teacher interrupted, "not a pill, a tablet."

"Yes, a tablet," the child agreed.

## 4. The Habit of Politeness:

The teacher in personal hygiene class had rolled the skeleton out of its box for use in problems of posture. As she talked to the students she stepped to one side and hit against the skeleton.

"O, I beg your pardon," she exclaimed, and then, turning, looked into the face of the skeleton.

ANITA S. DOWELL.

#### HEALTH CLASS

Dr. Dowell: "How far have you gotten in your report on Vitamin B?"

Mim Galprin: "Well, I just started the history, but I don't know whether it's the same history you have or not."

P. S. — Suitable explanation of statement followed. ELSIE WAGNER, Soph. 6

# Choir Buds

A LANKY adolescent boy hustled pell-mell down the stairway to the choir dressing rooms until suddenly arrested by the sight of some two dozen unfamiliar college girls getting into cassocks and surplices. Abruptly he halted, swung about precariously, and bolted back up the stairs. After some minutes of recovery and doubtless pressed for time, he again came resolutely down the stairs and hastily donned ceremonial vestments. Miss MacDonald offered a friendly query.

"Are you an acolyte?"

A score of eyes were directed his way and a like number of ears tuned in on the reply. It was satisfyingly audible and to the point. "No," he said as he retreated stairward, still pulling on his garments. Agape with the novelty and abruptness of it all, a freshman exclaimed in sympathetic concern:

"Miss MacDonald, did you ask that boy if he had epilepsy?"

M. C. Bersch.

#### Information, Please!

"Miss Yoder, can you tell me the name of that little green book I used in my unit last year?"

M. YODER.

# TO THE EDITOR—(Continued from page 6)

All authors of novels must be cautious. They usually disclaim having known anybody like any of their characters (which is sometimes a handicap you've noticed). And they are apt to be blunt about it; as John Steinbeck for Cannery Row: "The people, places, and events in this book are, of course, fictions and fabrications." Bruce Marshall narrows it down to living people when, after saying it is "For Sheila - who may one day read this book," he declares of The World, The Flesh, and Father Smith that "All the characters in this novel are entirely imaginary and any similarity between their names and occupations and those of people at present alive is accidental." That all names and characters are fictional and any resemblance that may seem to exist to real persons is purely coincidental may be expressed very compactly, as Evelyn Waugh proves in his "Author's Note" in Brideshead Revisited when he states "I am not I; thou art not he or she; they are not they." How will you protect yourself — "nobody is anybody," perhaps? Or isn't your book going to be a novel?

MARGARET BARKLEY.

# He Gave His All for Science

THE LIFE-LONG work of Professor Murgatroyed P. Snozzlefop has at last been revealed to the scientific world. Professor Snozzlefop (we will call him Murgy for short), well, Murgy spent sixty-seven long years of arduous research endeavoring to find out how many times the average American female blinks her eyes in a minute. That is the puzzle of the ages to which Murgy dedicated his life. He attacked the problem with fanatical zeal. Years were spent in observing eyes: brown eyes, blue eyes, green eyes, red eyes (she had been crying), grey eyes and black eyes. These hours of observation were most exacting; with stop-watch in hand Murgy kept accurate count of eyelid twitches. He compiled volumes upon volumes of minute data. To illustrate just exactly how comprehensive his records were, we include excerpts from Volume 437, page 3522: "January 11, 1946

2:42 to 2:43 P. M. Ginny Franz blinked her eyes 3 times.

2:44 to 2:45 P. M. Shirley Vance blinked her eyes 12 times.

January 16, 1946

9:31 to 9:32 A. M. Ginny Franz—17 blinks.

9:14 to 9:15 A. M. Shirley Vance-23 blinks."

As you can readily see, Murgy was most exacting in his annotations. But did Murgy stop with that? No! he did not; he made charts, plotted graphs and then spent long hours studying them. Finally he evolved a stupendous theory. We have this theory today only because Murgy was forced to halt his work on account of a physical disability — he has trouble focusing his eyes. His theory — leave well enough alone. The eyes have it. Meeting adjourned.

Don Hammerman, Soph. 3

# LET DR. BECKER LOOK

(Continued from page 6)

Nos habebit humus.

Vivat avademia, Vivat professores, Vivat membrum quodlibet, Vivant membra quaelibet, Semper sint in flore, Semper sint in flore.

\* The need for translating this relic of the past is the faculty member's revenge.

E. WEYFORTH.

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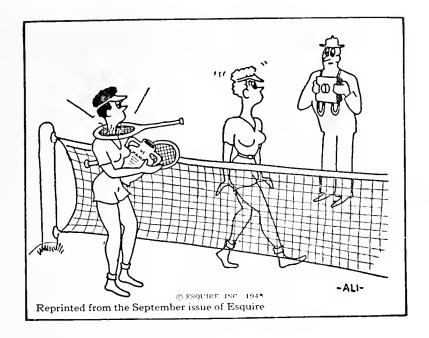
# **Famous Quotations**

(Or reasons why we have this issue)

He who laughs, lasts.—Mary Poole.

Man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter.—Joseph Addison.

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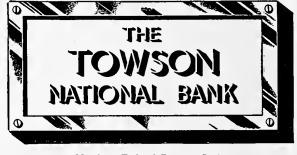
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EVELVN MORRIS



# Spring

# A year ago-

There was newly broken earth along the Hudson and across the Atlantic a man felt suddenly lonely as he smoked his black cigar.

# A year ago-

Strong men were hammering at a place named Okinawa when something called Kamikaze came out of the sky.

# A year ago-

Leaders named Eisenhower, Patton, and Bradley were proclaiming victories in Dresden, Leipzig and Madgeburg.

# A year ago-

New life pushed toward the sun but found death on the top soil.

# And 'tis Spring again-

They say that peace has come to stay.

#### In New York-

The UN is meeting and its wheels come to a slow grind at the impasses which smell slightly at Geneva.

#### In Paris-

The foreign ministers are stewing over affairs of state and a horse named "Discord" continues to win in the daily doubles.

## In Europe and Asia—

People—young, old, and little ones—are starving and malnutrition prepares crooked mold for the next generation.

So this Spring—New life pushes toward the sun. There is no killing but other things still stalk—should we forget.

# LITERARY—

# A Bridge to the North Star

AS HE WENT about his evening chores, Craig felt very disconsolate and lonely. He realized the need of milking cows and feeding pigs, and he wanted to be helpful to his parents, but he just didn't want to be a farmer. He wanted to be an engineer; to build bridges and skyscrapers and other big things.

Closing the barn door for the night, Craig saw the north star. How far away it was! He remembered what Mr. Gregory, the high school principal, had said at commencement, "Our most outstanding student and one who, we know, will go far, is Craig Matthews. We wish him all the success in the world. We know that he will make a great engineer."

"But how can I be anything if I can't go to college!" Craig mumbled as he walked out on the back porch of his home. "It just isn't fair." College was as far away as the north star.

"Wipe off your feet before you come in." That was his mother speaking from the kitchen where she was preparing the evening meal. Craig walked into the familiar kitchen. There were three chairs which his mother had received for a wedding present, and there was the table which had been in the family for centuries. The center leg was off but it still stood. Craig looked at his mother working over the stove. How old she looked and how tired! All of her life she had been working for him.

If I could just go to college and be something he thought, then she wouldn't have to work anymore. Mrs. Matthews looked at her son as he washed his hands. "How very much like his father," she thought. "Tall and lean, skin browned from the sun and wind, black hair and shining blue eyes." Just then she heard the car stop out back and she knew that Luke was home from town. She knew he'd be hungry so she hurried to put the food on the table.

"Hi, Marie. Supper ready?"

"In a minute, Luke. I'm just putting it on the table."

As they sat around the table, Craig made up his mind that he was going to ask them tonight. He had figured it all out. If he could only go to the city and work, he could save enough money to go to school. It might take a couple of years, but he'd get there. He could get a job maybe in a contractor's office as clerk or something. "I'll ask them now," he thought.

"Pa."

"Yes, son?"

"Yes?"

(Continued on page 7)

# The Tower Clock

HERE I AM walking. I do quite a bit of walking in the early spring. It's fun to amble along and notice little blossoming buds, greening grass, newly dressed pine trees and singing birds. Today I happened to look upon the Ad Building and the cupola on top, which houses my subject for the moment—the old tower clock.

Oh, I've seen it before! In fact, I've seen it many times each day. Yet, I can stare and no matter how often I stare at the old time piece, I never see the same things I saw the times before.

The sun is just sinking beyond the hill and our Alma Mater is still "stately rising on the hilltop, rosy in the sunset glow." The clock is clanging six. The aged building quivers with the vibration. The whole world suddenly hushes and one has ears only for the beauty and solemnity of the sound.

For a moment I listened to the echoes from the hillsides and then began to wonder. It, meaning the tower clock, seems to be the center of life at S.T.C. One always hears Father Time chime away the golden hours of Youth—hours filled with hard work and carefree play, hours filled with joy and sadness, hours filled with lone and dislike, and hours filled with the beautiful dreams of tomorrow. Yes, one wakes, eats, works, plays, and sleeps with the ever faithful tower clock.

Now the green-roofed cupola is perfectly outlined against the crimson gold of the evening sky. The whole building stands stationary below it. Together they symbolize the firm, honored stronghold of understanding against ignorance.

Entranced, I stood there as the sun slowly descended beyond and below the horizon. I stood there as the sky darkened and the paling twilight tripped across it. I stood there while the night chased the twilight swiftly from view. I stood there while twinkling little stars peeped out and began to sparkle. I stood there until the silvery moon filled in the last blank space in the heaven.

Once more my gaze rested upon the old tower clock now reigning in all its glory under the starlit empyrean. Only then did I become conscious of Father Time's stealthy passing. So, reluctantly turning my back upon the old watchman of the night, I walked slowly on as the seven stroke reverberated in the clear calm of the early spring night.

Mary Lou Wallace, Freshman 6

# JINGLES FOR CHILDREN

DESPITE THE exigent demands of her administrative duties, Dr. Wiedefeld finds time to keep in contact with children through writing. Here, the TOWER LIGHT proudly presents three of her verses for children. We think they are among the most charming and appealing writings ever prepared for youngsters.

# The lollipop and the chocolate drop

A lollipop and a chocolate drop Fell out of a baby's bag. They lay on the floor behind the door, In the folds of a dusting rag.

The lollipop's tears fell thick and sweet, They tasted of sugar and spice. He said to the chocolate drop, "Drop my dear, My wooden leg needs some ice."

The chocolate drop's sides were beginning to melt, The nut in her head was aching. She said to the lollipop, "Pop my sweet, My peppermint heart is breaking."

# My Bed

My bed is dressed up every day I cannot see the reason, For I undress it every night, In every kind of season.

Its clothes are always spick and span— They smell so fresh and sweet, With every wrinkle pressed out smooth In pillowcase and sheet.

The blankets are so soft and warm, The quilts are filled with down, The counterpanes are scalloped silk Just like a lady's gown.

I think my bed is dressed for me, I come each night to call, And play that I'm a fairy prince On my way to the fairy ball.

I snuggle down between the sheets My head to the pillow pressed, And when the morning comes again My bed is all undressed.

# The Junk Shop

1.

A junk shop man Lives on our street. The nicest man You'd want to meet.

2.

His shop is filled With rarest junk, A spinning wheel, A pirate's trunk.

3.

The things are piled Upon the floor; They fill the shelves, And crowd the door.

4.

They're old and worn And filled with dust. The oldest things Are gray with must.

5.

The warming pans Date all the way From long ago In Grandma's day. 6.

The queer old chest With wrought iron lock Is older than The Terry clock.

7.

The old settee, Awry and worn! Its arms are bent Its cover torn.

8.

The pewter plates And blue delft mugs Are on the shelves With cute brown jugs.

9.

The junk man's shop Can hold no more, He's moving to The second floor.

10.

The poster beds And windsor chairs And patch work quilts Are stored upstairs.

11.

He'll fill the house Up to the top, Then have to find A new junk shop.

M. THERESA WIEDEFELD

# Day and Night

Day is the beacon of individuality One and many deeds thereof To be seen, heard and witnessed.

Night is the soothing balm of all mankind It hovers and hides from sight The harrassed earth, the wicked world.

JANE DOWNING

# TODAY'S COLLEGE GIRL-

By HAROLD TAYLOR

President, Sarah Lawrence College

OUT OF THE WAR HAS COME A NEW FIGURE ON THE AMERICAN CAMPUS—MATURE, EARNEST, INFORMED AND WITH A MIND OF HER OWN.

[Editor's Note: From Pageant Magazine, we have this pertinent article. Does President Taylor' "College Girl" coincide with the S.T.C. co-ed?]

THE EDUCATION of women in this country has been a by-product of the education of men. When women found they could not enter men's colleges, except under protest and the quota system, they formed colleges of their own. When they did so, however, they worked in the shadow of the man's college.

They kept the traditional college structure, with the same academic attitudes, customs and courses of study. Even after the number of women in the state universities was allowed to expand, women's education differed very little from men's.

One result was that a minority of serious young women, eager for a liberal education, filled the few private women's colleges. The majority, attending large state-supported universities, were forced to accept the environment into which they came. They played a secondary role, assigned to them by the men already there.

True, some of the most advanced experiments in general education have been made in women's colleges. New ways of teaching and learning have been tried, new courses have been taught. But these rare innovations have taken place in private colleges. State-supported universities have made no serious effort to provide for the special needs of women's liberal education. Thus few college women are given adequate aid for the kind of life they could lead if their studies dealt with their major interests.

An illustration can be seen in the way women in the large coeducational universities have copied the fraternity system. Their sororities usually are preoccupied with dressing well, excluding undesirable women and finding desirable men. The support this gives to class and race consciousness, to social snobbery and to materialistic values has had serious social effects.

Yet the college woman, as visioned in the public mind, is a sorority girl. She is a popular, pretty, alert, sexually attractive girl who decorates the football stadiums, open cars, ballrooms and bars of America. Popular literature, the radio and the movies all sustain the sorority model.

Our writers and film producers are not entirely to blame, however. The educational system itself has presented them with the model. The actual life of a large coeducational university frequently is carried on outside the classroom. Extra-curricular activities often have been the most important educational factors experienced by the students. Thus they tend to develop characteristics contrary to our expressed educational aims.

Fortunately, it is possible to see the origin of this pattern of behavior, and thus in some sense to be armed against it. The pattern was stabilized, if not made, in the years following the last war, by the generation we have come to refer to as "lost." During the Depression a new kind of student began to develop although a dominant "collegiate" type remained. The new student was serious about college work, interested in social theory, determined to take advantage of the one opportunity open for economic advancement.

During the past six years, new events have impressed themselves on our society. Relations between worker and employer, husband and wife, economics and politics, government and industry have altered permanently.

Similarly, the character of the college woman has altered. With the departure of the college men, and their slow return, college women found themselves dominating our campuses. They edited newspapers, were elected to student councils, worked part time in factories, collected food, bandages, clothing, money for war and relief agencies. Many who previously had seen no reason to take an active part in community affairs worked with trade unions, the YWCA, the churches and the USO. Others left college to replace the men who had left industry. Still others went into the military services.

Something else happened to our young women. They fell in love with the boys who were their friends. Love itself quickened its step. Our young women were involved in the three major crises of mankind—marriage, birth, death—at a point in their lives when less drastic experiences would ordinarily have been their lot. They assumed responsibilities for the care of their own children and for building homes. The women who went into uniform were given many tasks formerly assigned to men, and carried them out efficiently.

The young men who were their contemporaries were maturing with equal speed, but in different ways. Now that may of them are home again, their attitude toward higher education is one of respect and earnest

# -TODAY'S COLLEGE GIRL-

participation. This attitude has its counterpart in college women. Between them, our boys and girls are helping to change the character of higher education in this country.

In general, these young people are searching for a set of values to believe in and live by. And they are looking to their teachers for help in finding it. This fact reveals itself in two ways—in their desire to study philosophical subjects (and their concern for religious problems), and in their requests for help in choosing a career.

Through her experience in industry and social work during the war, the college woman has begun to think of a future which includes many alternatives. The conventional role of the young college woman, that of wife and mother, is not accepted without question. Women have had a taste of the quality of living possible through diverse activities. They are not as ready as the last generation to accept motherhood as an exclusive goal.

We have the new spectacle of college girls returning to the campus with their husbands and children, completing their college work and sometimes going on to graduate work with their husbands. They are beginning to assume more of the freedoms of the male. Their husbands assume family tasks almost as often as they do.

What this will mean in a new pattern of family relations is still not clear. It will at least mean that many of the young American women whose intellectual and social interests have been awakened by college will go on with those interests to a far greater degree than ever before. It will also mean that the raising of children will be only part of woman's life, and that the need for social agencies to care for young children will increase. In recent years, the use of the nursery school for the careof children has made many more women conscious of its benefits for both the children and themselves.

Women in colleges are showing greater seriousness in two other ways: they are more politically conscious, and more critical of their own education. This is true also in the case of the men. The war speeded up these developments. Women students inevitably were interested in events abroad and at home in which their own interests were so fully involved, and in which their friends, brothers, sisters and husbands were playing an active part. They are concerned that the years following their graduation from college provide economic opportunities for themselves and for the men they marry. They are more conscious of uncertainties, thus more intent upon knowledge.

They are highly critical of dogmatic solutions to our social problems. In general, they do not seem to align themselves with any specific political group. In general, their political sympathies lie with the liberal members of all parties, and with the broad interests of labor. They favor individuals who support democratic social action on specific issues. Their hopes are for new forms of democracy.

The approach of the college woman to politics is usually by way of social science studied in the class room. She seeks knowledge by which informed decisions about politics may be made. With this knowledge goes a new sense of power. She exchanges opinions with members of other colleges, visits them to discover what they are thinking about educational and political questions.

Inside their own colleges they are not accepting passively the educational ideas of their professors. They are beginning to ask more questions about the courses they are required to study. To judge from their attitude it will not be long before the students tell the educators what kind of education women need and insist on having.

In short, the college woman of this generation is more adult, more mature, more serious and more conscious of the role she can play in the life of her country than ever before. Individuals who had these qualities have come from the colleges for the past 30 years. Now there are many more, and they are aware of one another.

Before the war, critics of American youth deplored the frivolity, softness and lack of discipline in our college boys and girls. Many today repeat these misconceptions and demand more discipline, regulation and severity in dealing with students. The attitude often expresses itself in the delight educators take in introducing compulsory courses and "stiff" requirements for academic work.

But American college men and women have met the challenge of war with a will and an intelligence which mark them as adults. They will meet the challenge of peace and of college education as adults. They will make their own morality as adults, and will not agree to live by political or social ideals imposed on them by the older generation. The college woman today needs friendly guidance and advice from educators who, realizing that the younger generation has already grown up, will discuss on terms of equality the problem of youth as a problem for everybody.

(Continued on page 8)

# THE ARMY UNIVERSITY—Biarittz, France

WHEN THE WAR ended in Europe and hopes were high that Japan would soon follow the perogative set by Germany, the U. S. Army began to put into effect its long planned reconversion. Reconversion of the GI back to a civilian status, the really big problem, was long planned.

Primarily, the Army's problem in Europe concerned over three million service personnel who were idle after the last shot was fired at the last Hun running across the hill. Of course, of the three million, not all were idle—many shipped immediately to Japan, many prepared and trained for eventual shipment, others; the service troops (Ordnance, Quartermaster, Transportation Corp, Engineers), were confronted with problems as large as when the conflict in Europe was in progress.

Many were idle. Combat troops, infantry, artillery men, anti-aircraft men, pilots, gunners, bombardiers of the Air Corps, whose primary business was fighting, had nothing to do when the fighting stopped. Also, there were many idle from the hospitals, from units that were scheduled for occupation.

The Army's reconversion of the GI took into account his idleness—something for him to do was the aim, but, this "something" was not to train for further useful service in the army—rather it was to be primarily beneficial to the individual preparing for the time when he would be a civilian.

Schools were established—all kinds of schools: schools within a company, regimental schools, Division corps, and Army schools; and there were even universities.

Fundamentally these schools differed greatly—the only common grounds of similarity was that they were all to reconvert. Courses offered in the schools (not including the universities) were widely varied: Algebra, History, Music, Art—academic subjects; Blacksmithing, Auto mechanics, welding, truck-driving for the job training.

Probably, the most successful and definitely the one plan that was long-planned and entailed a great expense was the Army Universities. One was established in England and the other at Biarritz, France.

Here is a brief outline of what the University at Biarritz, France was like:

1. Instructors—selected from both military and civilian sources. Military men of all ranks who at one time as civilians were either instructors in accredited schools or colleges in the United States or connected with the education system. Professors (civilian) were

borrowed from educational institutions in the United States. They were contracted for, paid and transported by the Army in cooperation with institutions in the United States. By and large, they were all authorities in their field and granted leaves of absence to travel and render services to the armed services. Contracts with the Army were normally seven to twelve months with an option of renewal by the instructor.

- 2. Courses offered—Typical of the Universities in the U. S. with an enrollment of 4,000 or more, art, music, abstract sciences, social sciences, languages, etc. were offered.
- 3. Textbooks and materials were shipped from the United States Armed Forces Institutes and were brought by the instructors. Herein was the one great obstacle to an entirely successful University across the seas—a library large enough to meet the needs of so large a university could not easily be provided when ships and shipping space was still urgently needed to transport fighting men and supplies to another battle front. Texts and one or two additional references were available for all courses; having been loaded and shipped the minute hostilities ceased. But a large library was lacking.
- 4. The unversity on the continent opened at the beantiful little seaside resort town of Biarritz on August 16, 1945 with 4000 men and women of the U. S. Armed forces. There were enlisted men, enlisted women officers, male nurses and war officers. Enlisted personnel of all grades numbered 12 to each officer.

Prior to August 14 and 15, when four trainloads of 1000 people each detrained at Biarritz, the administrative staff under command of General McCrusky had prepared for their coming. Billets and classrooms were requested and obtained from the French. All hotels and mansions were made ready for occupancy; many of the rooms overlooking the large beaches, where thousands of people gathered daily, and the coast of Spain which were occupied in peacetime at \$21 a day by vacationists. Food, clothing, and PX supplies were stored, movie houses were set up, tennis courts cleaned; nets, racquets and balls were provided. Last, but not least, bathing trunks were added for a swim or a sunburn after the days studies were over.

5. The courses offered were to be of eight weeks duration, very similar to the summer sessions of the universities in the United States. As soon as one 8 week term was completed, another was to begin with a new group of 4000 students.

(Continued on page 8)

# -SPORTS CORNER-

STAND BY! Your A. A. is preparing for action! On April 30th, there was an A. A. Assembly held in the gym, at which time a volleyball tournament was held. Each section was represented by a team. The Freshmen proved their worth by taking the "final" from the Senior Team which had two men players.

Our new cheerleaders made their debut at this time. All in all, the Athletic Assembly was a big success, with everyone either on the floor playing or in the balcony cheering a "favorite team."

There was a presentation of those coveted awards to people who have earned them by going out for electives. The following awards were given:

Stars: Nancy Cronhardt

Betty Townshend

Letters: Mary Caples

Marjorie Carrier Ruth Cronhardt

Charlotte Diener

Numerals: Dorothea Chenoworth

Phyllis Corwell Mary Belle Cox Gloria Lory

Elizabeth Schisler

MARY CAPLES, Jr. 1

# **Art Class**

SPRING IS HERE—and no other group can appreciate it more than Mrs. Brouwer's Junior and Senior Art class. You'll find them with their paraphernalia on the campus glorifying Mother Nature on paper. Among the successful projects we have is clay work, casting those well used horses heads—not to mention the original ceramics that spring forth. Throughout this project we obtained experience with the kiln. No doubt the students will not forget the little white light that was supposed to turn red when electricity was applied.

Then came our leather work. Here was changed a mere hide into objects of beauty (matter of opinion) such as slippers, wallets, coin purses and jewelry.

Insignificant as all this may appear we realize only too well how vitally important all this is to a teaching career.

"Without art
There is no civilization
Without civilization
There is no man"—S.R.

BERNICE SHUGAR, Jr. 4

# A BRIDGE TO THE NORTH STAR

(Continued from page 2)

"Pa, 1 . . . . .

"Yes?"

"Nothing."

He just couldn't ask them. He knew that his father couldn't do without him very well. I'll just have to think of another way," he thought.

"Oh, by the way, son, there's a letter for you in my overcoat pocket. I picked it up while I was in town today."

"A letter? For me?"

Craig pushed back his chair and hurried over to the clothes hooks on the kitchen door.

"Whom could I be getting a letter from?" he thought as reached into the pocket. As he looked at the envelope, his heart sank to his feet. "United States War Department," he read. He tore open the envelope slowly, half afraid to look at what he knew was there. "Greetings," he read.

As his eyes read the words, his mind said, "This is it. There goes your last chance of going to college. You'll be a soldier. You'll never do big things. People will never be proud of you."

"Ma! Pa! I'm drafted! I have to go into the army!"

As he sat on his bunk at camp, Craig thought of the day he had left home. He remembered his mother crying and telling him to be good, and his father's handclasp and moist eyes, and he remembered the lump in his own throat.

"And here I am in the infantry," he thought. "Mom and Pop are still working and here I am doing nothing for them."

Craig, although he wouldn't tell you so, was really one of the best soldiers in his outfit. He was a good worker and he was liked by his superiors as well as by his buddies. His service record was one of the best. When his outfit went overseas, he was one of the most trusted men and one of the most capable. And now he was back in the states.

"Yes, back in the states; back to the farm. Right back where I started."

You see, he still wanted to go to college.

After the men with him had received their discharge papers, Lieutenant Marks asked to see Craig in his office. When he stepped into the Lieutenant's office, Craig felt very elated. He didn't know why, but he felt as though something good was going to happen to him.

"Sit down, Matthews," the Lieutenant said. Craig sank into the chair.

# A BRIDGE TO THE NORTH STAR

(Continued from page 7)

"Matthews, we've looked over your record and we find that you have a great deal of ability. We know that you want to go to college, and so I've been asked to remind you of the G.I. Bill of Rights. You know you can get four years of college."

Craig could feel his eyes getting bigger with every word he heard. "Can I actually be hearing right?" he thought. "Can this be real?"

He suddenly realized that Lieutenant Marks had stopped speaking and was smiling at him. Craig was so happy that he almost forgot to mumble, "Thank you," as he walked out the door.

As Craig walked into the night with the prospect of college and engineering before him, he felt happier than he had ever felt in his life. Now he could do something and help his folks. What a wonderful world!

Craig looked up at the north star. It really wasn't so far away. And you know, he could actually see a bridge, big and beautiful, leading to it.

Doris Beatley, Freshman 6

# TODAY'S COLLEGE GIRL

(Continued from page 5)

In the United States, as in no other country in the world, women have an opportunity to participate in the national life, and to create a new kind of life for themselves and for others. They already dominate, in numbers, the teaching of our children in the primary and secondary schools. They own in their own right more than half the capital wealth of this country. Through their organizations they sustain the arts and letters of this continent. They are the most active members of their home communities, and the center of the home itself. These facts give women a formidable role in our future.

In comparison with European society, the mold of American women's life is not yet set. Our marriages are, on the whole, not arranged, our professions are at least partly open and our political alliances are not doctrinaire. Our college education must give the new woman student the materials to serve with the greatest wisdom for the general welfare.

# ARMY UNIVERSITY—Biarittz, France

(Continued from page 6)

6. Military life ended on August 16 for the 4000 students. No military formation, no saluting, no curfew, no rifles, no tough sergeants, no second lieutenants to get in the hair, rank and grade were all one—civilian.

RALPH DANIELS

# Greetings!

Ah, yes—my neighbors keep selecting me to help my "Uncle." Why? I don't know! I keep telling my draft board how nicely they've done without me, but somehow they love me. (Proof can be obtained at Local Board No. 21, where a record of my "greetings" letters are kept.)

Living in fear, from deferment to deferment, I finally received a notice for induction. After they picked me off the floor and hopefully administered a "shot" in my arm, I re-read this document "a la selective service." All day Saturday (the sanctioned day), I lowered my supply of marajuana between packs of cigarettes. How happy I was! After regaining sufficient strength, I immediately began jumping off the piano, but flat feet doesn't lead to a rejection—I was told as the carpenters lifted me out from the floor boards. How happy I was!

April 4, was the day when I was to leave a school of beautiful women and go to "camp" for a vacation—with all men, men, and more men. How happy I was! (April 6, was Army Day. Just think, I probably would be in a parade. Ohio, was I happy!) No, I decided; I couldn't leave; and I shall tell my draft board just that!!

Monday morning, I strolled up to my Draft Board (which, incidentally, is in Elementary School 63). Those nice teachers there all wanted to help me. How happy I was! I entered the Board office with a bold stride; and, after they helped me off my knees, the "kind souls" asked me what was my trouble. Ha! I told them.

"What!" they exclaimed, "We called you!? We're scraping the bottom, but we don't want rust!" I was insulted, but also happy I was! "Come around in June when your heart begins to beat again," said my Board.

I dashed out to M.S.T.C. (an hour ride on the B.T.C. convertible), and broke the sad news of my deferment. They felt so sorry for me.

The Bible has many prayers, so all the students who can read, will, please, pray for the draft to end on May 15, 1946, or else the Tower Light is going to get another one of these articles.

Note: TO THE BOOKWORMS—This article is to be read with a smile.

[Ed. Note—This is the End!]



Best Wishes to the

# GRADUATES of 1946

and all our friends at State Teachers College from

# HUTZLER BROTHERS @

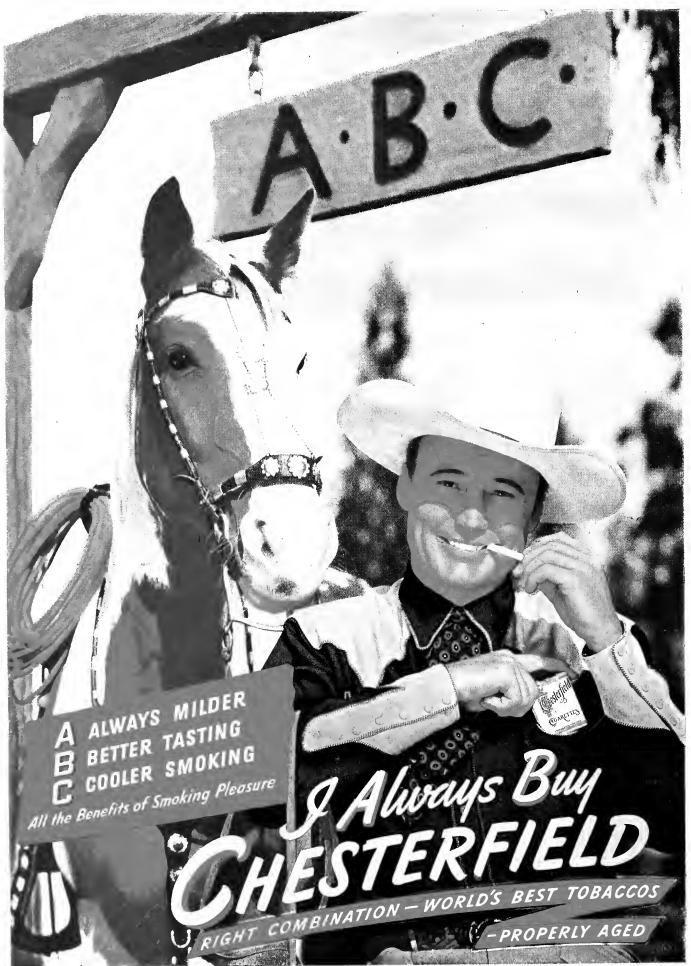
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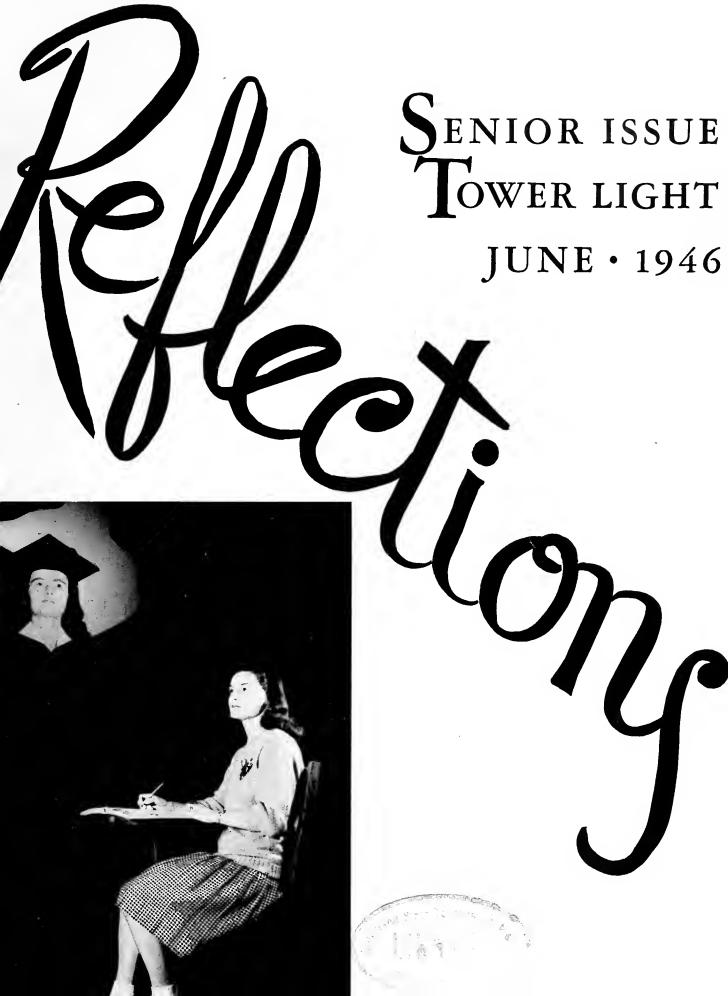
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KAUFMANN'S PHARMACY TOWSON







# AU REVOIR and GOOD-BYE

TUMAN RELATIONSHIPS ALWAYS PROvide interesting mathematics. Sometimes the numerical answers do not conform to the textbook dicta. The unity of a man and a woman by virtue of the rite of matrimony is an example of a sociological theorem whose conclusion always seems a bit startling quantitatively. (Mathematically, 1—1—1). Inasmuch as so many of our Seniors are personally interested in scientific research relating to the accuracy of this formula 1 shall forbear further comment until the additional data are at hand.

The occasion of your graduation requires that I call to your attention a less well-formulated theorem of human relationships. Like the first, the conclusion becomes a bit shocking when expressed mathematically. I shall describe the phenomenon in its simplest terms before introducing the formula. Whenever two human personalities live and work together intimately over a period of time one begins to observe, not two personalities, but three. Although this extra personality may lack the corporal unity of a human organism its physical organization is as real as that of either of the parent personalities. The reality of this extrapersonality has been described by a number of psychologists. McDougall has aptly described it as "the group mind." Perhaps we may call it "the little man who wasn't there." Mathematically, then, 1—1 may be 3.

Sometimes this group mind is stronger and finer than the parent personalities. Indeed, upon many occasions it becomes powerful enough to exert a permanent influence upon the parent personalities. On the other hand, where true rapport has never been established and *esprit de corps* is lacking the group personality is usually a poor and weak thing held in low esteem by both of its parent parts. Truly each instance of group living is an experiment in the chemistry of personality.

How many extra-personalities are there in the Senior Class? I cannot be sure because I may not have met them all. In the paragraphs above I have described the smallest working unit capable of creating a group mind. The smallest number of extra-personalities operating in every social aggregation functioning on a level higher than that of a crowd is one. But there may be more. Frequently a larger group is made up of sub-groups each having interests, loyalties and aspira-



tions peculiar to itself. Sometimes the extra-personalities of the sub-groups are stronger than the personality of the whole organization. At such times the latter usually suffers from a lack of distinctive character and vigor. The group character of the present Senior Class seems to be described in the latter condition.

Literally, the fortunes of war have thrown together at the last moment a number of small groups and called them Seniors. There was insufficient time for integration of the sub-groups into a strong class personality. Perhaps we may say that our Senior Class has a "split" personality. I hasten to beg that I not be misunderstood. My comments are not derogative. I am filled with sincere admiration for the manner in which all have accepted the situation and, not content to make a "go" of it, have even restored some of the prewar flavor to the Senior activities. Nevertheless this success was the result of the cooperation of the several sub-groups rather than the spontaneous will of a well-

—(Continued on page 26)



# FACULTY

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT ART AND MUSIC DEPARTMENT SCIENCE AND HEALTH DEPARTMENTS LIBRARY STAFF

LIDA LEE TALL STAFF SOCIAL STUDIES DEPARTMENT

# Teachers are People

THERE IS A GREAT DEAL IN THE LITERAture of the day concerning teachers. This happens because of the loss to the schools of some of their best, many of their successful teachers. People are awake to the needs for education, and to the fact that they have allowed to slip away too many of the most important agents in an educational system, the teachers. They have done this through their own neglect and lack of appreciation for the teachers.

The Washington Post of April 4, 1946, carried an editorial called Teachers' Status. The following quotation from that editorial sums up the editor's explanation of the situation: "It is generally recognized now as an elementary principle that the responsibilities of teaching can be best discharged by men and women whose lives are mature, satisfied, and full."

The editor introduced his editorial with the statement, "The old-maid school teacher is an American stereotype." That stereotype remains in the minds of many American parents who either remember such a teacher of their own school days or have had no intimate experiences with teachers. It is expressive of the lack of respest which has caused some teachers to leave the profession for some other kind of work in which they would not be labeled. There is reason for believing that teachers are responsible in part for the condition, even though they could not help it.

When teachers are assigned to classes small enough for them to know the children as human beings, and that means to know all about them, the relationship will not be teacher-at-a-desk-in-a-classroom in-a-school relationship. It will be a relationship between a child of a family in a community and a teacher who knows and understands the child because she knows and works with the family and the community. It is true that a child spends most of his time in the home and the school. At the same time there are other agencies working with that family and only an understanding of those agencies and their purposes, problems, and activities and the reactions of the family to them can give an understanding of the child. When teachers work with the family and cooperate with the agencies and institutions with which that family is a part they cease to be stereotypes. They become real people.

The teacher who taught a one room rural school knew all the pupils well. She knew all the families and called



the members by their first names; she belonged to a church in the community, and attended the picnics and bazaars at all the churches; she went to the christenings, and weddings, and funerals; she served as a member of the board of directors of the hospital and worked with the doctors of the community; she was a member of the local Red Cross; and she participated in the social affairs of the community. She was not a stereotype; she belonged!

It is not possible to really reproduce such relationships in the large urban or city community but something which approaches it must be brought about if teachers are to be thought of as individuals and not

—(Continued on page 26)

# The CLASS of 1946

# Dedication . . .

WTE, THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1946, DEDIcate our Senior Issue of the TOWER LIGHT to Mr. Moser, a wonderfully understanding advisor who has always been ready to direct our stumbling feet to the smoother path and who has never failed to give unsparingly of his time and effort to the work and planning of our class's activities. To all our problems and projects, he gave a personal and direct interest, without which much of our college life might not have been successful. His very thoughtful guidance and gracious manner will never be forgotten by those of us who have had the honor of working with him. Inadequate though it be, may this issue express our sincere gratitude and admiration for his part in our life at S. T. C.

# In Appreciation . . .

WE, THE STAFF MEMBERS OF THE 1946 Senior Issue, on behalf of our class, would like to extend our sincere appreciation for the cooperation and interest that we have received in our publication, REFLECTIONS.

We would like to thank especially:

Dr. Wiedenfeld for making space in her busy schedule to write an inspiring message to our graduating class.

Mr. Moser whose assistance in every way has been unmeasurable.

Mrs. Brouwer for her help in the creation of a cover layout.

Dr. Hartley for his patience and unselfishness in helping us with the cover photograph.

Dr. Crabtree for her ever-ready helpfulness and graciousness in aiding us in our literary efforts.

Dr. Walther for his always steadying and efficient handling of the finances of our edition.

Mrs. Stapleton for her interest in our May Day page. To the Underclassmen, without whom our Senior Issue could never have been a success. We are greatly indebted to Betty Ann Apruill and Helen Smith who have given much time and energy in the making of this issue.

To the Tower Light Staff, whose cooperation has been commendable.

To the Reflection Staff with whom it has been a gratifying and worthwhile experience and privilege to have worked with.

Edda Torr

# Class Song of 1946 . . .

Oh, let us sing praises!
Our class's fondest phrases
For our college on the hilltop;
For days we dwelt within her walls;
For knowledge gained within her halls;
For friendships that we cherish.

One purpose in our singing,
More laurels to be bringing
To fill her coffer's store.
The class of '46 will strive
To keep her memory e'er alive
And teach her hallowed lore.

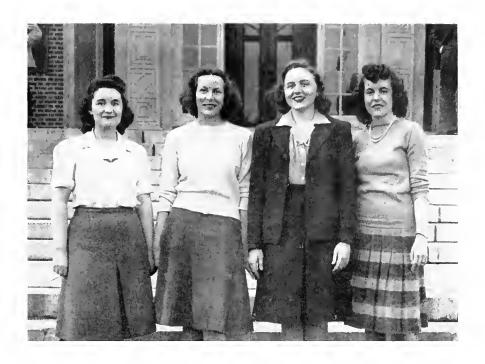
(Music by Barbara Harper Lyrics by Carolyn Motschiedler)

# Reincarnate Time . . .

I walk again the quiet, friendly halls
Where laughter is a kin to many things:
To books that line the learned library walls;
To peasant friendships wearing crowns of kings.
To those most worthy souls that I did see
Bound in the chains of words of fallen men;
To those who found—who loved the road with me
That led to Paradise, and home again.
I hear the Tower Clock that tolls each hour
As if some sacred personage passed by;
See paths that vein the glen; child-like flowers
That humbly sit beside my chair. And I
Make dreams of the few trivia I hold here—
A knocker on the door of yesteryear.

CAROLYN MOTSCHIEDLER
THE TOWER LIGHT

# CLASS OFFICERS







# REFLECTIONS STAFF

(Our Class History)

THE CEREMONIES OF SENIOR DAY, THE Baccalaureate, and Graduation are over; the climax of college has come and gone, leaving an emptiness in the schedule of our lives. On the college pin we wear the numerals "46", and our names are now inscribed under the heading, "The Class of 1946". Yet how many of us have wondered to which class we really belonged—what was our official title—what numerals could we legally wear on our rings? It was a natural state of mind for us, for we were a conglomerate class, an organizational blotter, absorbing the remnants of other classes. So many elements have gone into our complex structure: the staid and steady four year students have been mixed with accelerates; the war has taken away and added a part of the vital core.

The original class of 1946 had its origin in September, 1942 when the freshman enrolled. Under the four-year system, this class would graduate in June, 1946. But that class soon broke up, for the war came along and with it the accelerated course was added. The majority of the freshman class succumbed to the three-year course and thus became a part of the class of 1945. Only five students were left to become the nucleus of the Class of 1946, even though they continued to belong to their class until this year. There were two men students in that original class, Leroy Cashman and Ralston Cullan, but the ranks of war soon engulfed them.

In that year of 1942, the college was still the peacetime college. There were men on the campus—a positive indication of pre-war days—; the Glen was in its best form, the pond at its loveliest. During our years here, we have watched the slow, insidious, and indiscriminate hands of war change these things. The Air Corps, the Army and the Navy slowly drained out our manpower. Help dwindled on the campus and with it, the beauty of the Glen. We students tried to take over its care, keeping it usable and enjoying Glen Day's respite from classes, but failing to maintain the natural charm which it had had before.

To the five member nucleus in June, 1943 was added another group of members, the present Senior I. They were an accelerate group, legally members of the Class of 1947, but planning to graduate in 1946. And of course, this group was important because it brought a new male student, Harry Zemel, who was to be the lone defender of the men's room for a long year. Then, to muddle matters more, in September, 1943, the Class of 1947 entered. There was nothing noticeable about

the new freshman, especially to the veteran sophomores; nothing worth even mentioning in the history of the Class of '48, except that twenty-two of that freshman class decided to take the accelerated course and thus made themselves eligible for membership in the class of 1946.

There you have our elements! mix them in the college crucible; fuse them with the urgent need for teachers; sand the rough edges with the bufferings of time. The Class of '46 emerges—legally in January, 1946. At that time, the accelerates and the original members voted to join each other, and for the first time since the preceding August, the college had a Senior class it could see, and one worth looking at when our six G.l.'s joined us again in February.

And now, the finished products, you and 1, stand at the bend in the road, and like all travelers, stop to rest and look back, reminiscing on the milestones just passed. And what are those milestones—the inconsequential incidents of the past year that have emblazoned themselves on our minds and hearts? The campus is most surely the background of that memory; plebeian lawns cropped close to the head of the earth; pink dogwood making an arched sky of color over the path; the scent of honeysuckle on a humid April afternoon; the Glen, as far away from life as if it had been the valley of Shangri-La. How many times in the future we will meet, you and I, and greet each other with, "Remember the time when-?" Yes, we all remember the time we won Demonstration Night (In our Senior year—the desperation push); (the time we sold candy in the bookshop and almost ate as much as we sold); the time we first tried on our caps and gowns, looked in the mirror, and wondered who invented that idea anyway; the senior assembly and with it the first full realization of how close we were to the end; the solemness of the Baccalaureate; the glory of Graduation.

A motley set of memories to be treasured as we will treasure them—locked in the towers of our hearts. But we molded the minutes allotted to us as an artist would, following the dictates of our hearts. In the days and years to come, time may mellow, even alter, those memories; but you and 1 can always pull aside the curtain of time when we will, and relieve a magic moment with our Class of 1946.

CAROLYN MOTSCHIELDER

Remembrance and Reflection how allied!

Essay on Man—Alexander Pope

# ALEXANDER, WINIFRED "'Il'innie"

"Big Joke!" . . . S.C.A. Dorm Company Captain, Glen Committee Sr. TL. Staff . . . Plans to teach primary grade in Frederick County . . . Lovely red hair and freckles, brown eyes, contagious smile, helpful and generous.

# BORTNER, CHARLOTTE - "Bugsie"

"Ou la la, Ray's coming tonight" . . . S.C..\. Marshals (Chief Marshal during summer months), Rural Club . . . Plans to teach in Baltimore Co.; get married next summer . . . enjoys life, never worries, hearty laugh, and continuous smile . . . belongs to diamond club.

#### BROZER, MERELYN = "Bunky"

"Pish Posh" . . . Leather Craft consultant of our art classes . . . Plans: October wedding chimes . . . calm, cool and collected . . . advocate of "Times Magazine".

#### CLOPPER, SAMUEL E. - "Sam"

"Nothing is constant but change" . . . 1938-42-Glee Club; Kappa Delta Pi, Soccer team, basketball, baseball team . . . Plans to take graduatework in administration . . . Service record—inducted January '42 . . . 1944—European Theatre, discharged October 14, 1945.



# CRONHARDT, NANCY — "Crony"

"What a life!"...Glee Club, Auditing Committee (Chairman), Varsity "M" in Athletics...Plans to go to Florida each summer on the high salary she will make during the year...Athletic, pleasant, amiable.

#### CROUCH, CLARA MAE - "Slim"

"I just got a letter. Rost, you can have the short one." . . . Glee Club, S.C.A., May Court, A.A. . . . Plans to teach in Baltimore county . . . Always seen with Libby.

# DIEFENBACH, LORRAINE - "Diff"

"Kiss my hind foot"... Glee Club, Treasurer of Senior Class, Senior Week Committee, May Court... Plans to teach three or four years until Jimmie gets his Master's—and then settle down ... Senior Jenny Lind, winsome brown eyes, petite.

# DUDDERAR, MYRA — "My"

"How artistic!" . . . S.C.A. Choir Chairman, Vice President House Committee, Section Chairman, Archery, Badminton, Senior T.L. Staff . . . Plans to teach and to marry . . . "Sugar and spice and everything nice", thoughtful, lovely soprano voice.

#### ECKER, DOROTHY — "Dottie"

"Have you heard the latest joke?" . . . Chapel Chairman of S.C.A., May Court, Senior T.L. Staff, Secretary of Senior Class, Treasurer of House Committee . . . Plans to teach for a while—then marry. Petite, dark, peppery personality.

## FARMER, DOROTHY ALICE -- "Dot"

"Well the book I read said" . . . Co-Business Manager of Senior T.L. . . . Plans to take graduate work . . . Service Record . . . Enlisted January '43, Discharged November '45, Air Corps WAC. Conscientious, jovial, earnest.

#### GOLD, MARY — "Goldie"

"Come downtown and shop with me." . . . Insured gay surroundings for our S.G.A. Dances, Propagandized the same through posters, T.L. Art Staff . . . Plans "To get skinny" Spicy, full of fun, vivacious, blonde.

# GUTMANN, DORIS HELEN — "Rusty"

"Oh, undoubtedly" . . . President of Class. (Jr. and Sr.), Business Manager of T.L., Assistant Chief Marshall, Kappa Delta Pi, Delegate to Eastern States Conf., Student Faculty Board, Assembly Committee . . . Wants to . . . "Practice my profession" . . . Studious, striking redhead, well-informed, poised, good sense of humor.



## HARPER, F. BARBARA — "Barb"

Glee Club, S.C.A. Choir, House Committee, S.G.A. Social Chairman, Dramatic Club, May Court . . . Plans to teach in Annapolis and to do special study in music . . . Creative, fun, musical to her toes.

## HEROLD, CRESTON C. — "Cres"

"That's what you think!" . . . 1938-42 Glee Club, Varsity Club, Men's Club, Soccer team, baseball team . . . Service Record—Enlisted in Air Corps January '42, Discharged March '46. Plans graduate work at Columbia . . . cheerful, meticulously neat, efficient and friendly.

# KATENKAMP, THEODORE W. - "Ted"

"I'll never get finished"! Glee Club, track team prior to induction, Hiking, Insect collecting . . . Plans to teach and collect more degrees. Industrious, a teacher's dream of a student, reliable.

#### KOENIG, KATHRYN — "Kay"

"Oh, Babee!" . . . Social Chairman of Senior Class, May Court, Social Chairman of Dorm . . . Plans— "Only the future knows and can tell." . . . Graceful, energetic, cooperative and full of fun.

#### KOLETSCHKE, DORIS = "Koles"

"Well, what do you know!" . . . Glee Club, Kappa Delta Pi . . . Plans to get her Master's Degree sometime in the future . . Thorough, friendly, cooperative, cheerful.

# McCUTCHEON, HELEN "Cutchie"

"Hey, Heudi-Heudi!" . . . S.C.A. President, Vice-President of S.G.A., President of N.H.G., Marshal, I.R.C. House Committee . . . Plants to teach at least two years and then . . .?? . . . Redhead, always dashing, very friendly, sentimental.

# McDONNAL, EVA MAY "Eve"

"The mills of the Gods grind slow but they grind exceeding small." . . . Marshals . . . Senior Tower T.L. . . . Plans to see California and Yellowstone Park, teach and perhaps marriage . . . Friendly, quiet expressive eyes.

# MERSON, NORMA LEE "Lee"

"Love and Lollipops"...Glee Club, Rural Club, Kappa Delta Pi, Senior Assembly Committee, May Court...Plans to teach in Baltimore County, and to go to Florida for the summer...Capable, studious ambitious, generous.



# MILLER, DOROTHY - "Vodka"

"He's a doll"... Secretary of Junior Class, Tower Light, S.G.A. Publicity Committee, Dramatic Club, Chairman of Case Committee, Safety Council... Plans vacation, Columbia, fun... Thorough, good sport interesting supply of men, friendly.

#### MORRIS, EVELYN R. — "Evy"

"You're just saying that—because it's true." . . . Glee Club, Student Faculty Board, Maid of Honor May Court, S.C.A. Choir, Editor of Tower Light (Jr. and Sr.), Executive Board, Kappa Delta Pi . . . Plans to lead an interesting life in an interesting way . . . energetic, creative, witty, versatile, independent.

#### MOTSCHEIDLER, CAROLYN - "Motch"

"I just heard a new joke." . . . Tower Light Staff, Senior T.L. . . . Plans to excell in Professional activities and to work for an M.A. in due time . . . Witty, conscientious, source of all the latest that is worth hearing.

#### MULLENDORE, RUTH

"Never be in a hurry." . . . Glee Club, Jeannie Group . . . Ambition to see the world, adventure. Good sense of humor, subtle, sophisticated, peaches and cream complexion.

#### O'CONNOR, JAMES P. — "Jimmy"

1938-1942 Tennis Team. Service Record . . . entered September '41 and discharged in February '46, Armored Forces, Office of Quartermaster General as officer . . . Plans to take graduate work . . . scientifically curious, serious, well groomed.

#### ROSEN, SHIRLEY — "Shirl"

"Perish the thought" Glee Club, I.R.C., Dramatic Club, Basketball and Tennis . . . Plans to go to Columbia for a Master's Degree and eventually teach the second grade . . . Attractive clothes, poised, naive at times.

#### ROST, ELIZABETH — "Libby"

"I'm not going out with him anymore!" . . . Glee Club, A.A., Executive Board, S.C.A. . . . Plans to teach anywhere . . . Tall, blonde, poised, calm, May Court, Fun!

# SMITH, DALLAS—"Smitty"

"Life is beautiful!" 1932-35 Dramatic Club, Senior Volley Ball Team, Tennis, Bond Team Captain... Plans to teach in Baltimore City. Service Record—Enlisted September '42, Germany, Poland Prisoner of War—Discharged January '46... Likeable, hard working, conscientions, talkative.



## WHITEHURST, BARBARA B. — "Babs"

"That's peachy!" . . . Class President (Sophomore, Junior), Glee Club, New York Delegate, S.C.A. Choir, S.G.A. Representative, Senior T.L. Business Manager, Kappa Delta Pi, May Queen, President S.G.A. Plans to teach for awhile . . . a leader, friendly, initiative, laughing eyes, helpful.

## WOLKOFF, CLARA

"I don't understand! Ambition: To travel, reach Hawaii some day . . . Plans to teach in Baltimore City Schools . . . earnest brown eyes, winsome smile, attractive personality.

# WOLFRAM, CATHERINE M. — "Cathy"

"This is a grand old world if you don't weaken"
... Marshals, Section Secretary ... Plans to be a
good teacher and someday a good housewife ...
Willing, hard worker, and friendly.

# ZEMEL, HARRY — "Zem"

"Your father's moustache." Glee Club, Jeannie Group, S. G. A. Social Chairman, President, Men's Club, May Day Chairman, 1945, President, Dramatic Club, May King . . . Plans to get a Master's degree . . . Cooperative, polite, everybody's friend, and a gentleman to his toes.

# GRADUATES

# ZIEMAN, MARGARET — "Peggy"

"There's one in every class!" ... Glee Club, Senior Week Committee, President of Class (Freshman Year), May Court ... Plans a house on a hill with a fireplace—and all that goes with it ... Pepsodent smile, tall and blonde, "Dif's" other half.



# . . . Also Included In Our Class . . .

# BENSON, GERALDINE — "Gerry"

"For goodness sakes!" Glee Club, Social Chairman of S.G.A. Ambition—To be a good teacher, but not for long . . . possesses a good sense of humor and a lovly smile.

#### LYNCH, EILEEN -- "Canteen Eileen"

"Oh, Brother!" . . . Tower Light Literary staff, Dramatic Club . . . Plans to become Mrs. "Bill" . . . Frank, independent, quiet, literary, musical . . . Lovely eyes, cute laugh.

#### CONDIFF, MARGARET

"I don't see how you do it." . . . Acting Captain of Senior Bond Team, Teacher in Campus School . . . Now teaching "At Home" (Solomon's Island) . . . Conscientious, cheerful, helpful, friendly.

# MACE, ELIZABETH — "Mace"

"Believe me!" . . . Plans to sleep this summer for "three months straight!" . . . Easy-going, frank, cool.

# FRIEDMAN, REITA — "Reet"

"Guess what I saw"—Victory Pool Chairman, Dramatic Club President, Marshal, T.L. Staff... Plans to teach school for awhile and then... Naturally curley hair, corny jokes, good sport, slight "Joisey" accent.

#### WERNER, LA VERNE — "Lu"

"Oh, my gosh!" . . . Glee Club, Senior Class Treasurer, Nurses Aid . . . Plans to be a demonstration teacher . . . Lovely voice, nice smile, changing hair styles.

JUNE - 1946



# We Remember

UR DAYS AT TOWSON STATE TEACHERS College are drawing to an end. We must leave the scenes and the friends that have become so dear to us but at least we will have fond memories of our life here at Teachers College. We will always remember:

Winnie for her curling red hair.

Hearing a lovely voice. Yes, it's Gerry!

The numerous hair-dos that Merelyn continually tried.

A tall, looming figure—Sam Clopper.

The heavy burden which Margaret Condiff carried as a teacher and pupil simultaneously.

Nancy for her knitting ability. We particularly liked the pink sweater.

The stars in Diff's eyes when anyone mentioned limmie.

The artistic ability of Mary. Will S.T.C. ever have lovelier decorations for their dances.

Parliamentary procedure in Senior Class. Meetings were always done correctly by Doris G.

Piano compositions and music for our class song— Barb's originals.

One of our vets—Creston. What a lovely couple he and Dottie made, leading the grand march at the May Day Dance.

Beautiful solos in assembly—we were honored to have La Verna in our class.

A pleasant smile and a cheerful voice that belonged only to Peggy.

Libby as an attractive blond with numerous dates.

A happy-go-lucky classmate. Shirley with a song always on her lips.

Clara with her never ceasing ambition to do and to learn.

Our helpful Chief Marshall, Charlotte who never failed to get everyone seated.

Tall, dark, and attractive Clara Mae who was forever writing letters.

Dallas—the little man—who was there and brought his brief case with him.

, Dorothy Farmer who came to us from the WAC's.

The quiet girl with the pleasing personality—Eva. Hearing a corny joke? Rita's at it again.

Tall, blond, scholarly Ted in his favorite haunt, the

Another faithful marshall—Catherine W. who always rushed from her classes to assembly on Tuesday mornings.

A size 13 ring on a blue ribbon around Dottie E's neck.

Our loyal S.C.A. choir chairman, Myra, with a beautiful voice.

Kay and her infestious giggle. Nor will we forget her original ideas.

Doris K, and her efficiency and ever ready answers. The numerous books in Eileen's arms. We liked her short stories too.

Flowing blonde hair and Betty M, and we'll always remember her witty remarks.

The mad dash to the mailbox that Cutch made twice a day, every day.

Norma Lee's fashionable wardrobe and neat appearance.

The naive personality belonging exclusively to Dorothy M.

Ev's tireless work and ingenious ability as T.L. Editor.

A sparkling smile on May Day. Bab's was a beautiful queen.

One of our most versatile and cooperative classmates Harry.

Our tall, sophisticated classmate—Ruth M.

The happy laughter that dominated the crowd when Motsch made one of her many witty remarks.

Dramatic late entrances—there comes Jimmy again.

## REFLECTIONS STAFF

Class History
Carolyn Motschielder

Class Will Kay Koenig

Directory

Clubs

Eva McDonald Catherine Wolfram

Doris Koletschke Winny Alexander

Photograph Committee

Art Committee

Harry Zemel

DOROTHY MILLER

Picture Write-Ups

Senior 1—Peggy Zieman

Senior 3—Clara Wolkoff

Senior 5—"THE FATAL FIVE"
Specials—Creston Herold

Business Managers

Barbara Whitehurst

DOROTHY FARMER

Advisory Board

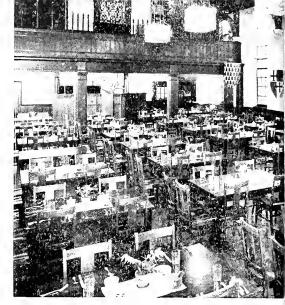
Literary. DR. CRABTREE

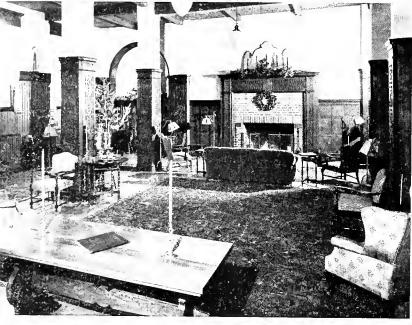
Art. Mrs. Brouwer
DR. Walther

Finance. MR. Moser

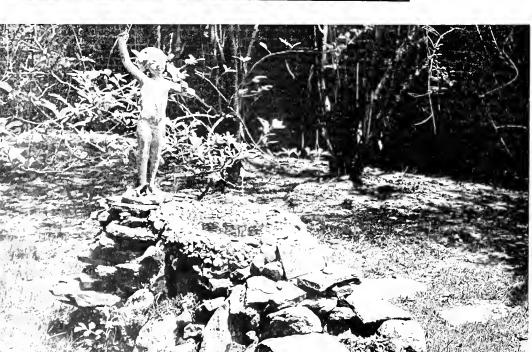
Editor, EVELYN MORRIS



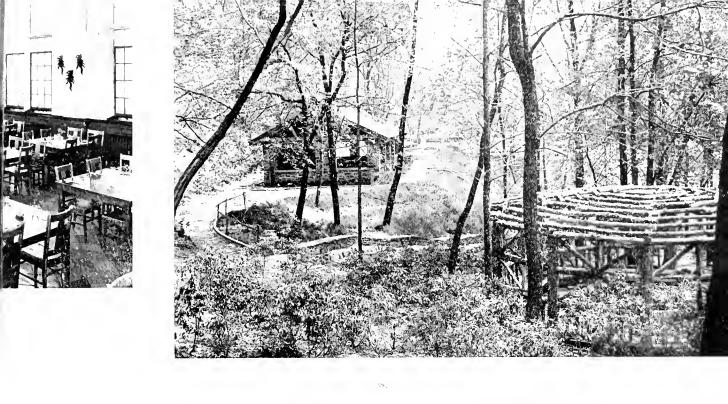




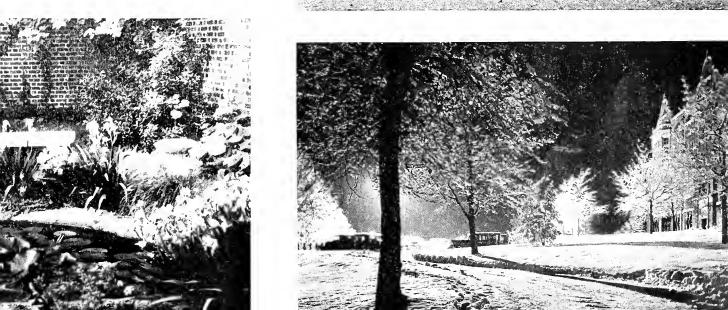
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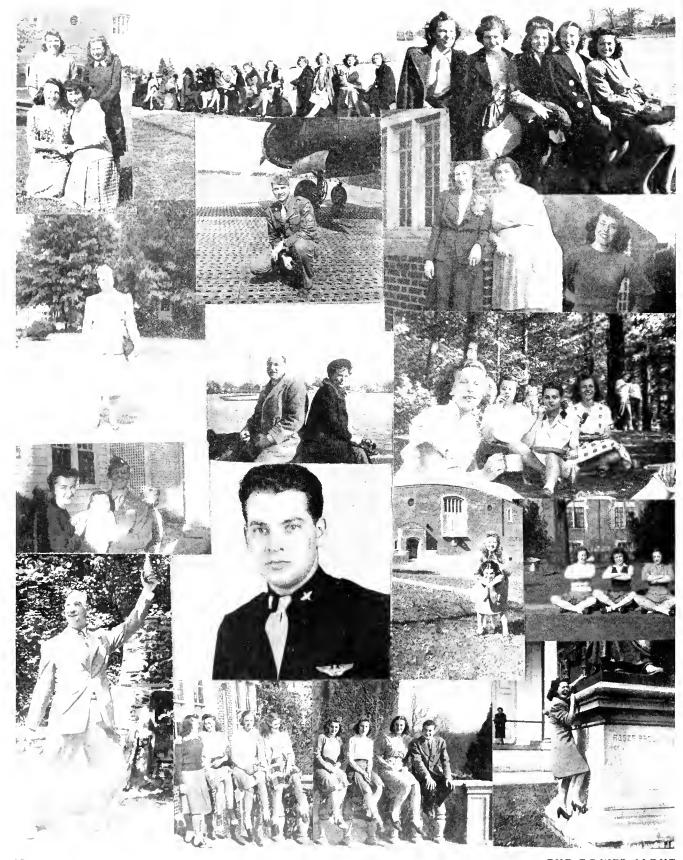












THE TOWER LIGHT

# LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT



WE, THE CLASS OF '46 HAVING BEEN formed from all odds and ends, do nevertheless leave fond tokens to those we have grown to love.

#### To the school:

An icebox in the dorm open to all students and jampacked with delicacies.

A robot who runs off A- term papers.

A la carte menus to choose meals from served in the dorm.

Private school buses which make regular trips downtown.

Classes all on the first floor.

A candy room with a full stock.

#### To the faculty:

Dr. Wiedefeld—a calendar which gives her plenty of time to do children's writing.

Miss MacDonald — practicum students with hands that don't shake.

DR. West — balmy observation nights and students who can find the stars.

MISS YODER — students who know the book they want and where to find it.

Mrs. Stapleton — a menagerie of animals who do everything unusual

Miss Bloop — private airplanes to take her students on geological trips

Dr. Scott — a compound city practice center so she won't have to gallop all around

Dr. Dowell — healthy students who understand what makes them healthy

MISS KAHL — a game of hearts in which she "shoots the moon", and a bag of potato chips

Dr. Walther — a book of "Ten Thousand Best Jokes for the College Classroom"

Miss Daniels — lovely postures decking the halls of S.T.C.

Dr. Crabtree — a student who understands all of Shakespeare's works

MISS HOLT—students who return magazines promptly on the hour

Mr. Moser — just a few students in a class who can grasp math

Miss Roach — a large jar of peanut butter to appear everytime she gets the longing for it

Miss Brown — a crew of workers to make the Glen ship-shape

Mrs. Brouwer — a couple of assistants for the tremendous job she's been doing

DR. BULKLEY — a new modernly equipped infirmary MISS WOODWARD — students who can grow cotton, spin it, weave it, and have something that looks like cloth

Miss Barkley — books that never wear or tear

MISS WEYFORTH — a Glee Club with lots of baritones, tenors and basses

Dr. Hartley — an appointment at Adolph's

Miss Bersch — students who will empty ashtrays in the girl's smoker

Dr. Brewington — lotsa speeches, lotsa speeches

MR. CROOK — labled birds flying around

Dr. Bergner — a specimen of everything

The preceding items we give as a class. Individual members wish to leave the following—such as it is.

#### Senior 1:

Winifred Alexander — a complete good-naturedness for even those weary moments

Nancy Vronhardt — a battered pair of knitting needles and a well-worn knitting book

LORRAINE DIEFENBACH — a low romantic voice for romantic moments

Barbara Harper — an ability to relate a movie so you don't have to spend money to see it

KAY KOENIG — lots of fingernail polish to pick off

Doris Koletsche — a mania for doing all work and on time

NORMA LEE MERSON — a trip to Milwaukee without once sampling Schlitz

Eva MacDonald — a sweet girlish look and unperturbability

CATHERINE WOLFRAM — a falsetto giggle

Peggy Ziemann — her "just out of the tub" look

Harry Zemel — the secret address of his hairdresser

#### Senior 3:

MARY GOLD—a multiple collection of cigarette butts in case the shortage hits again

MERELYN BROZER — lurid tales of Atlantic City to amuse other listeners

LIBBY ROST — one worn-out mirror to use solely for the face

CLARA MAE CROUCH — a doleful voice for saying, (Continued on page 26)

# MAY DAY





# OUR MAY COURT

#### Left to Right:

Lorraine Diefenbach — Baltimore, Maryland
Dorothy Ecker — Westminster, Maryland
Myra Dudderar — Mt. Airy, Maryland
Margaret Ziemann — Baltimore, Maryland
Kathryn Koenig — Dundalk, Maryland
Queen — Barbara Whitehurst — Baltimore,
Maryland

King — Hary Zemel — Baltimore, Maryland

Maid of Honor — Evelyn Morris — Baltimore,

Maryland

Clara Mae Crouch — Catonsville, Maryland

Elizabeth Rost — Phoenix, Maryland
Norma Lee Merson — Lansdowne, Maryland
Barbara Harper — Annapolis, Maryland
Helen McCutcheon — Braddock Heights,
Maryland



#### To the Queen of the May

We, loyal subjects, round your throne now throng To offer, Gracious Queen, our praise and song, For you have called your followers to earth, Bees, birds, and flowers, comingling in mirth. We join with nature, grateful you to greet, Before your throne see men and nature meet, To honor you for gifts of peace and cheer, Lighting the waiting world, long dark and drear. As from your fragrant throne, O Queen, you reign, O'er sylvan beauties in your rich domain Accept our tribute, smile on us today That we may know new joy, fair Queen of May.

HELEN HANSON Fr. 3

#### Senior Week Schedule

MAL	25th	1:00	Kappa Delta Pi Luncheon – New- ell Hall.
$M_{XY}$	28th= :	11:00	Senior Assembly—Auditorium.
JUNE	1st	6:30-	-Alumni DinnerNewell Hall.
JUNE	2nd-	4:00	-Baccalaureate Sermon – Adminis- tration Building.
JUNE	3rd	6:30-	-President Wiedefeld's Dinner.
JUNE	4th		-Senior Picnic—Glen. -Step Singing—Administration Building.
JUNE	5th—		-Senior Dinner—Newell Hall. -Senior Prom—Gym.
June	7th	3:00-	-Commencement—Auditorium.

#### May Day Committee

May Day Chairman: Peggy Crump	
Program Chairman: SARA MACFADDEN	
Program Committee: Betty Townson, Lorett Schulte, Harry Zemel, Merrill Cohen.	A
Skits: Dave Byus, Francis Barnett, Prestly Sapa Norval MacDonald, Donald Hammerman.	1,
Archers: (Practiced but it rained) Dave Corn thwaite, Charlotte Diener, Arelyn Thomas Keith Rembold, Jean Bennett.	
Announcers: Loretta Schulte, Doris Spurrier.	
Posters: Sylvia Rosen.	
Childrens Activities: Elizabeth Leanos.	
Balloon Man: JOHN MACCARLEY.	
Concessions: Bond Teams.	
Trumpeter: Betty Stormfeltz.	
Faculty Adviser: Mrs. Stapleton.	
Decorations: Mrs. Brouwer.	
Dances: Miss Roach, Miss Danials.	
Music: Miss Weyforth and the Glee Club.	
Campus School: Miss Steele and the Campus School Teachers.	L
Music: Miss MacDonald.	
Advisory Consultants: Dr. Walther, Miss Barkley	

JUNE - 1946

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#### SENIOR DIRECTORY

#### Members of the Senior Class of 1946

MACE, BETTY ALEXANDER, WINIFRED W. Main St., Middletown, Frederick County, Md. 161 Green St., Annapolis, Anne Arundel County, Armstrong, Jeannette Lothian, Anne Arundel County, Md. McCutcheon, Helen Benson, Geraldine Braddock Heights, Frederick County, Md. 3534 Greenmount Ave., Baltimore 18, Md. McDonnal, Eva BORTNER, CHARLOTTE 9303 Fullerdale Ave., Baltimore 14, Md. Manchester, Carroll County, Md. MERSON, NORMA LEE Brozer, Merelyn 119 Elizabeth Ave., Lansdowne, Baltimore 27, Md. 3501 Edgewood Rd., Baltimore 15, Md. MILLER, DOROTHY CLOPPER, SAMUEL 3820 Dolfield Ave., Baltimore 15, Md. 622 N. Augusta Ave., Baltimore 29, Md. Morris, Evelyn Condiff, Margaret 2816 Belmont Ave., Baltimore 16, Md. Solomons, Calvert County, Md. Motschielder, Carolyn CRONHARDT, NANCY 2731 Hugo Ave., Baltimore 18, Md. Greenspring Ave., Lutherville, Md. Mullendore, Ruth CROUCH, CLARA MAE 1920 N. Monroe St., Baltimore 17, Md. 30 Prospest Ave., Catonsville 28, Md. O'CONNOR, JAMES DIEFENBACH, LORRAINE 5801 Clear Spring Rd., Baltimore, Md. 719 Mt. Holly St., Baltimore 29, Md. ROSEN, SHIRLEY Dudderar, Myra 2308 Ocala Ave., Baltimore 15, Md. Mt. Airy, Frederick County, Md. Rost, Elizabeth Ecker, Dorothy Merryman's Hill Road., Phoenix, Md. Baltimore Blvd., Westminster, Carroll Cty., Md. SMITH, DALLAS FARMER, DOROTHY 1500 Summit Ave., Catonsville 28, Baltimore 7901 Ardmore Ave., Baltimore 14, Md. County, Md. FRIEDMAN, REITA WERNER, LAVERNE 2901 Elgin Ave., Baltimore 16, Md. 1513 E. 33rd St., Baltimore 18, Md. Gold, Mary Whitehurst, Barbara 4120 Norfolk Ave., Baltimore 16, Md. 3900 Clifton Ave., Baltimore 16, Md. Gutman, Doris Wolkoff, Clara 1823 Mayfield Ave., Halethorpe, Baltimore Coun-4309 Valley View Ave., Baltimore 6, Md. ty, Md. Wolfram, Catherine Harper, Barbara 9009 Harford Rd., Baltimore 14, Md. 100 Chesapeake Ave., Annapolis, Anne Arundel ZEMEL, HARRY County, Md. 6013 Park Heights Ave., Baltimore 15, Md. HEROLD, CRESTON Ziemann, Peggy 429 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Washington, Md. 5609 Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore 15, Md. Katenkamp, Theodore Augsburg Home, Campfield Rd., Pikesville, Senior Class Officers Baltimore, Md. President......Doris Gutman Koenig, Kathryn 8 Township Rd., Dundalk, Baltimore, Md. Vice President......ELIZABETH ROST

Koletschke, Doris

Lynch, Eileen

4423 Kenwood Ave., Baltimore 6, Md.

220 E. Lake Ave., Baltimore 12, Md.

Secretary......Dorothy Ecker

Treasurer.....Lorraine Diefenbach



Junior Officers

Sophomore Officers





Freshmen Officers



#### CLUBS=

#### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

To promote an appreciation and an individual interest in physical activities is the policy of the Athletic Association. During the college year it conducts intermural, intersectional, and individual sports. An award is issued for participation in extracurricular activities.

#### CHIMES GUILD

The Chimes Guild is a dormitory organization under the leadership of Miss MacDonald. Its contribution consists of singing grace for dinner on special occasions and a few times during the week. It is always a member of the Chimes Guild that furnishes chimes for dinner every evening.

#### DRAMATIC CLUB

For those who are interested or are talented in acting, we have the newly reorganized Dramatic Club, under the capable direction of Dr. Brewington. Members participate in acting, stage make-up, settings, and property projects.

#### GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Emma Weyforth, presents programs both to the college and to the public. Members consist of those who are especially interested in music.

Perfect attendance and participation in the commencement program permit the receipt of a college letter.

#### HOUSE COMMITTEE

Elected by the resident student body to serve a year's term, the members of the House Committee serve as the governing body for the dormitory. Weekly they meet to discuss, among themselves and with the other students, problems which have come up in the past week. It is through the efforts of this group that we have the main social functions of the year.

#### MARSHALS

The gold and white armband denotes the marshals, who are assistants at all college functions, public performances, and student assemblies. Members are chosen from the freshmen and sophomore classes, They serve throughout their college career.

#### NATURAL HISTORY GROUP

Under the leadership of Dr. Anita Dowell, the Natural History Group combines learning of the outdoors with the pleasure of hiking. Their appointed task is to learn more about the world in which they live.

#### STUDENT CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The Student Christian Association conducts the religious services of the dormitory. Once a month it has vespers with an outside speaker and special music provided by the Student Christian Association Choir, under the direction of Miss MacDonald. Every Tuesday morning a short chapel service is held by one of the students. The S.C.A. sells candy, stamps, and car checks every night in the dorm.

#### STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

Every student in the college is a member of the Student Government Association. The S.G.A. is the governing body of the school. Any member has the privilege of bringing matters, having to do with students' welfare to the attention of the Association. We are proud of our example of democracy in action.

#### TOWER LIGHT STAFF

The TOWER LIGHT is the college's official publication, which is issued every month. The Student staff, under the guidance of Mrs. Brouwer, Dr. Crabtree, Mrs. Stapleton, and Dr. Walther, organizes the material contributed by the student body.



#### LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

(Continued from page 19)

"Oh, I'm getting fat!"

CAROLYN MOTSCHIELDER — a sincereness and capability for doing the job

SHIRLEY ROSEN — a piercing cry of "Oh, Haaree!" RUTH MULLENDORE — a peaches and cream complexion and a quiet manner

CLARA WOLKOFF — a pair of devilish dimples
CHARLOTTE BORTNER — a lot of photographs to tint
Myra Dudderar — hair that curls all by itself
Dottie Ecker — a pair of size 4 loafers that no one
can borrow

#### Senior 5:

Doris Gutman — the knowledge of how to wield in vain, a gavel with a cotton end

BARBARA WHITEHURST — How to reduce 'em by bumping on the wall and leaving the wall intact Evelyn Morris — a 12 foot by 10 foot basket spilling over with delicious contributions for the T.L. Dorothy Miller — a self edited book on "The World's Best Griper"

HELEN McCutcheon — an essay on "How I Have Worn His Pin to Bed and Have Never Got Stuck"

#### Specials:

DOROTHY FARMER — interesting experiences of a WAC "General"

Dallas Smith — muscle-bound vocal cords and a win-you-quick personality

Jimmie O'Conner — a scientific approach to ye works of Shakespeare

Sam Clopper — a boyish blush

Creston Herold—a magazine serial entitled, "From Officer's Barracks to Girls' Dormitory"

Betty Mace—a perfect bridge hand complete with three voids

Margaret Condiff— an automatic bond team money collector

JERRY BENSON — bigger and better cold germs during the Christmas season

La Verne Werner — a lovely voice for singing Irish ballads

RITA FRIEDMAN — lots and lots of speeches for the Victory Pool

EILEEN LYNCH — time to develop all her skeleton plots

In sound body and mind (we hope!) we do hereby acknowledge this document as our Last Will and Testament.

CLASS OF '46

#### AU REVOIR AND GOOD-BYE

(Continued from page 3)

integrated Senior group mind. The emergence of a distinctive class personality has been apparent in the past few months but time has run out; it will die aborning.

And so, as the time comes to say farewell, I am moved not so much to direct my comments to the Senior Class as I am to address the Seniors themselves—and, of course, the little men who aren't there. To you, the Seniors, I say adieu because I anticipate the pleasure of seeing you again as you return to the college from time to time to recount your adventures on the road to success and happiness. But to the extrapersonalities—the little men who aren't there—I must say good-bye because they will be the true casualties on Graduation Day. And the college will be poorer because they are gone.

HAROLD MOSER

#### TEACHERS ARE PEOPLE

(Continued from page 5)

classed as members of groups, not known, not understood, not belonging. Outsiders are feared, suspected, neglected. On the other hand nothing is too good for those who belong, who are trusted, and loved. People are not enthusiastic about voting to "raise the teachers' salaries" but they always approve of raising "Miss Lillian's" or "Miss Nancy's" salary.

The teacher of the future must not be thought of as one who imparts the knowledge to the children in her class. She must be known as a person who is interested in raising the standards of living in a certain community by developing its human resources, however, that might be said to a community of parents. The school should be an actual part of the community and not an institution erected in it. Teachers should be members of the community and not visitors in it for a six hour, five day week. This relationship can be arranged even though the teacher maintains her own home some miles away.

Teachers can be people just like everybody else when they are given freedom to be people. They can do their best work as teachers when their lives "are mature, satisfied, and full." The present evidence of interest on the part of the citizens as expressed by their anxiety for the future of their schools is hopeful.

M. Theresa Wiedefeld

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LUME XV

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TOBER, 1946

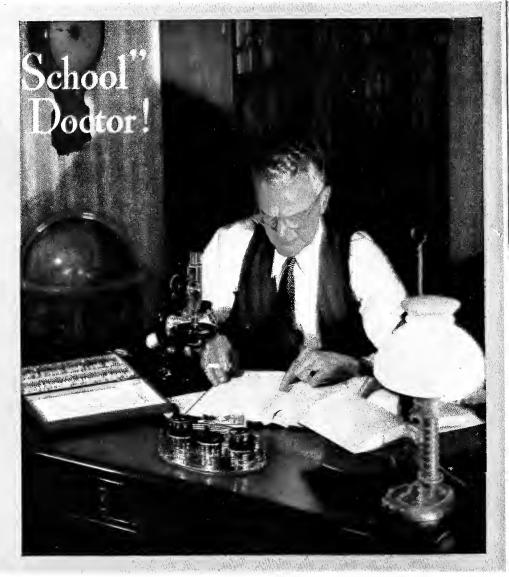


"IN THE BEGINNING

His years of study are never finished...for the practice of medicine is one of constant change... and every change is for the better...for you!

Seven long years he studied before those respected initials "M.D." were affixed to his name. And that was only the beginning!

For every day brings discovery in the field of medicine. New methods of treatment, of protecting and prolonging life. All these the doctor must know to fulfill his obligation to you... to mankind. That's being a doctor!



# According to a recent Nationwide survey: THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

• "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"

That was the gist of the question put to 113,597 doctors from coast to coast in a recent survey by three independent research groups.

More doctors named Camels than any other cigarette.

If you're a Camel smoker, this definite preference for Camels among physicians will not surprise you. If not, then by all means try Camels. Try them for taste... for your throat. That's the "T-Zone" test (see right).



CAMELS Costlier Tobaccos

#### The Stage Is Set

Summer vacations are drawn to a halt;
The jobs in the stores are now done;
And also for those who have "loafed" all the time;
The curtain comes down on the fun!!

The students have to the college returned As Players: Each in his way Is learning the lines designating success, For he's chosen the part he will play. And after the brief introduction, Act One is all ready to go. At the end of the Second we hear the applause, And the cries of "On with the show!"

And now there's a short intermission,
The lights in the playhouse are low:
The curtain goes up and then down on Act Three;
There is but one more act to go.
It doesn't take long for Act Four to pass by,
And the show has gone whizzing right past.
We hardly thought when it started before
That it would be through quite this fast.

Now we hear the ovation: And now the applause. As teachers we've hit the front page; We stand in the footlights to take one last bow Before using the world as our stage.

GINNY FRANZ

#### Of Cabbages and Kings

"If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger?"

THOMAS HUZLEY

"Mishaps are like knives, that either serve us or cut us, as we grasp them by the blade or the handle."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

"Give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself."

Robert Louis Stevenson

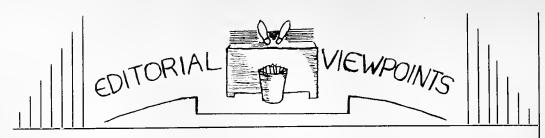


OUR LEADERS:
P. Galley, Pres. M. tsabelle, Vice-Pres.
I. Leonard, Secretary

#### The President Speaks . . .

THE WAR is over and conversion to peace-time operations is evident everywhere—in factories, in homes, and in schools. Our college is not planning to be behind the times. The Student Government Association has an energetic program outlined that will put the college on a pre-war basis as fast as the student body is able to support it. No doubt, the most interest will be in the elaborate social schedule of at least one special event each month. Each class will be given the opportunity to sponsor one of these activities in the course of the year, if it so desires. It is hoped that socials other than dances will be in the planning. Our post-war school year could not be complete without the elaborate Old English Dinner at Christmas and the famous Play Day in the fall. These would be in addition to the traditional Demonstration Night and May Day festivities.

We are looking forward with great anticipation to a discussion and establishment of an honor society based on a point system, the passing of several amendments to make our Constitution more functional, and a more feasible system of budget hearings. Inquiry has been made into the rebuilding of our council ring in the Glen and the work on the swimming pool project is to be outlined. (Continued on page 4)



A MAJOR ISSUE has presented itself on our campus. The question is whether we should continue our past program of an exam week, or whether we should return to the way it was done previous to last year.

It took quite a long time for the students here to get a scheduled exam week established, but last year this aim was finally realized and in January of 1946 we enjoyed the benefits derived from such a program.

We liked the idea of not having to attend regularly scheduled classes during the last week of a semester. Instead of this we have nothing but exams that last week, planned in such a way that we have plenty of time to study for them. Instructors that give final exams always give them the last week of the semester in any case, so that doing away with exam week does not do away with exams. The exam week plan insures that there are no conflicting events as there are no classes, no extra-curricular activities or electives to worry about. Just exams!

Another point to clear up is the clause, "teachers that give final exams". With an exam week in effect those teachers that do not usually give exams are not required to do so. They are only required to meet with the class when scheduled.

The fact that we have our exams in a regularly scheduled week does not make the exam any more important than it would have been otherwise. Each instructor places his own value upon the final exam and the value placed upon it toward the final grade is up to him.

Another point that most of us do not stop to consider is that the instructors themselves prefer an exam week. It makes it easier for them as well as for us if all they have to do is attend to giving exams. It takes preparation on their part as well as ours to conduct a classroom lecture or discussion. They can very well use the extra time to get final grades averaged, term papers marked, and other end-of-the-year work done that we ourselves will have to do very shortly.

When and if this question should ever come to a vote before the Student Government Association, the present Sophomore and Freshman Classes, being large classes, could carry the vote. Since neither one of these classes has taken exams under the old plan they should be sure they understand thoroughly what they are voting for or against. They must take it upon themselves to inquire into both sides of the question. Of course, no one likes exams, but we are not concerned with that issue now. The point is not, "Do we or do we not want final exams?" The question is, "Do we or do we not want an exam week in which to take the final exams?" And the answer is "Yes, we very definitely do want an exam week!"

"Do what thy manhood bids thee do, from none but self expect applause; He noblest lives and noblest dies who makes and keeps his self-made laws."

SIR RICHARD BURTON

"Our horizon is never quite at our elbows."

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

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THE TOWER LIGHT

#### A FAVOR FOR ROBERT

"PARDON ME! Oh, I'm so sorry, madam! Excuse me please!"

The crowd grew steadily around me until I could no longer see my feet. I was trying so hard to keep out of everyone's way, but no one appeared to appreciate my efforts. A buxom woman, hurrying through the mob with two much-bewildered little children, did manage to grunt apologetically after dislodging my packages and sending them all crashing to the floor. As I groped desperately about in an attempt to retrieve some of my purchases, I heard a sarcastic laugh.

"Why be irritated? Light a Chesterfield!" shouted a fresh young sailor.

I was furious. Finally a passing Boy Scout came to my rescue. He scooped up my things and deposited them in my arms.

"Oh, thank you so --"

He was gone.

Why must everyone wait until the very last minute to do his shopping? For two hours 1 had been bumped and pushed around by impatient women and excited children and now my bruised body was beginning to rebel. Well, I just could not waste any more time being polite. I secured a firm grip on my bundles and plunged into the thick of the crowd, squirming and pushing my way toward the hosiery department and praying that those precious nylons would hold out until 1 got there. As I approached my destination, I saw greedy, clutching fingers flying about and women tearing madly at the table. I was getting closer. Yes, I could almost touch the counter now.

I felt a tug at my sleeve.

"Gracious, can't these folks stand up alone? Must they paw at people like that?"

I felt another tug.

"Mary."

The voice was familiar.

"Mary, please."

"Why Robert darling, what are you doing here?"

"I've been looking for you, Mary. I thought I'd find you here. Come on, let's get out of this place. I want to talk to you."

He took my arm.

"But Robert, my nylons!"

"Hungry, sis?"

"Robert, wait." I pleaded.

He escorted me out through the thronging mob, completely ignoring my cries.

"Well," I cried angrily when we finally reached the

street, "would you mind telling me what you are so excited about?"

"Oh, you women!" You're all alike! Why you should be very grateful to me for saving you from that mob."

"Oh, Robert!"

"But, no, I suppose you are perfectly willing to get your silly little neck broken just to get a pair of stockings."

"JUST a pair of stockings! Now you listen to me, Rob---"

"I'll bet she's not like that. She's too refined, too well-mannered." He seemed completely oblivious of my presence.

"And who, may I ask, is 'she'?"

He snapped out of his coma.

"Well, that's what I wanted to talk to you about, sis. But let's go in here and have some lunch first."

He guided me through the familiar blue door with bright flowers painted on it to a quaint little room. As we entered, the mingled murmur of laughing voices, the soft strains of music from the Spanish guitar, the tinkling of fine glass and silver, all created a pleasant, happy hum. Our eyes wandered about automatically searching for all the familiar little details of the place. There were the same three musicians in the corner, clad in bright Spanish embroidery. They smiled when they saw us and began playing that melody that we had always liked so well. The tiny yellow candles still adorned each table—their flames dancing gayly in the dim light and casting queer, flickering shadows on the walls. Everything here was so colorful, so lively and gay.

Pedro saw us as we settled down at our favorite table by the window, and hurried over with a bottle of sweet wine.

"Ah senorita! Y senor! Buenas dias! Eet ees so long seence you have come here. And we have meess you—yes?" He bowed politely as he presented the menu. "You must try ze tamales. We have joost get a new chef, Louis ees hees name, and hees tamales—zey are deevine! Superb!"

Pedro hastened off with our orders. We laughed. He was such a funny fellow. He fitted in perfectly with the friendly atmosphere of this small cafe.

We sat silently for a while sipping the cool, refreshing vintage and awakening, in our minds, memories of visits before the war.

"Robert," I finally asked, "what did you want to tell me?" (Continued on page 4)

#### A FAVOR FOR ROBERT

(Continued from page 3)

"May, 1-1 wish you'd do me a favor."

"Why certainly, darling, if I can. What do you wish?"

"Well," he hesitated, "well, sis, I saw a girl today whom I want very much to meet. She sells perfume at Fipps. She waited on me this morning and she was so efficient. Well not efficient exactly, but so pleasant and so helpful."

"And, incidently, so good looking," I added.

"Oh, yes, she's beautiful," Robert admitted. "She's beauty, and brains, and personality combined. And I want to meet her, sis. Won't you arrange it for me?"

"But, Robert, I don't even know this girl. Why I'd feel so silly. I——"

Robert looked at me with his sad "Cocker Spaniel" look. He was such a handsome fellow with his wavy, black hair and finely chiseled features. But he wasn't a kid anymore. He was almost thirty. He'd had dozens of nice girl friends, of course, but none of them had ever seemed to phase him—except Frances. He had been engaged to Frances for two years and they were to be married as soon as he left the service, but while Robert was overseas, she had eloped with another man. After that, Robert hadn't shown much interest in girls. In fact, this was the first time since then that he had expressed the desire to see one and I just couldn't refuse to help him.

"Well-O. K.," I said, "I'll do it on one condition."

"Sure, sis, I'll do anything you say," Robert declared happily. "What's the condition?"

"That you go directly to Stevens Department Store and get me some nylons."

"Aw, Mary, you don't want me to get mixed up in that crowd of goofy women."

"Oh, yes, I do! I want those nylons."

"Aw have a heart, sis. 1---"

"Robert."

"But, look I----"

"No buts brother. Is it a deal?"

"Well-O. K., I guess so," Robert promised reluctantly.

As soon as we left the cafe, I set out to find this wonderful girl whom Robert had described so enthusiastically. I couldn't decide on just what approach I should use, but I'd manage somehow.

I had a rather difficult time finding her in spite of Robert's "carefully detailed description". In fact, after a half-hour search, I was about to give up when I spied her waiting on a tall, dignified gentleman.

Rather awkwardly, I'm afraid, I introduced myself and asked her if she recalled waiting on my brother,

whom I described as best I could. Her name she told me, was Evelyn Harris, but she could not remember Robert. However, after much pleading and explaining, I persuaded her to meet him that evening.

Triumphantly I returned to Robert with the good

"Well, how do you like her?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, I think she's lovely, darling; you have excellent taste."

Robert seemed pleased.

"But what sort of a girl is she?" he went on, "How does she talk? A—and what does she look like?"

"Why she looks exactly as you described her to me, Robert."

"Good!"

"What do you mean—'good'?"

"Well, I didn't think you could do it."

"What are you talking about anyway? Do what?"

"Find the girl I dreamed up."

"Dreamed up! Robert Franklin, do you mean to say that you have never actually seen this girl, that you sent me out on a wild-goose-chase?"

"Now, sis, don't get mad. You should be very happy to have found my ideal for me."

"Robert, I think you're a——"

"Oh, golly, sis, I'll have to hurry if I'm going to meet her at eight. I'll see you later."

Robert gave me a big brotherly hug and dashed out of the room. A half hour later he dashed out the front door.

"Oh, sis," he yelled back over his shoulder, "I got your nylons—three pair."

#### THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS . . .

(Continued from page 1)

Although some of our wartime measures will probably be abolished, we are proud to say they can retire gracefully with their purposes fulfilled. The S. G. A. cannot forget those officers who have so illustriously guided the student activities during the strain and acceleration of the recent past, but now, mindful of the past and endeavoring intelligently to foresee the future, wants to aid each student in our college today. Let the S. G. A. speak for you!

PETE GALLEY, Acting President

"In the choice of a horse and a wife, a man must please himself, ignoring the opinion and advice of friends."

GEORGE MELVILLE



#### Millie and Dave— Champs Across The Net

WITH THE SUMMER of 1946 tennis assumed a new position and became the most popular sport at S. T. C. Without the cooperation of practically every student and the unceasing efforts of Coach Minnegau this would not have been possible.

From June until the end of August, attention seemed to gather and increase—tennis was the sport! Many students, as they learned the basic skills and techniques, became further interested in the sport in which they found themselves becoming more proficient. The height of the tennis season was reached when the finals took place, determining who, among the excellent array of players, would receive the trophies.

Coming up in the semi-finals were: Edith Roby, Ruth Snell, Gwen McKinley and Millie Moser; Pete Galley, Dallas Smith, Dave Cornthwaite, and Jack Williamson. From this assemblage of fine players Gwen and Millie came up for the finals in the girls' tournament; and Dave and Dallas for the mens'. The competition was mighty strong. The final play-off took place on the day set aside for the Day-Dorm Dinner.

A gratifying number of students witnessed the play-offs, proof enough that tennis had become paramount. Excellent playing was the keynote of the game. What we had learned in class about serving and driving the ball seemed well assimilated and put into action. The exciting games ended with Millie and Dave victorious—only after a difficult battle had been waged.

The trophies which had been put in the case in the "Ad" building and which had inspired and enthused many of us, found their rightful owners at the dinner when Dr. Wiedefeld presented them.

"Be not disturbed at being misunderstood; be disturbed at not understanding."

Chinese Provers

"Imagination is as good as many voyages—and how much cheaper."

George Curtis

"When a thought takes one's breath away, a lesson on grammar seems an impertinence."

EMILY DICKINSON

"There is no duty we underrate so much as the duty of being happy."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

#### FORUM

#### Should Faculty Supervise May Day?

(Editor's Note: At the close of last term this question was a most controversial one. Here we present a pro and con discussion of the problem that will again confront the student body early in the term.)

**PRO** 

WHEN MAY DAY was first begun, it was a very elaborate affair—far surpassing anything that we, at the college now, have ever seen. It was highly organized. The faculty supervised; and every class, every section, every person prepared a part of the festivity. If you have had a part in the May Day activities of recent years, you will know that comparatively a very few people participate and that those few take the whole responsibility of a project which should be carried on the shoulders of the whole student body. The whole college working together could submit more ideas, work more diligently on those ideas, and finish with a product worthy of our college.

The reason 1 say faculty supervision over May Day is this: the faculty have seen many May Days; and know both the pitfalls and the paths to success. We who have been here one, two, or three years know only a few May Days; and we have very little foundation for helping to plan a successful festival.

Then, too, the faculty know short cuts for getting things done. When we try doing those very same things, we have first to find out who we see about how it is to be done; and then after we find out how it is to be done, we have to see that it is done—a *very* lengthy process.

As someone said not so very long ago, "May Days seem to get worse every year." I, for one, do not want to see this go on happening. I would like to see a highly successful May Day with everyone in the college participating, planning and working on it for months ahead of time and finishing with something worthy of our college. The fun of the whole affair is in the preparation for it!

Yes, again 1 say—Faculty Supervision—until such a time when May Day reaches the splendor it once had.

PEGGY CRUMP



CON

LIKE MOST other schools of its kind. STC is confronted with a problem that sends its roots down into the beginning of all teacher-student relationships. Specifically, we might say that here stands a question which involves the basic right and privilege of the student as contested against the traditionally observed and revered dogma of the faculty. It is for us to decide here which path of action will be of interest and of benefit to both groups.

On behalf of the student, let us consider the matter of initiative and ingenuity, which all too often is inhibited by the full and adequate work of the faculty. As human beings, we are ever willing to accept the aid of the faculty, sit back, squint at the progress made, and yawningly render a numbled word of appraisal. And yet, our training strives to build in us a desire for creative expression!

Moreover, it is not ingenuity alone that has been hampered; it is, unquestionably of more importance, the responsibility and leadership qualities of potential teachers that has been impeded. As teachers, we alone shall have to maintain sole responsibility in administering aid to the young ones. How is this to be done if we students have not procured previous practical training in all of our college years? The planning of the court, schedules, and other entertainments are most comparable to planning in school activities! Through such experience alone can we learn, and through practice of our theoretics can we serve best!

The problem of May Day supervision involves more than petty tribulations concerning an old English custom. It, on the contrary, presents a question that involves our future treatment of all such new cases of teacher-student relationship. Through the many opportunities presented by May Day, we, the students, can derive excellent opportunity for artistic and literary expression and beneficial managerial understanding. For our own prestige and honor of school, let us show our families and friends just how well we can work in groups and how our teacher's training has improved us individually.

CAROL MAZAROFF

THE TOWER LIGHT

#### **Thoughts**

THE OTHER DAY I sat beneath a tree on the hill beyond the gym and watched the sun drop slowly through the trees, across the cornfield and below the horizon. It was very beautiful; this is what I thought:

#### Dusk

Twilight clouds drab and dull Hanging low on the horizon. Dropping sun golden and full Reflecting firey lights on Wind-swept billowy fold—Twilight clouds pink and gold.

Deep blue veil of dusk approaches Mounting upward, slowly diffusing. Starlight peeping forth in pinpoints; Creamy crescent lazily rising, Falls the dusk death of day—Day has gone it's dusky way.

#### **Evening Prayer**

Yellow gold through the trees And now I on my knees Thank you God for these, Thy blessings.

D.R.H.



#### Jazz, America, and O'Cohen

THE PEOPLE who can listen to jazz without being "moved" to the jitterburg hysteria will notice

the revolution that has come over American music.

Today, both harmonically and technically, jazz isn't at all as it was in 1939. Its quality is different; its sources are so much broader in comparison with music of seven years ago. Listen to Duke Ellington, to Woody Herman, to Boyd Racburn, to Stan Kenton—see (and hear) what I mean! Jazz is going brilliantly ahead, utilizing the advances that have been made by some of our finest composers—Bartok, Stravinsky, Schonberg, and Ravel. Credit is given to these contemporaries for new interpretations and new approaches.

No, not by any means is jazz dying—it is just reaching its adolescence. The bands mentioned above use new music, new ideas—all spearheading a new era for jazz. The harmonic and rhythmic aspects, the power and impact of the brass choirs, the subtle undercurrent beat from the rhythm section—from the drums, piano, bass viol, and the guitar—, and the new interpretations of even the tritest ballads have brought new glory to jazz. These factors have made even such well-established favorites as Benny Goodman and the Dorseys appear stale in comparison.

Listen' to America's own growing music! Jazz is the product of America and its growth is stimulated by the masses. Gershwin, Kern, Carmichael—they're American! JAZZ IS AMERICAN!

#### Olivier— Fifteenth Century Lover

HENRY V, an adaptation of the Shakespearean play, is one of the greatest achievements of modern cinema. In short, it is a picture based on an invasion of five hundred years ago when Henry V, believing that he might well become King of France as well as England, set forth with thirty thousand men to conquer the continental country. Although victorious in his first battles, his army suffers greatly and is far from ready to meet the opponent when the French finally decide to challenge them. Nowhere on the screen has there peen depicted such valor as in the Battle of Agincourt. The night before the battle Henry, disguised in a black cloak, moves among his men, consoling them and humbly praying for victory.

OCTOBER · 1946

Dawn brings the French. In gleaming armor they ride down upon the English, whose only defense is bows and arrows. With deadly marksmanship they release their arrows, rout out the French, and win the Battle of Agincourt.

Wholly satisfied with his achievement, Henry occupies the castle of King Charles VI of France. Here he meets and woos Princess Katherine, who speaks no English, but who ultimately consents to become his bride.

Although the picture was produced in England during the war, the scenes and costumes are so typically fifteenth century that you lose yourself entirely in the past. The majesty of the theme, together with the superb casting, directing, and color photography make for exciting entertainment. Incidently, the background of music is provided by the London Symphony Orchestra.

#### -PROFESSIONAL---

IS TEACHING a profession? In an attempt to answer this question, I pose another: What is a profession? Noah Webster says, "Profession—a professing open declaration, public avowal as of a religious faith or purpose . . . . The occupation, if not commercial, mechanical, agricultural, or the like, to which one devotes oneself; . . . as, the 'profession' of arms, of teaching; . . . ."

Then, the occupation of teaching is not as yet a recognized profession. The "as yet" of the preceding sentence is significant. "As yet" denotes that there is a striving toward a goal and that some degree of progress is noticable.

A profession calls for organization of all its workers. Today we have the National Education Association. The N.E.A. is the voice of teachers that makes itself heard. The group has done much to arouse public interest in education and public respect for the benefits which the occupation is giving society. Still, teacher membership in their own movement is far from unanimous.

Concentrated individual effort, however, will be your greatest avenue toward reaching a professional rating. What kind of a teacher are you going to be? As you look forward to graduating from S.T.C., are you more concerned with the amount of money you will earn, or how much potential wisdom and character you will help a child develop? As you study here, are you achieving the degree of expertness that a professional person must command, or are you worried if you will attain a certain grade in a particular course?

How much loyalty do you have? It is an alarming fact that from one-third to one-half of the teachers in this country, at the end of a school year, either move to another locality or turn to some other work. Do you look upon the completion of your two required years of teaching after graduation as a necessary drudge that will have been endured, and that then you will be released to "live"; or do you consider that these two years will be a kind of apprenticeship that will provide you with the necessary experience for further progress?

A doctor pledges himself to the Hippocratic Oath. What is the teacher's pledge? Profess is the root of the word, profession. Teaching should be an admirable quality developed in you, a feeling of pride that you have been entrusted with the care of nature's highest creation, and a belief that in the nurture of each little child there is a possibility that he may grow to be one of a nobler, stronger, saner generation than the one to which we ourselves belong.

HELEN WAMPLER

#### The Tide Comes In-

A FAMILIAR FACE back at S.T.C.—ah, yes, our registrar, Dr. Tansil, has returned after two years in Uncle Sam's WAVES.

Mexico has a law that prohibits any United States service personnel from wearing their uniform while visiting Mexico City. Therefore Dr. Rebecca Tansil decided it was not only a delightful place to enjoy a well-earned vacation, but enabled her to make the transition from Lieutenant Commander in the WAVES to civilian—citizen of U.S.A. and finally Registrar of State Teachers College—as rapidly and painlessly as possible.

As far back as October, 1942, Dr. Tansil was granted a commission in the WAVES; however, she was unable to enter the service until June, 1944, at which time she went to Smith College at North Hampton.

At Smith, she was given the same training given future Ensigns, and the courses were stiff, discipline was rigid, and the fact that she was a personal friend of the chief of the college was, if anything, a handicap. Eight weeks after entrance found her a newly commissioned full Lieutenant on her way to Washington nerve center of the WAVES. The weeks spent in our nation's capitol proved extremely worthwhile, for it not only gave her a clearer insight into the life of the service, but also provided opportunity to make contacts that were to be of inestimable value in her new assignment. Dr. Tansil was made head of WAVE Program at the Navy Supply Depot at Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania. It was first estimated that they would need about two hundred and fifty in feminine personnel—the townspeople opened their homes and their hearts to these girls who represented not only forty-five states, but Canada and Puerto Rico as well. Soon, however, they passed the estimated two hundred and fifty and the Harrisburg Academy was taken over to house the rapidly growing group. The home of a congressman was put in ship-shape by the girls and provided them with a down-town club. WAVES wandering through the small town became a thing of the past. The Harrisburg Academy was christened Wave Haven and provided for three hundred girls. Lt. Comm. Tansil saw that the girls were given a full, varied program of activities that included all types of sports, classes in pottery making, leather goods, and jewelry, dances and lots of parties. The girls lived in an atmosphere of campus life, and for this excellent program Lieutenant Commander Tansil received a letter of commendation and appreciation from the Chief of Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, and the Sccretary of the Navy.

Dr. Tansil, it's great to have you back!

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IIe who knows and knows he knows, He is wise—follow him.

He who knows and knows not he knows, He is asleep—wake him.

He who knows not and knows not he knows not, He is a fool—shun him.

He who knows not and knows he knows not, He is a child—teach him.

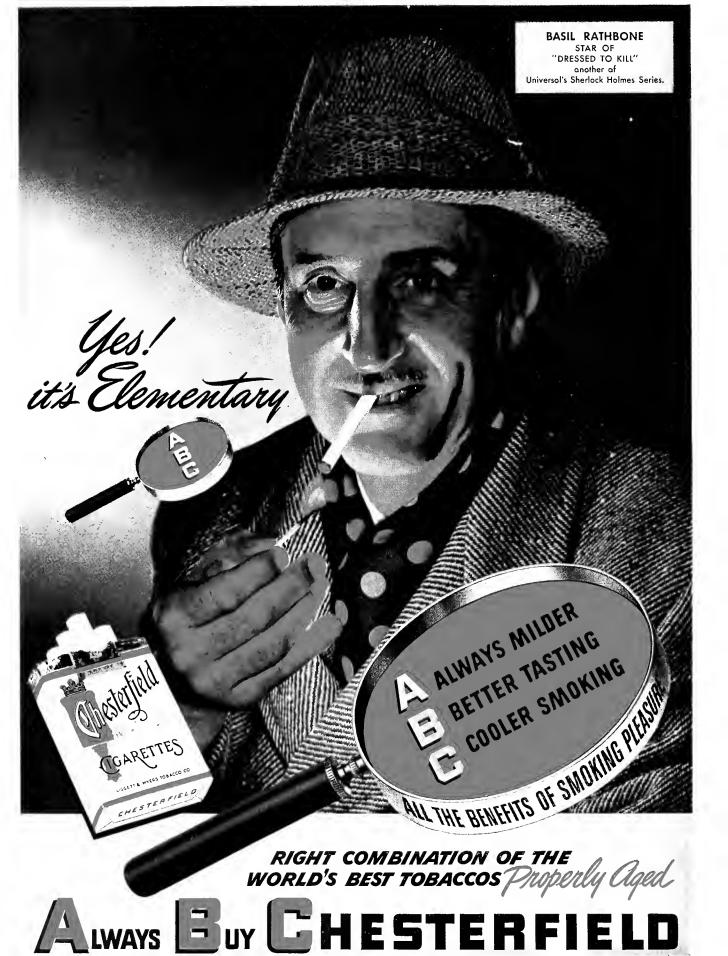
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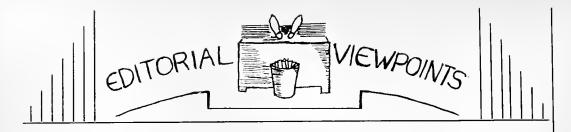
IT REALLY doesn't happen here. Our Editor is a grand person, who doesn't wear a visor, and who will greet contributors—but not with the instrument illustrated. All the students are our contributors and we want you to feel free to drop your manuscripts on the "TL" Editor's desk at any time. Don't wait until the ink is dry. The Editor will take care of that.

This is your magazine and we want you to aid us in the search for material. "Hide not your light beneath a bushel," the old admonition says. Let it cast its rays right into the Tower Light.

Those of you who write short stories, essays, poems, or any articles of interest, please send your work to the Tower Light. We welcome your contributions. Perhaps our monthly theme will give you an idea for an article you would like to write.

January Open  February Valentine's Day, etc.  March Preferably professiona  April April Fool's Day  May	DECEMBER		•	•		Christmas
MARCH Preferably professional April	January					Open
APRIL April Fool's Day  MAY	FEBRUARY					Valentine's Day, etc.
May "'Tis Spring"	Максн					Preferably professional
	April .					April Fool's Day
June Senior Issue	May .					"'Tis Spring"
	June .					Senior Issue

THE STAFF



#### For Services Rendered

ON SEPTEMBER 16, there passed through these portals one of the largest Freshman classes the school has ever seen. Not only was it a large class but it was a greatly varied class. There were well over a hundred men in the group, (a novelty in itself) as well as one hundred and fifty girls or more. The fact that there were now two colleges on the campus instead of one made things more complicated.

How was S. T. C. prepared for such an enrollment? Better than might be expected. Although no one knew exactly how many freshmen would enter, there was a general figure of around 275. And the F. A. C., god-child of the S. G. A., was ready to help these students.

The F. A. C. or Freshman Advisory Council actually began its career as such early last Spring when a group of upper-classmen met for training classes and for initiation into this service group. Under the able guidance of Mr. Moser, the F. A. C. not only helped the Freshmen over the hurdles and activities of Freshmen Week, but its members are still standing by, ready to be of assistance whenever possible. During Freshman Mothers Week-end they will again act as guides in their capable way.

As a newly organized group and 'something new' on the campus, the F. A. C. has made a favorable showing in comparison with the similar organizations at other colleges and universities. It is an organization of which the entire student body can be justly proud.

#### Shoulders To The Wheel!

MANY ORGANIZATIONS that were forced to curtail their activities during the war, and some new ones, are stirring about S. T. C.

They will not function properly, nor be of service as they should, unless you, the student body, join and get your shoulders to the wheel! The Basketball team, the Tower Light, the Glee Club, and the many other organizations solicit your support. Join them.

The extra-curricular activities of the State Teachers College will put the school on the map IN LARGER PRINT than at present and, more importantly, you will grow. A foremost ideal to realize. Needless to say, a measure of fun will also be yours. Let's get rollin'.

#### We Dedicate . . .

IN THIS HARVEST season we are sincerely thankful for our many blessings, especially for the numberless opportunities ahead of us. It is fitting, then, to dedicate this issue of the Tower Light to the Freshman Class, whose life of opportunity at S. T. C. has just begun.

#### ~

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#### **Executive Visit**

THE EIGHTY-FIRST winter semester at the State Teachers College at Towson had an official send-off with the appearance of His Excellency the Governor on our speakers' rostrum on October 1.

After the singing of the State Anthem by the student body, Dr. Wiedefeld introduced Governor O'-Conor. The Governor cordially welcomed the new students to the Teachers College and to the Junior College, a new venture in Maryland. In his address he made the audience feel that the State is doing all in its power to end the policy of ignoring teachers and their problems, and to open all possible facilities to the Junior College and especially to the veteran.

While it was encouraging to hear the Chief Executive of our State make these statements, it was even more heartening to have Dr. Pullen, State Superintendent of Schools, confirm them from the same platform. As the Governor reminded us, the speech he made here may be his last official word on the subject, but Dr. Pullen's presence gave weight to the feeling that the State machinery has been well integrated.

Maryland is now awaking with regard to educational progress. Her aid to the veterans entering colleges and universities and her movement toward improving the lot of the teachers, and thus her children, is a long term investment in the welfare of Maryland.

#### Service Returnees

COSTLY AS IT was in so many ways, the late war has left a legacy to the educational institutions of the world; a legacy which must not be lost. This legacy is the veteran who has returned to further his education.

Much has been said, earnestly and half-heartedly, about employing veterans and giving them further education; but there are a few problems and situations which can be ironed out most satisfactorily.

Many of the professions, of which teaching is one, are searching for personnel to fill in the gaps which have arisen. It is this plea which colleges and universities are attempting to answer, and on the whole the results are good. The average returnee recognizes the standards in his chosen field as valid; he knows that there are good reasons for demanding a specified number of hours of study in order to qualify for a degree; but he also feels that the colleges and schools of the nation put too much emphasis on the non-essentials in the pursuit of a degree.

There must not be any confusion on the point being made. To remove the deadwood from the curriculums would do much toward both answering the plea from the professional world and toward increasing the quality of graduates from the institutions. If the term is permissible, "streamline" the educational units of this country and the material turned from these "workshops" will be of finer quality. This is not to be construed to mean that a four year course will be cut into three, or two and one-half years, but the standards of the courses must be raised. Let the student work harder if necessary.

Much emphasis is placed on the pampering of the servicemen who have returned to their pre-war civilian status. Necessary concessions can be made, but not at the expense of others. Colleges need not discriminate against students in favor of the veterans; to do so would be wicked. By meeting the challenge of the returnee and his ideas a service is not only rendered to the veteran, but to the scholastic and professional world in general.

It is to be hoped that educators will not let this opportunity slip from their grasp, for it will not soon come again.

#### "OH, BRENDA - -"

by Francis Barnette

(Remember her!)

"Oh, Brenda! Oh, Brenda!"

"What is it, Cobina?"

"Let's enroll at S. T. C., dearie."

"What for? I'm culturivated now. I don't want no more edjacation!"

"But, Brenda, they've got men now. Real live men."

That is possibly the way Brenda and Cobina would happily welcome the new influx of life into the halls of learning located on the York Road (not too far from Towson). This thought was brought to mind by a chance notice of a plaintive plea written for the Tower Light's November-December 1942 issue.

It appears the war had dragged off most of the eligible young men from the State Teachers College at Towson, and in desperation, in fear of feminine ire bringing taunts from the girls, the men remaining made a cry (in the wilderness of women). Oh, it was heart-rending! They so feared the world would fail to recognize the male portion of the school that they had the Tower Light state:

"We, the men students of the Maryland State Teachers College at Towson do hereby proclaim that we have submitted long enough to the Amazonlike society which has prevailed here. Furthermore ... we shall endeavor to create an awareness of our thoughts and views on all vital topics."

I can see some poor male, not yet 18 and thus unable to defend himself by taking advantage of the Selective Service Act, forcing his way through the clusters of women. Ye gods, a fate worse than death. "We have kept silent long enough."

Apparently they could not get a word in edgewise. The conversations must have been rather one sided, all feminine.

"Our purpose is to dominate in all matters which concern us, regardless of who may be criticized or raked over the coals."

It would appear that the girls were taking them simply too, too much for granted. Notice how, with their backs against the locker walls, the men cry for recognition; notice how, when they are not heard, they determine to steamroller their way to victory.

(Ed. Note. Oh yeah! The male enrollment was so low at one time there would not have been a full crew for a steamroller.)

"Let not the tone . . . deceive you; we are out to put hair on the chest of the Tower Light."

Oh, I don't think the tone deceived anyone, do you?

But, at last, the octopus (General Hershey calls it by a nicer name) which had been dragging off the "salt-of-this-earth" and leaving these portals without the silhouette of a "man-with-the-Marlin-Shave" has ceased its wriggling. Now, the future again looks bright—no more girls dancing as couples, no more feminine glen parties, not a single worry about where to get a date for the dance next week. Peace, it's wonderful!!!

So we repeat the Maiden's Prayer:

"Our Father, please let him be fair
Six foot tall with wavy hair
God give him eyes of azure hue,
The kind that laff out loud at you.
And, please dear Lord, let him see ME.



#### **Thoughts**

by D. R. H.

I WONDER HOW many are aware of the beauty on our campus. Have you been down into the glen yet this fall? Go down some afternoon and just sit—and look—and listen. You'll be surprised at the life and the color. See the gum—how red it's leaves, and the hickory—how yellow! Is that a cardinal peeking at you from beneath a tangle of briars? If you're very, very quiet you may see the rabbit who suns himself every afternoon on the eastern slope. Listen to the stream warbling, "Follow me, follow me." Have you ever longed to follow a stream to its source, or its mouth? Are there others who could live a life out of doors and see beauty in every minute of it? See me! What is fall anyway? It's a lot of things.

#### Fall Is—

The smell of burning leaves—
Autumn haze at evening—
The taste of beechnuts—
The feeling inside your nose when you breathe sharp autumn air—
Early morning mist that hangs in the low places—
Frost like angels' breath gracing each green blade with silvery mantle.

FALL

By Jane Downing

When winter wind his chilly breath doth glow, And myriad rainbow leaves come tumbling down To skip along the frosty lawn to find Their place in Nature's afghan for her flowers; When hoary frost with magic paintbrush tints The sloping roofs with silver speckled white, 'Tis time the harvest all is garnered in To wait the winter's fast approaching dusk.

#### Our Thanks and Hopes

William C. Riordan

Freshman Class

SEPTEMBER 16, 1946, dawned, and with the new day came several hundred new and, yes, prior to entrance exams, cheerful faces to adorn the campus of S. T. C.

After signing numerous papers, preparing schedules and taking examinations—not to forget the voice recordings—they found that battle fatigue had a place in peace as well as in war.

All the upper-classmen were most gracious to the bewildered Freshmen, who were eager, yet meagre. You student freshman advisors led us by the hand and treated us with greater care than a new born babe requires. To you our most sincere thanks are offered.

We have now been a part of the College for almost a month. Agreed, such a period of time is very short, yet we have crowded much into those few days. At every turn someone has been ready and willing to assist those of us who needed a helping hand. In today's greedy world, such kindness isn't to be overooked.

Now that we have settled down, that is to say as far as studies and activities are concerned, we should take stock of our aspirations and see in which direction our ship is sailing. The course maintained will be at our discretion. Let's steer a wise one.

#### Cinema Subjects

SHORTLY AFTER the recapture of Rome by the Allies, an Italian film was made in that ravaged city. This film, "Open City," portrays the brutal struggle between the Nazis and the Roman underground.

The heroes—the Communist leader of the Italian underground, Manfredi, and a Roman parish priest, Don Pietro—work against the German rule until their betrayal to the Gestapo results in breath-taking torture and death. Manfredi endures manifold torture in being flayed with a blowtorch. Don Pietro is strapped to a chair before a firing squad and his last words uttered are, "It is not difficult to die well. It is difficult to live well." Each dies without revealing the secret he knows.

Opposing this team is a Gestapo officer, his Lesbian assistant, and a ruthless Italian girl, who is led by dope, poverty and easy money into betraying the patriots.

Street scene after street scene shows the agony endured by Roman citizens through death, starvation, disease, and German terror. The raid on the bakery, the arrest and final rescue of priest and partisan captives, and the driving of inhabitants of a tenement into a courtyard by a German searching party are shocking and realistic. The actors portray their characters in unposed realism, with costuming and setting which enhance the realistic trend.

After seeing the movie "Open City," one can visualize the spirit of depression, poverty, and exhaustion that Rome and other cities have experienced and their attempts to hit back at the forces that held them.

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#### Time Out!

WITH THE World Series over, and the football season in full swing, Coach Don Minnegan's twenty-three man basketball squad has jumped the gun.

Coach Minnegan plans to have his squad ready for the Mason-Dixon Conference opener with Mt. St. Mary's on January 10, 1947.

After attending the practice sessions, the writer is thoroughly convinced that the State Teachers College team will be a hard-driving, never-say-die club. The squad is learning every fundamental of basketball. Coach Minnegan has nine games booked to date. Six games are with Mason-Dixon Conference opposition. Three games are to be played: Salisbury State Teachers (2), and Frostburg State Teachers (1).

The schedule to date is:

Dec. 12	Salisbury S.T.C.	Home
Jan. 10	Mt. St. Mary's	Home
Jan. 18	Bridewater	Away
Feb. 4	Galludet	Away
Feb. 15	Frostburg	Home
Feb. 18	Galludet	Home
Feb. 20	Mt. St. Mary's	Away
Feb. 25	Bridgewater	Home
Feb. 27	Salisbury S.T.C.	Away

Tentative games have been scheduled with the following teams: Home and Home with the University of Baltimore, Home and Home with Elizabethtown, Penn. Possible Home and Home games with Wilson Teachers College of Washington, D. C., and one, perhaps two, games with Westminster Theological Seminary of Westminster, Md.

The twenty-three men out for the squad are: Erlbeck, G., Ganse, D., Goldwin, D., Hammerman, D., Hilgartner, B., Ireton, J., Mannion, W., Merrimon, B., Michel, H., Miller, J., Moore, L., Morelock, D., Petrovick, N., Prasiza, A., Rembold, K., Ritter, H., Santiaza, J., Souris, H., Shilling, J., Smith, J., Spellman, O., and Stroh, W.

Looking over the Mason-Dixon Conference it looks as if it will be bigger, stronger, and faster than ever. Teams like American U., Loyola, Western Maryland, Catholic U., and Washington College will probably scramble for top positions. Bridgewater, Mt. St.

Mary's, Johns Hopkins, Galludet and Delaware will not be push-overs for any of their opponents.

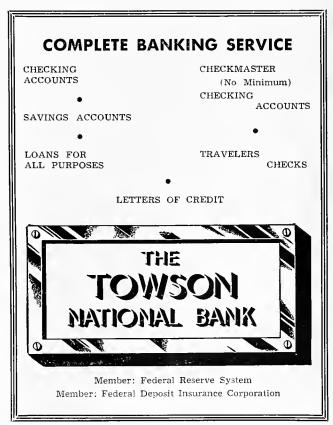
The students of Towson State Teachers College should feel proud that their team is a member of such a fine competitive group as the Mason-Dixon Conference. As for our position in the M.D. race just look toward the top—we'll be there.

Sam Keefer

#### S.T.C. Makes the Sports Page!

Girls' hockey teams from colleges in this area met for a Hockey Play Day on Bryn Mawr campus October 26. Competing teams came from Goucher, Western Maryland, Mount Saint Agnes, Notre Dame and S.T.C. From these players eleven girls were selected to make up the All Star Team. We are proud to have Dorothy Meredith, goalie, and Millie Moser, left wing, represent us on this team.

The game with Notre Dame which followed Play Day brought special mention of S.T.C.'s hockey teams and cheer leaders in the Baltimore Evening Sun. The one-to-nothing score in the Mt. St. Agnes game gave us our second triumph. Let's keep S.T.C. on the Sports Page!!!



#### So They Say—

About the Dorm

"Dorm life—no men—Am I kidding!"

Janet Sjoborg, Fr. 7

"Life would be beautiful without red ants."

Phyllis Strohecker, Fr. 6

"I like dorm birthday parties and study (?) hour."

Joan Waters, Fr. 7

The Tower Light

"We ought to have a newspaper!"

"Weedie" McComas, Fr. 1

"I think it is essential to the college."

Georgia Wisner, Fr. 1

Assemblies

"The assemblies have been the most original and interesting that I have attended."

Mary Elizabeth Davis, Fr. 3

College Life

"I like the foyer and the dancing; the food too!"

Beverly Benson, Fr. 1

"I like life with a capital 'L', and pickles."

"Stinky" Glaze, Fr. 5

"I like the mail-male the best."

Marion Martin, Fr. 7

"It's a great life if you don't weaken!"

Elizabeth Rose, Fr. 6

Our Men

"They ought to be spread throughout the sections instead of most of them being concentrated in the Junior College classes."

"Pat" Patterson, Fr. 1

"I don't care too much for the men. Everything else is what I expected."

Anna Lynn, Fr. 7

"I don't know them."

Dorothy Duck, Fr. 6

"Strictly not interested."

Claudine Bloom, Fr. 2

"I'm thinking about transferring to the Junior College."

Betty Gilliss, Fr. 1

S. T. C. as a College

"S. T. C. is a place where one has the fullest educaticral advantages plus loads of fun, and I like it!"

Janet Stansbury, Fr. 2

"I think it's wonderful and a very friendly school."

Nancy Grant, Jr. Sp.

"Everything just suits me fine except the Tower Light."

Joan Jourdan, Fr. 6

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VOLUME XV

NUMBER 3

DECEMBER, 1946



#### Christmas Everywhere . .

by Mildred Levy

ALMOST TWO THOUSAND years ago, in a lowly manger in Bethlehem-town, was born the Prince of Peace. Today, while the world is struggling to find the formula for living together in harmony, let us not forget the one thing we have in common with most of the world's other nations . . . Christ's Gospel. Even our methods of celebrating His birth originated in other lands among other peoples.

Our most vivid symbol of Christmas, the evergreen tree, comes to us from Germany. Legend has it that Martin Luther was the first to introduce it into the home as the "tree of the Christ-child," although it is believed to have been used earlier by St. Winfred of Britain, a missionary in Germany during the eighth century. Of course the tree, like the holly and many other Christmas decorations, was originally taken from Pagan ceremonies and was adapted by the early Christians to help celebrate their greatest holiday.

In Germany, the tree was beautifully decorated, but was never used to hold gifts. It was itself considered the gift of the Christ-child. The custom of the tree was introduced into England in the early seventeenth century, and was then brought to this country.

"Deck the halls with boughs of holly" sang the early English. And the use of this tree at Christmas time was adapted by them from the Romans who used it in connection with their Saturnalia festival. To the Christians, holly symbolized the burning bush and the love of God in Mary's heart. It's prickly points and red berries resembling drops of blood, were to remind people that Christ wore a crown of thorns.

It is to the medieval Britons that we owe the custom of the Yule log also. This log, which was brought in and lighted with much ceremony, was supposed to bring safety and good luck to the household. Especially was this true if a brand from last year's log was used to light the current one. These were the people who originated the greeting "Merry Christmas" which is used so universally today.

The Christmas candles which are much in evidence at this time of the year, had their origin in the Roman Saturnalia and are also traced back to the Hebrew "Feast of Lights."

But to the young children, the most exciting part of the Holiday celebration is the giving of gifts. Though the identity of the gift-bearer himself varies among the young people of different lands, the spirit is the same. In Holland, the children place their shoes near the fireplace for St. Nicholas to fill, and also provide hay for the gray horse they believe he rides. Russian youngsters light candles to direct Babouska, the little grandmother who traditionally brings them gifts, while in France, the children await the coming of Noel, and in Switzerland, children look to Father Christmas to make their dreams come true.

It is from St. Nicholas, the most universal of these gift-bearers, that the American tradition grew, for "Santa Claus" is a contraction of his name.

People the world over have taken time out from their daily tasks to give thanks and rejoice on the anniversary of Christ's birth. Though the ravages of war have left a great portion of the earth homeless and hungry, it is to be hoped that Christ's message will one day be fulfilled, so that there will truly be . . . "Peace on earth; good will to men."



#### A Toast . . .

A classic presented by Dr. Walther at this season . . .

"To every girl a Happy Christmas, and to every boy a Mary."



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#### Deck The Halls!

HERE AT S. T. C. we are celebrating Christmas with all the gayety of the season, gathering holly and mistletoe, decorating trees, singing carols and exchanging gifts. "Good will toward men" is apparent in every action and in each cheery "Merry Christmas." So it should be; for Christmas of all the year, is the time to give thanks for good food, warm shelter, and congenial company.

In planning our festivities this year, a committee of students and faculty were confronted with reviving still another college Christmas tradition—the Old English Christmas Dinner. The interests of the student body were kept in mind when the committee considered the problems of food and costumes for both students and invited guests, and of decorations for our "castle." Investigation showed that available materials, such as they are, would not permit us to meet the high standards of beauty set by the English Dinners in the past. Meeting these requirements would demand full-scale cooperation, and even though the Dinner has been postponed for another year, it is not too soon for us to review the standards we must meet.

Long before the Dinner itself, the ceremonies of fruit cake baking and gathering the Yule Log ushered in the Christmas season. On the night of the Dinner, lords in daublets and hose, and ladies in sweeping gowns, followed by colorfully dressed villagers, filed into Richmond Hall to watch the Yule Log being lighted in the great hearth. As the holiday spirit spread, the group proceeded to the dining hall where a lavish feast had been prepared for them.

Shield of Braun, with Mustard, Virginia Potatoes, Peascods, Apple Sauce, Manchets, Shred Pies with Cheese, Mulled Ale, Apples, Nuts, Raisins, Comfits and Marchpane were served. And there were of course the traditional peacock pie, grinning boar's head, and lighted plum pudding carried in procession by the dining-hall employees. Father Christmas and his children and numerous jesters, jugglers, and tumblers added to the merriment of the guests, as did the soft strains of music coming from the balcony.

At the head table lords and ladies of the castle, represented by the student government officers, presided over the entire affair with becoming grace. Toasts were given and then the people gathered in the foyer to sing Christmas carols. After this, groups of singers went caroling through the streets of Towson.

Thus, twenty years ago the students and faculty established a school tradition that has never lost its appeal, even though it was suspended during the war years. When more and better materials are available, we hope to make the Old English Christmas Dinner a striking success once again. Only with the help of every student can this be accomplished. Perhaps the Tower Light will again state, as it did after the initial festival, ". . . the Dinner is an event that will remain long in the hearts and minds of the students." Let's begin thinking of it now!



#### And His Name Was . . . . .

by Marie Sanderson

OF COURSE I will tell you the story again tonight, but you must be very quiet so that you do not arouse your mother. I do not want you to be punished for listening to an old man's tales when your eyes should be closed in slumber. Sit here on the floor beside my chair and I will try to finish before the fire dies.

Once long ago at a certain season of the year when many tourists were coming to town and overcrowding the lodging houses, an event occurred, which because of its mysteriousness, seems to stand out in my memory. My inn was full to overflowing. The day of their arrival was a long and exhausting one and as I was preparing for bed, a strange knock came at the door. At first I heard only a faint tapping, as if the traveler were too tired to put forth much effort. Then came a louder knock accompanied by impatient rattling of the door handle. I made my way to the door as quickly as possible, unlatched the wicket and poked my head out.

There was no moon that night, but by the light from the bright stars I could see the figure of a man whose clothes showed that he was from a foreign land, and I could tell he had been traveling a long way. I noticed also that he was not alone, but I could not see the face of his companion. The man asked for lodging for the night, but since our house was all filled up, I sent him away.

I stood with my back against the door momentarily pondering on the look in the man's kind tired eyes. I can see those eyes yet! Then I thought of a place where the man could sleep, not a nice place, but sheltered and warm. I quickly reopened the wicket and called to him.

Re-entering the house, I immediately put the man from my mind and continued my preparations for bed.

I had not lain long when there came from the back of the house such sounds as I had never heard. My first thought was of robbers and I sprang from my bed and ran in the direction of the stable.

But see, only the red embers remain of the fire. Let us all move a little closer to the fireplace and I will hurry on with the story.

Now when I found that a great many people had gathered in the stable, I was curious to know the reason, so I pushed my way through the door. In front of me were three men dressed in rich clothing, carrying glittering jeweled boxes in their hands. I nudged one of the men and inquired the reason for this disturbance, but he did not speak my language and could only point to something in the corner of the stable. Looking in the direction he indicated, I saw that a very new baby was lying in a little bed made of hay.

It wasn't until after I had stepped outside and seen the bright star shining just above the stable that I began to realize what a wonderful thing had happened that night. Then I went back to where the rest were gathered and remained there until morning watching the sleeping child.

And so, my children, after I am gone, and you have grown and forgotten me, you must remember the story I've told you. Pass it on to your children, for some day Bethlehem and all the world will know that the wondrous event in my stable has meaning for all mankind. Yes, I am an old man, and they say that I dream too much about the past. But this I know: the star shone from Heaven so brightly that all the world was made lighter than day. And it shone for the child lying there on his bed of straw. And the light shone because of the child. And his name was . . . . .



#### Howard Street—Christmas Eve

by Francis Barnette

EACH DECEMBER at the corner of Howard and Lexington Streets, in the glitter of Hochschild's windows there stands a Christmas spirit. He usually begins his vigil one week after Thanksgiving. There on the corner with his fruit-box wood chimney, Santa Claus greets the youngsters who have come downtown to "oh" and "ah" at the toy displays.

To have been a child and not have had an encounter with Santa in a department store or on one of the many street corners is a most regrettable omission. Sometimes however, the "Santas" cause untold confusion in the minds of their young friends. As an example, consider the youngster who patiently stood at Park Avenue and Lexington Street and told Santa the long list of things he wanted for Christmas. Mother stood in the background smiling graciously as her Johnny groped for words to explain the exact size and color of the electric train he wanted. After this baffling experience (and we have seen little girls scared almost to death by the bewhiskered, red-clad man) Johnny was marched one block west to Howard and Lexington. Here on Stewart's corner, another Santa asked in a voice that was supposed to fit the man who shakes like a bowlful of jelly when he laughs, "What do you want, little man?" I overheard this reply one day, "Don't you remember? I told you down there," as the lad jerked his thumb over his shoulder to indicate the Park Avenue scene. Santa quickly covered this obvious forgetfulness on his part and patted the small boy's head, "So you did. So you did." Then little Johnny noticed that there were four Santas, one on each corner of each block, and two more in the middle of the block. Scenes such as these work hardships on our Santa at Hochschild's corner, for he must be quick to escape the accusation: "You're not Santa, you're just a man." Hysterics usually follow such scenes, and it has been reported that mothers have joined the fray with flaying umbrellas. Such a Santa would emerge from the encounter in disrepute and, very probably, sore. Added to any such hazards as mentioned, there is always the cute child who would like to set fire to Santa's beard or cut his suspenders. This, of course, is just good clean fun.

But six p.m. is drawing nigh. To be sure that no

child has missed the opportunity to greet Santa, there he still stands on duty. Of course, it started to rain at four p.m., but no matter. Duty calls! An icicle has long since begun its formation on the end of his nose; his costume is soaked and the red dye is running into the white material; and the black of his boots has run into a small puddle at his feet; yet steadfast he stands. By eight p.m. Santa has lost communication with his feet and his fingers are pencils of ice. The dye has stopped running. Yes, the dye has stopped running now; all the red is white; all the white is red; and all the black has run into the gutter. Santa greets Christmas and pneumonia simultaneously. At nine p.m., a passing policeman hears: "Merry Christmas!"

No child should reach man's estate without having known one of these martyrs to the Spirit of Christmas, though the sheer number of Santa's brothers-in-the-trade has caused many a youngster to greet the mention of Santa with "Ah, don't give me that kid stuff." But, dear reader, think kindly of him, he means well.

#### Christmas

by Ruth Gross

This is Christmas:

STARS—millions of ice-crystal stars on a black sky.

SNOW—a blanket of white, pure, dazzling white.

FRAGRANCE—pine boughs fresh cut from a snowy woods, and roast goose and mince pies sending up clouds of good, steamy smells.

CAROLING—clear voices rising in the crisp, cold air, and clear bells in silver cadence.

LIGHT—pale tapers glowing in a dimly lit church, bright colored lights winking on a Christmas tree, and dancing lights in a little boy's wide eyes.

WARMTH—a log-fire roaring on the hearth, and a hearty handclasp from a friend.

Love for mankind, with peace on earth, and good will toward men.

THE TOWER LIGHT

#### An Old Age Custom— Modernized

by Joan Johansen

NOW SOME individuals who are sticklers for technicalities may state that it is a viscum album, a parasitic plant on the apple, the thorn, the oak, and other trees; but through the ages to romantic lads and lassies from six to sixty, it's just mistletoe.

As you know, if a seemingly unsuspecting young lass stands wide-eyed and demure under the mistletoe, it is the privilege of the lad to demand a kiss as forfeit. This custom has an interesting history which dates back into the dim and distant past.

Among the Britons, the annual culling of the mistletoe was an occasion of great solemnity and importance. About the middle of what is now called November, a stately procession led by priests made its way into the woods. The Arch Druid, robed in white, would ascend the chosen tree and cut the sacred twig with a golden sickle. As it fell, it was caught in an out-stretched cloak held up by a group of maidens. The ceremony was accompanied by sacrifices to the gods, and later followed by jubilant festivities. Before the people dispersed, the precious sprigs were divided into small portions and distributed among them. Because it was believed to be endowed with endless protective and creative virtues, mistletoe was carried home and hung over the door of the dwelling.

The mode of saluting under the mistletoe is a "naughty child" of the pax vobiscum, the kiss of peace, which was practiced in the ceremony of the ancient church. In days gone by, when girls were more reserved, or shall we say more closely chaperoned, it was said that "girls, although they be ladies, may be kissed under the mistletoe." In those days the ceremony was never complete unless a pearly berry was presented to the maiden as a token of good luck; and when the berries were all plucked, the privilege ceased. Today, however, the custom is rapidly losing its quaintness and effectiveness,—not because lads and lassies have wearied of this delightful Christmas custom, but rather because it is now universally observed 365 days a year—sans mistletoe. This ultra-modernized version of the ancient custom is best summed up by the classic reply of a young colored miss gave when asked if she was going to hang up any mistletoe. With a haughty toss of her head and a look of pure disdain, she replied: "No suh, Ah got too much pride to adv'tise foah de o'dnary courtesies a lady have a puffic right to expeck!"

#### The Christmas Spirit

by Norma J. Moore

The hurly-burly of Christmas Time
Brings a curious peace to us all
We think in terms of our fellow-men
As to our knees we fall.
We think of the year's successes,
And the failures we've had to face.
We make up our minds to do better—
To capture our share of Grace.
These thoughts are the true Christmas Spirit.
Our thoughts are our souls laid bare.
And so we make plans for improvements
As we sit in the Christmas tree's glare.

#### From a Bay Window

by Mary Lou Wallace

The strains of "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" came from the young people beside the bright warm fire. I turned my back to them and walked over to the big bay window.

Outside the wind whistled and howled. The little snowflakes danced round and round. The trees swayed to and fro. The countryside was blotted from view by the great handiwork of God.

As I stood there I began thinking of the faded flowers, the sleeping grass, the dark ghostly shadows that were once stately green-leaved trees, and of the brown, barren earth—all taking that long desired rest.

These thoughts were pushed away as the carolers burst forth with "Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright." I turned from the fury of the storm and joined in with the singing.

Christmas eve was drawing to a close and the storm was almost over. The carolers set out to brighten the Yuletide season.

I went back to my window and looked out over the now-peaceful night. The snowflakes lay snuggled close together around the sparkling trees, on the fence posts, on the chimney tops—everywhere. The stars began twinkling in the heavens. The clear midnight covered all.

"It came upon the mid-night clear" rang out through the air. The carolers' lanterns had slipped from view. The moon climbed above the horizon to begin its vigil. The shadowed patches of snow and the sparkling snow crystals were a fulfillment to the promise of a white Christmas.

#### Dramatic Club

#### "ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

by Ken Weber

TO THE TOWER LIGHT has come the news that the Dramatic Club has organized itself for the coming year. With a group of capable officers at the helm, the Dramatic Club promises to be a most outstanding extra-curricular activity. The local Thespians have elected as their President, Ginna Ganshorn; as Vice-President, Betty J. Johnson; as Secretary, Pat Fallon; and as Treasurer, Lilly Freund. From fifteen members back in 1945, the membership this year has increased to some forty talented members.

At present the Dramatic Club is engaged in casting and reading parts for two one-act plays, which should be ready for presentation the first week in February. The cast for one of these plays, Thornton Wilder's vivacious "The Happy Journey," is almost complete. Careful consideration is being given to the selection of a second play, this time a drama. Possibilities are a thriller, "The Rope" by Eugene O'Neil, and the suspense-filled "The Giant's Stair" by Wilbur Daniel Steele. Dr. Brewington, advisor for the club, has announced that a three-act comedy will round out the season this coming May, the club proposing to do Noel Coward's rollicking tidbit "Hay Fever."

#### **Library Editions**

(Editor's Note: Each month the TL will publish titles of some recent additions to the STC Library. It is obvious that we can not list all the new books, but we will bring to the attention of the students the prominent additions.)

Daniel Coit Gilman, by Abraham Flexner; Harcourt, Brace & Co. A short biography of the first president of Johns Hopkins University, one of America's greatest educators, whose spirit revolutionized our methods of higher education.

Pavilion of Women, by Pearl S. Buck; John Day Co. "... her most pungent memories of the Chinese life which she shared for decades."

The Roosevelt I Knew, by Frances Perkins; Viking Press. ". . . a knowing woman's interpretation of Roosevelt's mind and character in action."

(Continued on page 8)

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#### Music for the Season

IN PREPARATION for the Christmas season, the Glee Club has enriched its repertoire with several beautiful seasonal selections. Such selections as the chorale "Praise to the Lord," arranged by Christianson and applauded by visitors on Freshman Mothers Weekend, are promised by Miss Weyforth's group.

Among the anticipated numbers are: "Praise Ye the Father," by Gounod; the aforementioned "Praise to the Lord," an eight part chorale; "Carol of the Bells," a Ukranian carol arranged by Leontovich; and "The Christ of the Snow," a Hungarian carol arranged by Gaul. The Ukranian carol was also enthusiastically received by the Freshman Mothers Weekend audience.

The Glee Club, enlarged by 50 new voices, bringing the total membership to 101, is expecting to sing over one of the local radio stations as well as furnish choral selections for the S. T. C. Christmas events.

The Jeanie Group will also furnish Christmas music. They are scheduled to sing several traditional selections, among which are: "Christmas Carolling Song," "What Child Is This," "Coventry Carol." The lastnamed is an old English carol.

#### "JOHN NORTON'S VAGABOND"

by WILLIAM MURRAY

"Ah, friends, dear friends, as years go on and heads get gray, how fast the guests do go.

Touch hands, touch hands, with those that stay.

Strong hands to weak, old hands to young, around the Christmas board, touch hands.

The false forget, the foe forgive, for every guest will go and every fire burn low and cabin empty stand.

Forget, forgive, for who may say that Christmas day may ever come to host or guest again.

Touch hands."

#### "JEST 'FOR CHRISTMAS"

by Eugene Field

"'Most all the time, the whole year round, There ain't no flies on me, But jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be." Run Right To

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#### Library Additions—(Continued from page 6)

Where are We Heading, by Sumner Welles; Harper & Bros. "The most experienced and distinguished statesman writing on international affairs today, answering the pressing world questions."

Vinland and The Good, by Nevil Shute; Morrow & Co. . . . the great Icelandic and American legend of Lief Ericson and Eric the Red and the voyages to Massachusetts Bay. A rediscovery of one of the sturdiest and most romantic stories in history, brought forth in a new freshness of form and the sweep and majesty of the sagas.

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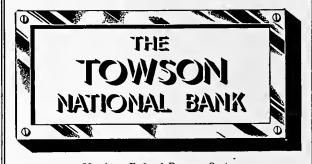
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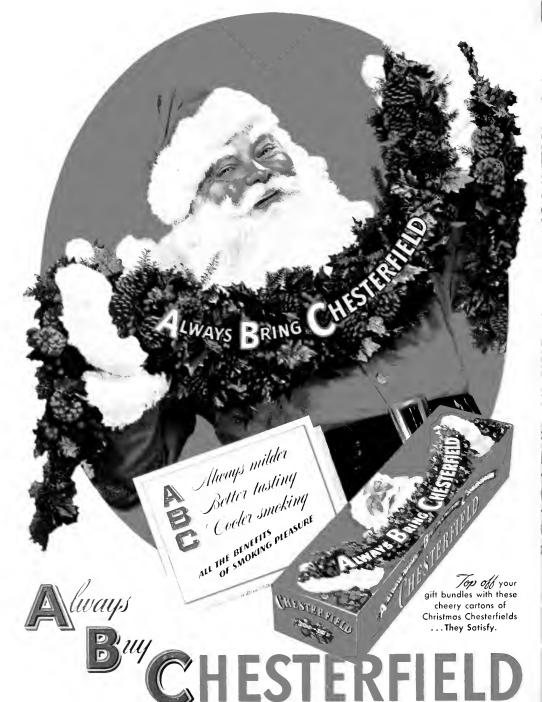
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And when 113,597 doctors were asked to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camels than any other brand.

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#### The Man Behind the Pipe

by Mildred Levy



VARIOUS STUDENTS are being puzzled by a curious mystery. A pipe has been observed on clear mornings striding briskly along the road toward S. T. C. in company with a lowered hat brim and a turned-up collar. No, kiddies, Sherlock Holmes has not taken up lodgings on old York Road.

The TOWER LIGHT'S committee on Rumor, Termites, and Missing Associate Editors, upon investigation has unearthed the rather innocent cause of all the ex-

citement—definitely not a rumor, termite, or missing Associate Editor, but one William H. Hartley, "Doc" to his friends and a wonder to his students. For the benefit of those Freshmen and near-sighted students who have been startled by our early morning perambulator, we feel it our duty to unearth the man behind the pipe. Here are some of the facts!

William H. Hartley was born in the town of Lewistown, Pennsylvania, and it was here that he received his elementary and high school education. He attended New York University and Springfield College in Massachusetts where he obtained his B.S. degree. It was at Teachers College, Columbia University, where he continued his studies, that he received his M.A. and Ed. D. degrees.

A vibrant teacher, Dr. Hartley has been on the faculties of various schools. Ellis College in Pennsylvania, the State Teachers College at Paterson, New Jersey, the State College for teachers at Albany, New York, and the summer sessions of Columbia University have been fortunate to have him as an instructor.

Ever since 1942, Dr. Hartley and his pipe have been a familiar pair on the S. T. C. scene. Dr. Hartley is known for his vivid personality, and this fact coupled

with his many interests have made him an extremely popular person in the school. His classes in American History, Political Science, and Methods in Social Studies are always informative as well as entertaining.

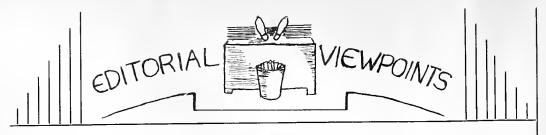
A job as Director of Educational Films for the Erpi Classroom Films Company gave Dr. Hartley experience in his special educational field—Audio-Visual Aids. This interest, together with his hobby, photography, forms the basis for much of his outside activity. Besides conducting state-wide classes in the use of audio-visual aids, he is a consultant for the educational films now being made.

An instructor at the Johns Hopkins University, our "Superman" has also managed to produce over fifty articles for various educational journals since his arrival at S. T. C. Other writings include a junior high school textbook, Conservation and Citizenship; a handbook of educational films, Selected Films for American History and Problems; thirteen articles for the Encyclopedia of Modern Education; and a monthly article for the "Social Education Magazine" of which he is a departmental editor.

During the war, "Doc" was a Chief Petty Officer in the Coast Guard, and had the title of Expert Consultant to the Secretary of War. From his office in the Pentagon Building, he helped prepare films for the armed forces.

Despite his other important duties, Dr. Hartley has always taken an enthusiastic interest in the affairs of our college. As advisor to the Sophomore Class, and as a friend to both students and faculty, he is always willing to use his talents in any way that will serve to better S. T. C. He has stated that he likes best about the school the friendly relationship between the faculty and students. He, himself, has done much to promote such feeling among his students.

The pretty girls on the campus rate favorably in Dr. Hartley's opinion, as does the Tower Light, though he thinks the latter would be a more potent force in school affairs if it used more photographs. Dr. Hartley is the man who claims he is ruled by three females—his wife, his daughter, and his dog! No wonder he must resort to walking to school to be alone with his thoughts.



#### Summer Session

ARE WE TO have a summer session in 1947? The Tower Light does not think it too early in the school year to discuss such a possibility.

During the war years, a summer term at S. T. C. was begun to accelerate those students who might be eligible for military service, and to ease the shortage of qualified teachers. Now that the war has ended, a new need for acceleration has arisen.

Many of the students on the campus are entering or re-entering school after a period of several years spent in the service of their country. They are anxious to complete their training period and embark upon their life's work. By allowing these people to continue their studies during the summer months, colleges would be giving them the opportunity to make up for the time they have lost and to enter into their chosen fields earlier.

At this college, particularly, the need for turning out fully-trained, capable teachers is imperative. The shortage of qualified teachers is painfully acute. Too many schools have found that the return of former teachers to the professions has not been sufficient to answer the needs of a growing educational system. Subsequently, temporary make-shift arrangements have been made. A generation of school children will pay for this inadequacy.

Those of us preparing to teach want to enter our profession now, when we can be of most service to it and to the community. Institutions training people for careers in education have a two-fold responsibility—not only to adequately prepare candidates for the profession, but also to assure a sufficient quantity of them. A summer session would not defeat either of these purposes.

Those of us preparing to enter other professions, industries, or business are no less eager to accelerate. For some, the "cold, cold world" holds a family to support. For others, it holds a job that will not remain unfilled indefinitely. Still others are anxious to make up for time spent in the country's service.

If at all possible, our college can effectively meet these challenges of both students and community by providing us with a summer session.

#### Of Cabbages and Kings . . .

"Time has no division to mark its passage, there is never a thunder-storm or blare of trumpets to announce the beginning of a new month or year. Even when a new century begins it is only we mortals who ring bells and fire off pistols."

—THOMAS MANN

"See how the generations pass

Like sand through Heaven's blue hour-glass."

-VACHEL LINDSAY

"Silence is the best resolve for him who distrusts himself."

--Rochefoucauld, Maxim 79

(Continued on page 5)

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#### The Case of Captain Dusard

(A Short Story by STANLEY BLOCK)

(Editor's Note: Because of its length, Mr. Block's story will be continued in the February issue which will closely follow this one. At that time, a summary of the part of the story printed in this issue will be included.)

DUSARD LEANED against a wall and, in the shadows of stage properties cluttering the wings, closed his eyes. He listened to the necessary but unpleasant and discordant sounds of an orchestra's tuning; while he listened, he thought of Louise.

A short distance away, seated on the stage, the hundred members of The Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra busily awaited the arrival of Captain Dusard. Filling the auditorium's chairs, a capacity audience alternately talked and listened to one another while they, too, awaited the good Captain's coming. And, while everyone waited, he stood in the shadows thinking of Louise and waited for his entrance cue.

It had not always been the discordant sounds. There had been a time in the past when the memory of her was coupled with nicer tones. In Paris, where he found her, she became Chopin's Fantasie impromptu. That was his clever method of not forgetting the persons he wanted most to remember. Admittedly possessing a very bad memory for names, and because he met so many new ones on each tour, he developed a workable system. He simply matched faces and mannerisms with a musical composition which (to him) embodied the characteristics of each face and behavior.

Miss Fantasie impromptu proved a notable exception. Quite properly Dusard took particular pains to remember her proper name. Later, he quite properly courted and married her. Somewhat later, he killed her. No, he would never forget the name of Louise Beaumont Dusard.

He turned and watched the tuning. A politicallooking man was walking toward the center of the stage. The Mayor (Or did they call them "Town Supervisors" in Southern Claifornia?) faced the crowd holding up his hand in a gesture for silence.

Dusard took a quick inventory of himself in the full-length mirror placed there for the performer's last minute check-up. The man on the stage was nearing the end of the introduction. Nearly finished, he was making reference to Dusard's being a fellow soldier, international artist, and other choice words of praise

descriptive of the conductor's career. As he finished, he extended an arm toward the wings; Dusard exercised a bright, mechanical smile in the tall mirror, squared his shoulders and walked into the lime-light.

The thundering ovation rushed to meet him in great rolling swells. Those who had no hands stamped their feet and whistled. Those who had only one eye watched with it while the star bowed many times in acknowledgment of their enthusiasm. Those who had no sight strained their ears to hear.

He mounted the raised platform and greeted his orchestra with a smile. A good conductor always meets his men this way. The smile establishes a bond of confidence between the leader and those who are to be led. With the baton, he rapped sharply for attention. Tense and alert, a hundred men focused their minds and skills on that baton.

They would dispense with the National Anthem. Many of the listeners had only crutches on which to stand. It would have been unnecessarily awkward. He hated unnecessary awkwardness. His arms were poised. In an instant, the baton carved the air.

Carefully musicians and conductor wended their way through the first passage. Dusard was preparing to whip these men into a frenzy of inspired playing, but to make the marriage of harmony and expression complete, he had to build cautiously upon a solid foundation of mutual respect and admiration. It was better now. He began to feel the control he exercised over them and they, too, responded more completely to his direction. Swiftly he was securing the unanimity necessary for his interpretation. After a slow introductory melody, the entire string section burst suddenly into animated action; the woodwinds followed immediately taking up the same phrase, and again the Captain smiled. The marriage was complete.

For many people music arouses all sorts of associations, many of which have nothing to do with the music itself and Dusard's thoughts were drifting. He looked beyond his cellos and his woodwinds. His gaze hesitated a brief moment at the battery of ten bass viols; then broke beyond the backdrop and passed beyond the brick and mortar of the auditorium's wall. Tchaikovsky's *Symphonie pathetique* welled in his brain and he lived again an evening in Paris, France...

П.

Dusard tossed the doorman a cheery good night as he opened and closed the conservatory door after him. He blinked his eyes and waited a moment at the top of the granite steps drinking in deep draughts of the night air in an effort to refresh his tired body. He flexed his weary fingers and then casually proceeded to the boulevard. One more week of the familiar grind before opening night; then Paris would fall into the pattern of London, Rome, Berlin, and all the others. But, in the meantime, there were the long, laborious rehearsals. The concert performance would be magnificent; of this he was certain, but only as a result of constant and painstaking preparation.

Someone called his name and he turned. The figure of a woman hurried down the steps to meet him. She chattered French and was very beautiful. He was trying desperately to interrupt and tell her he did not understand a word of it. Suddenly she understood; stopped short and laughed. In precise English she apologized and went on to explain that with a name like "Dusard," she was confident he was a Frenchman. However, in the future, she would pay more attention to "Who's Who in America." It was his turn to say something. He said that the original "Dusard" might very well have been a Frenchman for all he knew, but that in America, names were an accident of birth, and regardless of source, English was the language of the land. He then apologized for not paying more attention to his French instructor in school. They both laughed. Now that the language barrier no longer existed, what could he do for her? Oh, yes! To be sure there was a reason for stopping him. She had written some music; she though quite good! But would he be kind enough to listen and appraise it for her? Would he give her his expert opinion?

He looked at her again. This sort of thing had happened hundreds of times before and he had artfully dodged as many of them as possible. There was a certain unnecessary awkwardness involved in telling people, many of them your friends, they simply did not have it in them. Still, he could not remember any of the others being as charming as she. He would not deny she was attractive, and she had her manuscripts with her. Besides, he might as well garner as much Parisian good will as possible before opening night next week. And then, too, she was so very attractive—or had he already made a note of that?

He warned her that his opinion might not be expert, but it would be honest. They walked off together in the direction of a cafe where Dusard knew the piano was in tune.

Half an hour later he faced around on the piano bench and told her the truth. Some of the products contained well-defined themes and were good enough to be bound in a child's exercise book, but to stand alone as serious works—well, the Germans had a word for it: Kapellmeistermusik—music correctly written but which possesses no spark of life. She said they represented her best. In that case he advised her to forget music and think of something else. Painting perhaps? Or voice? Dramatics? He was sorry, but abruptness was actually less painful than evasion. If it were any consolation, hers was as good as anything he could ever write. She looked at him somewhat surprised. No, he wasn't joking. He had learned a long time ago that composition was not for him. At the time, it seemed a bitter pill to swallow. However, he found much subsequent happiness in playing, conducting, and interpreting and now he was content to leave composing to those who could compose.

Dusard looked at her again. Yes, she was probably the *most* attractive woman he had ever seen. He asked her in very poor and broken French to have dinner with him next evening. It was spoken badly and he stumbled a few times with the none-too-familiar words, but she understood and accepted. They both laughed. They laughed partly because it was funny, but mostly because it was rather romantic.

Her name was Louise Beaumont. Dusard rechristened her Mlle. Fantasie impromptu.

#### Ш

Dusard had to turn a page of the score. This action brought his thoughts back to the auditorium in Ontario, California. The audience was stilled; completely absorbed in the brooding melancholy of Tchaikovsky's work. Once more Dusard looked beyond the walls. His thoughts were racing backward to a day in Bern, Switzerland . . .

#### IV.

Filipazzi occupied a small, round-top table under one of the many decorative awnings of the petite sidewalk cafe. He was a tall, thin Italian with a full head of distinguished-looking white hair. His grooming was immaculate and his portrait was that of a gentleman at ease. A glass of wine and a smaller one of whiskey rested on the table beside his derby. Leisurely he sipped his wine and puffed a large cigar; all the while watching the passers-by with clear, disinterested eyes. Between puffs, he dipped the end of his cigar into the whiskey. Filipazzi, too, was a conductor of some renown, and earlier in life, had been a concert pianist of considerable talent. He stood and shook hands with his friend, Dusard, when the latter joined him.

"My dear Filipazzi! Still the handsomest Roman of them all! It's good to see you."

The two seated themselves. A waiter appeared and the Italian ordered wine for both.

(Continued next issue)

#### Thoughts

by D. R. H.
TO THE NEW YEAR

Be patient with us New Year
As we strive to gain a foothold
On ourselves,
And build,
And pull together
This war-torn world;
And try to make sense
From the senseless;
And seek to understand
The misunderstood.

#### A Decision

by GINNY FRANZ

The time for resolutions
Has come (I've heard it said).
That means new pledges will be made
In place of those now dead.
But will they live or will they die,
As those before have done?
Will these hold true from rising moon
To time of setting sun?
Or will they quickly vanish
In wisps of silver smoke?
Will they be held as vows to keep,
Or laughed at—as a joke?
But if you think they are worth making,
(And I suggest they are)

#### OF CABBAGES AND KINGS-Con.

"Resolve to be thyself: and know, that he Who finds himself, loses his misery."

And you learn the way to keep them,

You'll reach—and find a star.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD

"He has half the deed done, who has made a beginning."
—HORACE

"Nothing that was worthy in the past departs; no truth or goodness realized by man ever dies, or can die; but is all still here, and, recognized or not, lives and works through endless changes."

—THOMAS CARLYLE

"Only a night from old to new,
Only a sleep from night to morn.
The new is but the old come true,
Each sunrise sees a new year born.

-Helen Jackson

#### A Menagerie

by Joan Johansen

WEBSTER DEFINES a menagerie as "a collection of wild animals for exhibition." He also most perfectly defines each animal in such a collection. Here, however, with apologies to Mr. Webster, are a few workable definitions of those who are on constant exhibition because of their characteristic behavior. How many have you met?

Cat—she who greets your oldest outfit, the circles under your eyes, the stringy hair, and you on a Monday morning with a purred, "Darling, you do look sweet today!"

Social Lion—he who thrives on simpering female adoration and is the life of every party (life spelt STR1FE).

Skunk—he who stands you up and, to add insult to injury, has a perfect alibi (blonde, brunette, or redhead as the case may be).

Poor Fish—he who picks a date with a hearty appetite and a champagne thirst on his meager 65 a month (True to nature he gets slightly green around the gills when the waiter presents the bill.)

Clam—he who is bored and speechless unless you are discussing the topic most dear to him: himself.

Eager Beaver—can best be described in the slightly altered quotation. "Never has one tried so hard for so long and accomplished so little."

Dear—the very sweet creature whose golden rule is: "Be nice to people because you never know when you'll want to take advantage of them."

Wolf—he whose chief delight is the relentless pursuit of the poor little innocent lambs.

Little Lambs—the innocent looking creatures who make the clever (ha, ha) wolf think he is doing the pursuing and they the running.

Rat—he who has the audacity to tell you you're looking fine, when in reality, he's doing all the looking.

Sly Fox—They say the fox is very agile, but have you ever seen him fumble when the check comes around? But then, that's why he's sly!

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#### Winter Sports Program

Coach Minnegan has set up a full and varied program for his physical education classes during the remaining winter months.

Instruction in the following activities will be available as part of the regular physical education program to men who are interested: tumbling, intramural basketball, weight lifting, badminton, gymnastics, rifle team and wrestling. Mr. von Schwerdtner, who coached wrestling at Gettysburg, will be the mentor of our grunt and groan enthusiasts.

Our athletically minded girls will as usual be fussy with their badminton and basketball electives.

Don Hammerman

#### Library Additions

The Chrysanthemum and The Sword by Ruth Benedict; Houghton Mifflin Co. "We cannot afford to dismiss the Japanese as queer ducks. In this book we see ... their view of life and themselves ... what makes them tick."

Brandeis—A Free Man's Life by Alpheus T. Mason; The Viking Press. "This first full-scale biography gives us the authoritative record; . . . a personal appraisal of his character; . . . and the impress that he made on law and life."

The Light of Stars by Evelyn Voss Wise; Bruce Co. "Here is a story which simply reveals the heart and soul of a priest who steps out of the pages and gives enough to light and warm the hearts of all." Locale—Baltimore, perhaps the church around some nottoo-distant corner.

Borrowed Summer and Other Stories by Elizabeth Enright; Rinehart & Co. "A variety of stories from the sympathetic 'Sugar for the Old Horse,' to the delicate picture of psychological escape, 'The Maple Tree.' Many of the stories are about women, but not all; the title story is of a man's—an embezzler's—perfect summer."

Lydia Bailey by Kenneth Roberts; Doubleday & Co., Inc. "History, romance, and adventure skillfully blended" of the period when the newborn United States was being tested by Tripoli and her own citizens and Napoleon was planning reconquest of Haiti as a base for attacking continental America. "Lydia and her romance with Albion is the thread which ties together this magnificent historical novel."

## LIFE THROUGH THE RUNGS OF A PRETZEL OR AN APPRECIATION OF GERTRUDE STEIN

by Francis Barnette

THERE ARE IN this life many and varied questions which beset the mental cavity of the higher animal known to the trade and also to the world at large as Man. Of the many pitfalls there is none, on record at least, that leads to more utter ruination of the characters fine and noble than the affluence of a pretzel.

This little known fact, little known for obvious reasons, will, I predict, have large consequences on the life of men learned in the art of probing in other persons' lives. Before I go any further in this discussion, I wish to be clearly understood. I am not referring to the Dies Committee on Un-American Activities or to wire tapping by the C & P Telephone Company. Now to return. Many people when looking through the rungs of a pretzel, an art which is not engaged in as much nowadays, alas, as it might be hoped, do not realize the significance of their observation. (ED. NOTE: the author does not refer to "observation" which is the art of seeing. "Oversation" is a contraction of the words "Oh" and "conversation" which means startled by the mention. This comes from the Greek which is better left undiscussed.)

Too many of us see life in the drabness of winter, the color of spring or autumn, or the sunny pleasantness of summer; but how many of us see life through the rungs of a pretzel? That is the trouble with the world today. Men have decried the lack of "a good five cent cigar" and untold numbers of other things which they claim are wrong with the world; but they lack the secret—see the world, life in general (and the world will be life in general which in turn will be generally means life in general which is in itself equal to— (apologies are offered at this point to Miss Gertrude Stein and the subject will be dropped.)

Ah! Gerturde Stein, there is a poetess after my own sonl. Lacking in punctuation is her work, yet before decrying that Miss Stein is lacking in the rudimentary elements of writing, know that she can punctuate. That is the mark of a great person, one who is able yet will not. What priceless glory has she given to the language that we speak when she says "a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose." What magnificence to the lowly first cousin of rigor mortis, grammar. The French, German, Spanish, Chinese, Japanese and Swiss reading her work, prior to translation I might add, find in it untold beauty. And that, dear reader, is what you (Continued on page 8)

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#### The New Year—

#### Resolutions and The Faculty

by Betty Costlow

Mr. von Schwerdtner:

"I'm going to try and live a smoother life in the new year." (Don't tell me our German professor has been living a "Rough" one!)

Miss Wevforth:

"I didn't make any resolutions—but I did revise the disorder on my desk." (One look at the desk will verify this statement.)

Miss Blood:

"My only resolution is not to make any."

Miss Alford:

"I made only one, but I forget what it was. Maybe it was not to forget things."

Mr. Weaver:

"I don't make them any more. I can't keep them, so why make them."

Dr. Walther:

"I didn't make any—you are less pinned down if you don't," (What could Dr. Walther want to be free to do?)

Mr. Moser:

"I didn't get up in time on New Year's Day to make any. I lead such a saintly life I really resent being asked if I made any." (Still water runs deep.)

Dr. Bergner:

"I guess I'm too old to make any."

Mrs. Brouwer:

"I have a hunch that the easiest way to reform is not to resolve to reform. I resolved not to make any resolutions, but came back refreshed and ready to resume some responsibilities and assume others."

Miss Barkley:

... (It seems that Miss Barkley was too busy basking in the Bermuda sun to make any resolutions.)

Miss Woodward:

"The only resolution I made you couldn't print."

#### LIFE THROUGH THE RUNGS OF A PRETZEL

(Continued from page 7)

must look for in reading Miss Stein's works, untold beauty. For if you relay on the words to tell you what Miss Stein has in mind at the time of writing, you have a problem on your hands which might be compared to the unravelling of brother George's sweater or the Treaty of Versailles.

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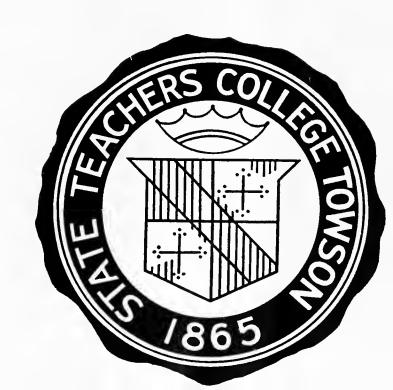


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NEWS ITEM, 1944

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#### Our Language Master

by Mildred Levy

ERNST VON SCHWERDTNER, our new language teacher, never went to grammar school. His entire elementary and high school education was gleaned from his parents who had both been teachers. On the family farm near Annapolis, where he was born in 1898, Mr. von Schwerdtner grew up in an atmosphere of culture and work. His life today is still a combination of both.

A tribute to the excellence of his parental instruction is the fact that when he finally did enter a school—St. John's—he was a very successful student and graduated in 1917 at the age of nineteen. Several weeks before his commencement, Mr. von Schwerdtner had begun teaching in a school in Annapolis, and he has been at it ever since, except for one major break.

From the prep school where he first began his teaching career, he went on to the high school at Thurmont, Maryland, as instructor in languages. Next came a stint as both graduate student and instructor at the Johns Hopkins University, two full-time jobs.

After this, Gettysburg College in Pennsylvania was fortunate in having him as assistant professor of German. Here he remained for twelve years, but left in 1939 when war clouds were gathering.

After vainly attempting to enter the armed forces, Mr. von Schwerdtner devoted himself to war work. For six years he was employed by a manufacturing concern, first as a construction accountant and then as production auditor.

Back in the days when Mr. von Schwerdtner was teaching at St. John's, a young lady named M. Theresa Wiedefeld was a supervisor in the schools of Anne Arundel county. St. John's provided an extension course that enabled teachers to gain credits toward their degrees, and the president of our college was one of the students. It is because of this acquaintance with Dr. Wiedefeld as well as the fact that he is the first language teacher in the history of this school that Mr. von Schwerdtner considers his stay here more than just another job.

In the classroom, Mr. von Schwerdtner bases his work upon the theory that there are certain basic concepts which every student of language should master. These are represented in his book, Fundamental Language Facts, which was written during eight

weeks in 1933. It is his opinion that some of these concepts would be as valuable to the teacher as to the language student, for they help one to understand English as well as foreign tongues.

It is impossible to talk with Mr. von Schwerdtner for very long without hearing about his family of which he is understandably proud. Married for twenty-three years, he is the father of four children. His oldest son, a veteran of the past war, is married to a Red Cross nurse whom he met while serving in the armed forces. One daughter is a student at the University of Maryland, while the sixteen-year old twins are in high school—Boys Latin and Eastern High respectively.

Mr. von Schwerdtner believes that there are advantages to a home education such as he received, in that the student is able to learn much more quickly and to receive personal instruction. But the very acceleration made possible by concentrated and individual study might, as it did in his case, pose a problem when he finally entered a formal school, for he was younger than the other boys and had to work hard to keep up with them in the athletics he loved. Then, there is always the danger that the instruction might not be of as high a quality as that of the von Schwerdtners.

In the few months that he has been here, Mr. von Schwerdtner has become known for his excellence as a teacher and for his friendliness to faculty and students alike. We are grateful for the coming of Ernst von Schwerdtner and hope his cheerful person will grace our college for a long, long time.

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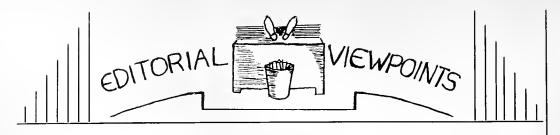
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#### Assemblies

IT IS AN administrative policy that S.T.C. assemblies should be of cultural value. This is a worthwhile policy, and it entails a heavy responsibility on the part of the administration. The administration must see to it that the assemblies are cultural and are as valuable an asset to our required curriculum as any of our classes.

To give people culture means to educate them. In order to educate them you must interest them. A speaker can be full of wisdom, but if he cannot interest his audience he is merely wasting time. A violonist can play music written by the greatest composers, yet if he cannot play the violin very well he might just as well stay home. The best way to educate is to interest, and the best way to interest is to give an audience the advantage of hearing fine speakers and competent musicians.

During the first semester, students found the assemblies uninteresting. Since that time, assemblies have improved and have commanded the attention of many students. Still, a large group attend the assemblies merely because they are required to do so. This group can be reduced substantially if the assemblies continue to improve.

The Assembly Committee has done a commendable job with its limited resources, but its activities have been hampered by circumstances. It has suffered from *student indifference*. Very few students have bothered to help prepare better assemblies. Few have even ventured to offer constructive criticism. The Committee's activities have also been limited by an inadequate budget which enabled them to obtain only the more modestly paid speakers. While this does not mean that the speakers are poor, it generally follows that a speaker's ability rises in proportion to the amount of money he can command for a lecture.

We suggest that the Student Government attempt to arouse interest among the student body in order to help the Assembly Committee. We also suggest that the administration consider the possibilities of increasing the funds at the Committee's disposal.

—ED CLINE

#### On Brotherhood

"There is no conflict in the divergence of religious faiths, as all religion whether it be that of Christian or Jew is founded upon the same basic concepts of human relationship—justice, tolerance and decency—and all finds its application in everyday life and works of the individual rather than in any delimitation to house and day of worship. Our history records no single instance of religious distinction in the burdens of war or the burdens of peace, nor in the manner in which Americans of all faiths nobly have carried those burdens to bring our country safely and honorably through the successive crises which have beset our people, as they have beset all mankind." —General Douglas Macarthur

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HELEN SMITH PAULINE PAG

0

#### The Case of Captain Dusard

(Continued from the January Issue)

Summary—What has gone before:

The Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra and its guest conductor, DUSARD, are giving a concert for the patients of a military hospital in Southern California. During the playing of Tchaikovsky's Symphonie pathetique, the music stirs a chain of reflective thoughts in the mind of Dusard. He relives again an evening in Paris, France, where, under somewhat amusing and romantic circumstances, he met LOUISE BEAUMONT. Dusard nicknames her Mlle. Fantasie impromptu because her manner and charm suggest that Chopin composition. The celebrated musician arranges another meeting with the attractive Mlle. Beaumont.

Completely absorbed in the brooding melancholy of Tchaikovsky's work, Dusard's thoughts are also directed backward to a day in Bern, Switzerland, and an encounter with his good friend, the distinguished Italian conductor and pianist, FILIPAZZI.

The story continues . . . .

"Dusard, figlio mio! You grow more famous with the years. Each performance is a new conquest. I am positive your activity here in Bern will be no exception. May I add that I understand your conquests are no longer limited to your music."

"You refer to Mlle. Beaumont?"

"I do."

"You old fox! How did you know? I thought I was keeping my secret life a secret."

"Such talk gets around in our circles."

The waiter reappeared with clean glasses and a fresh bottle. After pouring, he promptly left. Dusard lifted his glass in a toast to the health of his friend. He read his watch and said:

"Sorry, I can't spare too much time. What is it you wished to discuss? Some new treat for these Swiss?"

"Just a few moments and I shall have said all I am going to say in this matter, my boy."

"I don't understand."

"I sent for you to discuss your friend, Mlle. Beaumont. I realize it is no concern of mine and I know also that if you're as much involved with her as I think you are, you can't hear nor understand what I'm saying. I'll risk that.

"Listen to me, Dusard! I know the type. She's not right for you!"

The younger man interrupted hotly:

"It may make a difference in your tone if you will realize also that you are not speaking of Mlle. Beaumont, but Mrs. Dusard! We were married a week ago. It seems that your informative circle came a cropper on that one."

Filipazzi raised his glass to the level of his eyes.

"So be it. I wish you a long and happy life together."

He drained his glass and put it down empty. For a brief while the two friends sat there and looked at everything but each other. Dusard cleared his throat.

"Louise and I should like to have you to dinner on the twenty-seventh. That's the night following the concert. Can you make it?"

Filipazzi puffed on his cigar.

"I shall be delighted."

The two men arose, shook hands and went their separate ways.

V

Far away and faintly, a Southern Pacific locomotive grudgingly whistled for a crossing. Dusard's trained ear picked up the foreign noise and it served to make him aware of the auditorium—the orchestra—and the audience of crippled soldiers. They were nearing the climax. The tympani was producing its special effects. He could feel the beat pulsate through his body. The strings were assuming a more vigorous character. A hundred men plus one; and all of them bound together in perfect accord for the shaping of the grand climax. Odd how sometimes two persons could make such an unholy mess of it. He thought of three small California towns more than two hundred miles away. Salinas. Carmel. Monterrey . . .

VI.

October, 1941, and First Lieutenant Dusard, Coast Artillery Corps, Officers' Reserve Corps, was called to active duty.

Louise was glad he was an officer. She had heard about the other ones. What were they called? Yes, enlisted men. She had heard that they had to do all sorts of unpleasant things, whereas the officers had everything their own way. Her husband emphatically stated such was not the case. That whoever had said so did not know what he was talking about and that no modern army—American or any other—was governed by such principle. He didn't mean to shout at her. It was a culmination of three years of unhappy married life joined with a disgusting, defeated feeling that there was nothing he could do to make it right.

Perhaps the military interlude would help. He said he was sorry for shouting and then told her the good news of his transfer to the Air Corps.

One bright and balmy day in May, 1943, Mars rolled the dice and the fortunes of war cast Captain Dusard on the Salinas Army Air Base. He was still very much a man of music; but more specifically, he was now a test pilot and an assistant engineering officer assigned to the Base Squadron for duty. With as much difficulty as any other soldier experienced, he located an apartment in town and the two were soon as unhappily settled as ever before.

The illusion of domestic harmony vanished. She was impossible. Recently there had been a scene, quite awkward, at the new Commanding Officer's reception. No one spoke of it, of course, but everyone noticed—and there seemed to be much whispered conversation.

The "Blue Bird Inn" in Carmel? No, perhaps not. It could have been at the "Del Monte Lodge." Surely it wasn't at "Mac's" in Monterrey! Still, it was possible that it was at "Mac's." Regardless of where it happened, the important thing was that it *finally* did happen!!! Dusard arrived at a solution. Their marriage would be dissolved, and it would be done completely, irrevocably, once and for all time. No separation; no divorce; simply a gentle act of violence, and everything that was now wrong would then be made right.

It was an effort not to be too gentle. There was nothing to be gained in arousing her suspicions. But it was almost laborious, now that the plan was formulated, not to behave toward her in a manner akin to courtship.

She enjoyed dinner at Carmel and the scenic, four-teen-mile drive back which, in part, followed the coast of Monterrey Bay. He turned the car's wheel away from the stream of traffic and followed a gravel spur for a short distance; then stopped. He had promised to show her the famous Monterrey Oak which so many aspiring art students have at one time or another sketched, painted, or photographed for Art's sake. She wanted to take a picture before it was too dark.

Her husband took her arm and helped her climb. When they reached the top his wife sat down and rested. He walked to the edge of the cliff and watched the waves break on the rocks below.

She snapped three or four pictures and was ready to leave. Dusard stood watching the waves and the rocks

"There's an interesting group of boulders down there."

"Really?"

"Yes. Have you any film left?"

"One or two."

"Why don't you try it just for the angle?"

She walked toward him. He put his arm around her waist as she ventured a look over the rim. She spoke:

"I can't see anything so unusu . . . . "

Dusard watched as her body hurtled downward and broke itself on the rocks. Her clothing had billowed out into a shapeless mass like soiled laundry going down a chute. He never saw the expression on her face.

Now he must assume the role of frantic husband. Immediately he dropped over the side and half fell, half skidded to the bottom.

The water lapped over the lifeless form wedged between the rocks. Dusard pulled it free and tried to carry it back to the top. But even in death, as in life, she proved impossible. He placed her out of reach of the sea and slowly climbed back. His hands and arms were bruised and cut deeply. Dirt mixed with blood. It pained him to hold onto the brush and the stones as he progressed upward.

He flagged a car full of soldiers to a halt on the main road. A patrolman spun his motorcycle around and stopped. Later an ambulance arrived with doctors and a reporter. The body was hauled up slowly. It took a long time. Dusard would not leave; he would not think of accepting medical treatment for his own wounds until they first examined his wife. Everyone admired him.

It was the state police who told him she was dead. One of the doctors drove him into the hospital and bandaged his hands and arms.

Dusard had played the role of frantic husband to the hilt. He had played it to well. Six months later both his arms were amputated at the clbows.

#### VII.

Symphonie pathetique was finished.

Dusard glanced at the awkward mechanical devices that had replaced his hands and forearms. The cheering and bravos were as much for this man's courage as for his music. He faced the assembly and accepted the spontaneous tribute. The building reverberated with shouts of praise and cries of *Encore!!!* He turned and signaled the musicians to rise. They got to their feet.

Smilingly, the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra and its guest conductor, Captain Dusard, faced the applause and bowed in gratitude.

THE END



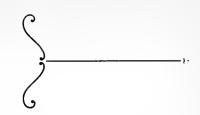
"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:

Of shoes . . . and ships . . . and sealing-wax . . .

Of cabbages . . . and . . . kings . . ."

from "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"

—Lewis Carroll



#### Lincoln and Washington

LINCOLN and WASHINGTON. It is strange how you cannot think of the one without the other coming to mind. Why should this be so? After all, they lived almost a century apart. One was a true aristocrat and the other a true democrat. Washington is pictured as a tall, stately man in the clothes that were the latest fashion of his day. Lincoln is seen as a homespun, rather clumsy man in ill-fitting garments. He is noted for his wit and humor; while Washington is remembered for his solemnity and shyness. The situations and circumstances which shaped the philosophical and ethical beliefs of Washington were entirely different than those forces which were exerted upon Lincoln. Two men so different yet so alike! Both gave of their wisdom and devotion in guiding the people they loved so much. They were honest, simple men, humble yet fearless, with personalities strong enough to influence the majority of a nation. Perhaps this is why they remind me of the lines:

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime
And departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us, then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
From "A Psalm of Life"—Longfellow

MARGIE WORLEY

#### Heard at exam time . . .

Question—How can a Reubens be distinguished from a Titian if both painters did the same subject?

Answer—If the subject is Self-Portrait, find a picture of each master and match it with the canvas.

#### Valentines

Do you know that . . .

... When your best beau sends you a box of candy or a paper heart on February 14, he is carrying on a custom that dates back to the Roman festival of Lupercalia, when the young people drew lots to find who would be their partners for the next year.

... St. Valentine was established as patron saint of lovers through a confusion in words. It seems that the letters "g" and "v" were frequently interchangeable in early times, and the Norman word, "galentin"—a lover of the fair sex—was frequently pronounced "valentine."

... Even the master Shakespeare mentioned valentines in his play, Hamlet.

... One of our contributors had a professor in mind when she selected the following poem for publication:

#### THE PASSIONATE PROFESSOR

Love, it is night. The orb of day
Has gone to hit the cosmic hay.
Nocturnal voices now we hear.
Come, heart's delight, the hour is near
When Passion's mandate we obey.

I would not, sweet, the fact convey In any crude and obvious way: I merely whisper in your ear— "Love it is night."

Candor compels me, to say
That years my fading charms betray.
Tho' Love be blind, I grant it's clear
I'm no Apollo Belvedere.
But after dark all cats are gray.
Love it is night!

-BERT TAYLOR

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#### Across The Footlights

by Joan Johanson

ONCE AGAIN Baltimoreans proved they were devotees of the ballet by filling the house to capacity when the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo appeared at the Lyric on Friday and Saturday, February 7 and 8.

The ballet, old as the royal courts of Europe, is a young art in America; but it is obvious that it has taken fast root here. When it first appeared in the United States it was greeted as exotic, expensive; and elegant, and it appealed to a very limited audience. The modern choreograph, however, gathers his material from experiences common to the majority of people. In this way, larger audiences can well understand and appreciate the performance.

By way of further experiment, the ballet play, the dance drama, and the ballet film have been produced. The ballet was first brought to awed theater goers in capsule form in certain dance scenes, the first being in the smash hit musical, *Oklahoma*. With this show as a pace setter, the dance form was successfully copied in other long-run shows, such as *Song of Norway*, *One Touch of Venus*, *The Merry Widow* (a revival), *Carousel*, and countless others. Just recently, the ballet was brought to movie goers in the fine production of the dramatic and deeply melancholy movie, *The Specter of the Rose*. Now the ballet is being accepted by the public with the same enthusiasm as best sellers, movies, and other popular art forms.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century, Western Europe was the home of the ballet, but in the "50's" the ballet center shifted to Russia. Even to this day three important factors determine the greatness and soundness of the Russian ballet. First, the humility of the Russians, their willingness to learn from anybody who could teach them, and the ability to make good use of what they learned. Second, government support which encouraged new ideas in ballet as it did in drama and opera. Third, the persistence with which the Russians have carried the banner of the classic dance through two centuries, through war and peace, through want and plenty. It is they who have preserved the heart and soul of the ballet.

Back stage tradition was likewise preserved, either by word of mouth or by imitation. To cross themselves before going out on the stage, to part their hair in the middle and slick it down on the sides, or to tie the ribbons of their toe shoes so that the audience can not see them are a few of the back stage traditions still kept alive by young dancers who dream that they too may become the Maitre de Ballet or the Prima Ballerina.

## Ring Out the Old! Ring In the New!

"SAYARNARA, TOMO DACHI!" That is how the Japanese would say goodbye to their friends.

"Arigato, tomo dachi!" That is how the Japanese would thank their friends.

Since the people of Japan are noted for their expressions of gratitude, I can find no better way to thank the student body for the support it gave to a faltering and unknowing leader.

The enlarged college community had many growing pains to endure. Thanks to patient and understanding faculty advisers, Miss Barkley and Dr. Walther, and helpful student officers and committeemen, this growing child was clothed in more suitable garments. An inward feeling of renewed enthusiasm and college spirit seemed to be kindled automatically as the officers served the Government Association of the students, by the students, and for the students. The outgoing Executive Board thanks all students who in anyway helped to make its administration so successful.

The foundation for this improved structure has been begun, but materials are scarce and the laborers too few. As I turn the gavel and S. G. A. Constitution over to the newly elected President and her staff, may each student give ear to the plaintive song of the S. G. A., "You made me what I am today; I hope you're satisfied."

—Pete Galley

ACCEPTING THE GAVEL and the Constitution from so worthy a leader, I hope that the satisfaction of each student with the Student Government Association is most complete.

Our growing child has been clothed through the past year and is now ready to don top hat and "tails." Such grandeur and elegance can only take place when cooperation and a desire for achievement extend a helping hand and a steadier arm to the child toddling up the staircase.

May the incoming officers of the S. G. A. and the members of the Executive Board help answer the cry of the students for the complete government of, by, and for themselves.

Lacking the knowledge of the language of the Japanese people, may I simply say hello to my friends and express my hope that as much will be achieved in this term of office as has been accomplished in the past one—all through the work of the student body.

By the end of another year, may our child grow so speedily that he may sit at the head of the stairs and say, "I know myself; let me now step out to view the world."

—VIRGINIA FRANZ

FEBRUARY · 1947

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#### **Teachers** Succeed!

by Sam Keiffer

**DECEMBER 5, 1946** 

"Towson State Teachers not given a chance for a single victory in the coming basketball season." So said the experts.

February 11, 1946

State Teachers dropped Wilson T. C., 55-45, for the sixth win of the season against five losses!

Towson holds the distinction of being the only Teachers College admitted to the fast moving, aggressive Mason-Dixon Conference. The Conference operates in Maryland, Virginia, Delaware, and Washington.

In the mythical Maryland State Championship Title race, Towson has a 6 win-5 loss record. We stand in fifth place in a 10 team "league." The Teachers have racked up 538 points, averaging 48.9 points for eleven games. Our opponents have scored 517 points, averaging 47.0 points a game.

Howard "Bud" Ritter, 6' 4" freshman forward, from Towson High School, has scored 120 points for a 10.9 average. Warren "Shorty" Stroh, 6' 6" center, has contributed 103 points for a 9.2 average for 11 games.

Towson started the season by annihilating its oldtime rival, Salisbury S. T. C., 94-52 in the first Mens Collegiate basketball game in the new Towson gym. The team traveled south to Bridgewater College, Virginia, where they dropped a hard-fought tilt 30-40. The Alumni returned on January 7, and were subdued by the youngsters, 62-43. In a hotly contested game, Towson edged Bridgewater 41-40 in a return match in our gym. The Teachers split two games with the once powerful University of Baltimore, dropping the first encounter 37-45, and taking the return match in an overtime period, 64-55, in what proved to be one of the hardest fought games of the season.

FEBRUARY 27, 1947

"Winless Teachers of Towson" closed season with 10 wins and 6 losses! What have the experts to say!

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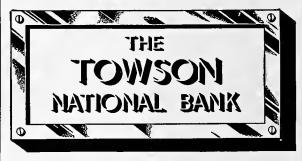
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# Tower Light

LUME XV

**MBER 6** 

RCH, 1947



# EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!



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Result: Many millions more people found that they liked Camels <u>best</u>.

IT'S ONLY a memory now, the war cigarette shortage. But it was during that shortage that people found themselves comparing brands whether they intended to or not.

And millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their Taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

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# More Doctors Smoke Camels

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When three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What eigarette do you smoke. Doctor?—the brand named most was Camr!!



# "Great responsibilities have been placed upon us by the swift movement of events"

President Truman-March 12, 1947

THE UNITED STATES emerged from World War 11 as the dominate power in the world. Because of her geographic position she was unassailable; her industrial machine could over-produce any other in the world; and she and her ally, Great Britain, were the only countries that had the atomic bomb.

The international situation has deteriorated rapidly. The United Nations Atomic Commission has reached a deadlock. It has thrown the problem of atomic control back into the laps of the United Nations assembly. The control problem is no nearer solution than when the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. Yet it has grown astoundingly in size. Now, the French have announced that they know how to make the bomb. Other countries may have the "know how" also. If the United Nations cannot reach an agreement on atomic control, we must face the increasing possibility of atomic warfare.

If an atomic war is waged, the United States will probably be the first country attacked. It is the richest in land and raw materials. It is the only major power not touched by the recent war. Its agricultural and industrial resources have created great surpluses. Millions of Europeans and Asiatics are starving or living at a bare subsistence level. Any war-minded country would be able to recruit millions of soldiers from these discontented people. To many their last chance seems to be a gamble on one final war.

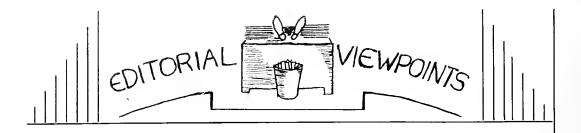
One third of the population of the United States is concentrated in one hundred and ninety nine cities of over fifty thousand in population. A few hundred radio controlled rocket atomic bombs could devastate every major city and military installation in the U.S. Such an attack would reduce the U.S. to a third rate power in less than sixty minutes. We would have neither cities nor industries. Authorities believe that forty million would die in the first attack. Millions of others would be homeless, starving, and wounded. Unless they could be fed and clothed, many of them would have to steal or fight for food. Anarchy would prevail in many parts of the country. All forms of transportation would soon be at a stand-still, for the important fuel dumps would be destroyed immediately by marauding enemy rockets. Communication would cease throughout the entire nation, for telephone lines would be broken. Rockets that could come in on radio beams would smash any existing radio stations. All regular law enforcing agencies would be powerless. Military leaders would find it difficult to organize men to prevent enemy landings. Even if the enemy were repelled, the damage to our country would be enough to destroy our type of civilization. Our population would be reduced to two thirds or even to half its original size. Our cities would be ruined. Our industry would cease to exist. Many of the millions not hurt by the bomb externally would be affected internally. Radioaction would sterilize many.

There is no defense against this type of warfare. Rockets traveling at supersonic speeds could strike before being perceived. It has been recommended that we disperse our cities and industries. This would cost an estimated three hundred billion dollars, and would serve only to increase the number of targets. An enemy nation could manufacture more bombs at a fraction of this cost. The end result would be the same. Another suggestion is that we be ready to counterattack as soon as the first bombs strike. This might prevent another country from attacking, but if we were bombed, our counterattack would not lessen the effects of the enemy's blow. We would still be ruined.

Even if we are never bombed, the very possibility will gravely change our way of life. We shall be forced to build up huge stocks of atomic bombs. A large part of our income shall continue to go for military expenditures. Our country will be forced to create its own iron curtain to keep any information from getting into foreign hands. Even the representatives of the people will not have the right to know anything of importance about the atomic bombs. The strain of waiting will grow greater as months and years pass.

The only alternative to war and fear is a strong international force that must have all control of atomic energy. It must possess the strength to make and enforce laws regarding atomic security. It must be able to act quickly and decisively. No one country should have the right to stop its action by a veto. It must have the necessary military might to punish a nation that violates any atomic security rule. It must have agents free from any national control in every country in the world to supervise and watch all atomic works. This is our only chance to attain security. The era is over when any nation can go its own way regardless of the others. We must cooperate.

WILLIAM CLINE



THE EDITORS of the Tower Light have noticed the prevalence of a campus disease not peculiar to this college but fast reaching epidemic proportions here—Student Indifference. We are not talking about lack of interest . . . there seems to be an abundance of that, but we are concerned with the way in which this interest seems to disappear whenever a mode of action is suggested.

The various activities of this college are for the benefit of the students. They are sponsored by students who are sincere in their desire to promote an interesting extra curricular life for the college. Yet these students are hampered on every side by the refusals of their classmates to help. It is lamentable that the very ones who are so selfish with their time can spend hours criticizing the efforts of the others.

Criticism is of importance only when it is of the constructive variety. Let those people who are inclined to complain about any of the students activities of the colleges put their gripes in the form of constructive criticisms and *offer to help!* Let them convert all the energy they use so freely in book-shop orations into work that will do something to improve the situations they dislike. Every student has a right to speak his mind on any phase of student affairs. But this right also carries with it a responsibility—the responsibility of participating actively in those affairs.

# Veterans Club

THE MAJORITY of the colleges in the United States have organized veteran clubs. These clubs send representatives to designated state and national assemblies. The object of these clubs is to recognize, discuss, and find solutions for problems which veterans in colleges are facing. In many cases, veterans can solve their own problems, but if they cannot agree upon a solution and the problem is a serious one, representatives of the organization present it to state legislatures and to Congress. Because over one million veterans have joined such clubs their suggestions to state and federal officials are taken seriously.

Not only do the veteran clubs work on veteran problems, but many of them have become valuable to their respective colleges because they have given intelligent suggestions and constructive criticism to both the students and the faculty on college problems in general.

Veterans comprise a large part of our student body. They have not organized as yet. We think that a veterans' club would be helpful to the veterans and to the entire college.

N

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BERNICE SHUGAR



# Forum: . Should a girl expect a corsage from her dance escort?

### PRO

MUCH HAS been said about purchasing corsages for dances. Numerous arguments against such a convention have been presented and some hold water. For the most part, however, this rebellion against tradition has not met with any degree of approval.

Undoubtedly, the problem of finance is a grave one. Everyone knows that roses and carnations are luxuries, and that gardenias and orchids spell weeks of "doing without" for the boys. However, there is another side to the story. Have the economically-minded males ever priced the gowns and accessories that every girl must purchase to make herself glamorous? A gown alone costs from twenty-five dollars up plus the accessories—shoes, bag, and wrap. Compared with the male's sacrifice of allowance, the girl suffers most financially.

If a girl at college invites a home-town boy to a dance, she invariably ends up purchasing the tickets ahead of time unless her date is one of those remarkable creatures who looks ahead and insists upon paying for them. This is a rare occurrence, as most males either forget or conveniently avoid any mention of the subject.

After spending hours preparing for the big occasion, the girl expects some compensation. She has tried her best to hide her fallacies and accentuate the positive. When she pins a corsage on her shoulder, she regains some of her emotional stability and struts onto the dance floor, fully confident that the evening will be a more than ordinary one. And who says that the boy is not proud when the girls o-o-h and a-h-h about her flowers?

If the boy does manage to give his girl a corsage, he is almost certain to spend the evening with an agreeable partner who, when it's all over, will not let him down when the proper time comes to thank him "personally."

GWENDOLYN BLIZZARD

### CON

IN EVERYDAY living such as ours, finances are of extreme importance. In normal college life, millionaires are few and far between and most students adhere to a strict budget. Consider two model cases.

Jim Brown goes to college under the \$65-a-month-G.I. Bill. With this amount Jim pays his rent-\$30 to \$40—and his monthly laundry and cleaning bill of \$5. From time to time he also replenishes his wardrobe with needed apparel. From the remaining \$10 or \$15 Iim allows himself 50c a day for spending money. Oh yes, he also pays \$6.50 a month to keep up payments on his National Service Life Iusurance. That leaves Jim 20c a day, which isn't much considering present day expenses. The Alma Mater holds a dance once a month and the tickets cost \$2. Well, \$2 doesn't seem like such a large amount-except when you don't have it—so Jim shifts his budget slightly and buys a ticket. The girl Jim asks to the dance casually drops a hint that she is going to wear a jade evening dress to the dance, and in the course of conversation also states that gardenias are a common flower and she is tired of receiving them. What can Jim do?

George Davis graduated from high school in June, 1946. Many vets were back in their old jobs at that time, and George couldn't earn much money during the summer. His parents are now sending him through school, paying his room, board, and tuition. They allow George \$5 a week for books, supplies and spending money. For the first few months of school his budget has not allowed him to accumulate a "surplus" of cash. For this reason he has attended only a few of the social functions at school. When the Spring dance is finally announced, Jim decides to buy a ticket with all he has saved since September and ask a nice girl to go to the dance with him. His nice girl lets it be known by the "grapevine" that she adores red roses. What can George do? That is what a lot of Georges are asking.

Men have nothing against corsages. They look very nice and really add something to the evening. Frankly, it isn't that they don't approve of the corsage, it is just that they can not afford them.

F. SAM KEIFFER

# A Child of Austria

M. Worley

He stands alone the flames from his home still hot upon his face.

The starvation of his body is unsuccessfully hid in an old torn shirt; the starvation of his soul is laid bare in his eyes for all the world to see.

Ice has frozen his dreams, and stones of a world gone mad, have smashed his brain.

He stares unseeing at his toys a broken drum, a naked doll and an old hand grenade.

What do our peace conferences mean to him? They fall meaningless upon the smashed protoplasm that was once his brain.

Never again shall I be able to look into the clear bright eyes of a child and not feel myself grow hot with guilt and shame.

Not until some morning that is sunny and calm, when I have found for myself a place in this life, and I have loved deeply, shall I be able to watch a child at play and know that at the very end he lives.

### Luck

BERNICE SHUGAR, Sr. 4

A rabbit's foot As a good luck charm, Will keep its owner Safe from harm.

I'm wearing one From force of habit, But come to think of it So did the rabbit.

# Spring

Joan Johanson

AT THE MERE mention of the magic word, Spring, a myriad impressions are recalled. They present a delightful kaleidoscopic design.

There are: endless stretches of azure blue sky filled with fluffy frolicking white clouds, . . . fat little birds bursting out of their tight winter jackets of amber hue, . . . the babbling, bubbling brook whose tongue too long has been silenced by relentless winter, . . . the plaintive cry of the sad looking peddler who offers such sharp contrast to his delightful collection of gaudily colored and grotesquely shaped balloons, . . . young crocuses brazenly flounting their gay colors as if in special defiance of the waning powers of drab winter, ... the exuberant chatter of young people teasing one another while self-consciously posing for pictures, ... brilliant sunshine drenching the countryside in gold, ... the lyrical serenade of the birds, ... the feel of cool, moist, freshly turned earth, . . . the roar of a speedy red convertible greedily eating up the winding ribbon of highway, . . . the sudden showers that gently awaken the sleeping earth and leave it smelling so clean and fresh, . . . the whirr of skates, the rhythmic beat of a skip rope against the sidewalk mingled with the laughter of children, . . . the breezes that softly announce the presence of Spring by ruffling your hair and caressing your cheek, . . . the heady exotic fragrance and gay profusion of colors at the corner flower stands, . . . the familiar scenes of boys with whiffles, girls with kerchiefs, . . . the subtle blending of pink and gold in the sky at sunset, that heralds the coming of the "Lady of the Twilight," . . . the croaking of the lonely bachelor frog that lives in the pond, ... young couples strolling hand in hand oblivious to everything but each other, . . . sweetly perfumed nights with saucy twinkling stars against a velvet sky, . . . millions of flickering fireflies, a fat yellow moon that shines down complacently and oh-so-indulgently upon young lovers...

'Tis truly the season when one's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, love, LOVE.

# The Sign

Too cold to put one's overcoat away,
Too chilly yet for little birds to sing,
But Mother hung the clothes outdoors today—
'Tis Spring!
—B. Shugar



# The Enchanted Castle

Joan Johanson

TELL YOU a story, my children, why certainly. Now let me see. Oh, yes.

Once upon a time there was a rich, but miserly old king who had everything—or at least it seemed so to the people of the kingdom. He had lovely rolling fields rich with harvest, spacious orchards heavy with fruit, thriving industries, clamoring but progressive cities, and numerous other visible signs of wealth. However, he lacked one thing both near and dear to his heart—teachers. So he sent his silver tongued couriers into the tiny villages scattered throughout the kingdom, and they offered many tempting rewards to those who would come to the castle and become teachers. They tempted the youth of the kingdom with independence, security, prestige and most important of all, the golden key to knowledge.

Many came from far and near to visit the castle and were shown lovely rooms with picturesque views of the countryside. They were served tempting meals and were lavishly entertained at gala parties. Friendliness and freedom abounded. The castle and grounds were rich in scenic beauty. Nestled in the midst of gently sloping hills and completely surrounded by shady trees were sprawling brick buildings gracefully adorned with the traditional ivy. To make it even more delightful, there was an Enchanted Glen through which a lazy stream flowed, while brightly-hued flowers gently bobbed their heads as if in acknowledgment of the lyrical serenade of the birds. The glen was very secluded and was therefore an ideal place to admire the beauties of the castle.

Therefore, completely won by the tempting offers, the beauty of the castle and grounds, and the bright prospect of fun and frolic, the youth of the kingdom flocked to the castle. Alas, once within the castle walls a stern enchantress waved her magic chalk, and the carefree children were transformed into drones. This enchantress had devised subtle, but devilishly clever means of torture that included compulsory classes, assignments, exams, and oh, yes, final grades.

But alas, this was not all, for the drones were also under the rule of two sisters—Administrative Rule and House Committee Rule, commonly known as necessary evils. Every night at the stroke of seven, they would draw a magic circle around the castle. Unless one could write the magic words in The Book, they were forced to remain in their cold, dank cells.

Once, however, one of the maidens found the two sisters sleeping, and she crossed the magic circle and sped across the castle grounds for a night of freedom. House Committee Rule, however, aroused herself from her deep slumber, and soon discovered that one of the drones was missing from her cell. The next week they locked her in her cell and, casting still another spell on her, made her invisible to her friends. What happened to her? Is that what you are asking?

Well, fortunately once long ago, the maiden had met a dashing hero who had gone off to war. However, when he heard of her plight, he hastened to her rescue. Zooming up in his pure white C-47, he rescued her from the clutches of the jealous guardians. The maiden and the prince were married and lived happily ever after.

What happened to the others, you ask. Well, those who weren't rescued by heroes returning from the war stayed under the rule of the enchantress and at last became teachers. What are teachers? Well, teachers are nothing more than drones with a Bachelor of Science diploma. And now, children, pass up your home work for today and get out your math books.

## Profiles ...

Betty Costlow

DO YOU KNOW these prominent students?

??????—vivacious, blue-eyed blonde . . . sense of humor . . . full of hep, pep, ambition . . . frequently heard whistling the Army Air Corps song (wonder why?) . . . favorite saying, "I got a letter." . . . addicted to ice cream—2 dips . . . talented in art . . . second Pavlova . . . pet peeve: dancing with girls at lunchtime . . . likes all sports, 'specially good ones . . . ambition: get her M.R.S. degree . . . two-term president of the Class of '49. (If you don't know now, you're a hopeless case.)

??????—sports clothes and bow ties . . . warm smile . . . likes athletics, politics, antiques . . . spent 12 years of tender(?) life at McDonough . . . crawled over tough terrain as an infantry scout . . . crazy about dogs and horses . . . likes S.T.C. a lot, but has pet peeve: lack of school spirit . . . favorite dish: food and lots of it . . . tall, friendly, handsome . . . "runs things" in the Freshman Class.

See page 8 for students' names.

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### Kef's Korner

Baseball training has started . . . . Tentative schedule includes: Western Maryland, Salisbury, Catholic U., American U., Loyola College, and Gallaudet . . . Bob Moxley, McDonough star of 1946 is now at Towson . . . Bob was All-American at McDonough as a pitcher . . . Al Fort went to Florida last spring with the Montreal Royals of the International League. Fort is the former leader of the "Hatchetmen" . . . Drew University of New Jersey, Johns Hopkins U. of Balto., are listed as oponents for the Towson "9" so far. Very few collegiate teams will be able to defeat Towson State Teachers College.

One thing Towson could stand more of is more cooperation between departments . . . One more thing— Less High School worshipping and more College spirit!

Thanks for all the support during the past basketball season . . . Carry it over to the baseball season.

# Voices of Spring

ON FRIDAY NIGHT, March 14th at 9.30, the Glee Club gave a performance at the Towson Armory for the American Legion. The program included the following:

Glee Club

As Torrents in Summer.......Sir Edward Elgar Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair......Foster

Jeanie Group

A Heart That's True.....Robyn

Janice Carico

Norma Brooks

Sing, Sing, Birds on the Wing......Godfrey Nutting Quartet: Janice Carico, Charlotte Diener Shirley Zimmerman, Ruth Hoke

Foreword for a Song Book

a vocal arrangement of the chorale in the 4th movement of Brahm's First Symphony

Begin the Beguine......Cole Porter

### Glee Club

The Glee Club is arranging a concert for the college assembly on April 22nd, for the benefit of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra. Some of the above selections will be heard as well as a new group and several specialty selections.

# Girls' Sports

CAROL HILL

SINCE THE beginning of the new semester, the Girls Athletic Association has gotten well under way with its activities. Here is a "bird's eye" view to all of you who are not up to date on what the gals are doing.

Basket-ball this year started off with a bang. Eighty-five girls turned out for the elective. In four weeks time, the number was reduced to about twenty girls. These girls have played outside schools and, incidentally, haven't done too badly. The first game was lost to St. James 40-20. But by degrees we pulled out of our hole, and at the next match with Notre Dame we broke even by winning one game 54-20, and losing the other 26-16. Our third match brought us out on top when we defeated Mt. St. Agnes in both games: 34-19 and 39-35. We hope our lucky streak stays with us.

Besides basket-ball, we have had a bowling club which met every Monday. Eighty-five girls competed against each other, and, by all reports, they did very well and had lots of fun.

Volley ball proved to be another popular elective providing fun for sixty girls. Beginning March 13, an interclass tournament was held. Eight teams competed: four Freshman, two Sophomore, one Junior, and one Senior. After hard fighting, the Sophomores claimed the victory in the event. When Spring comes, volley ball will be played outside—and we hope with the same enthusiasm.

Our badminton players challenged one outside team, Notre Dame, and won all the matches. At the end of March four of the girls will play in the Maryland State-Wide Badminton Tournament. Good Luck!

The Athletic Association hopes that Spring fever won't attack too many of our talented girls, for we still have softball and archery to look forward to. How about a big turn-out, to continue to show everyone that potential professional women can do something besides study!

### Concert News

The Class of 1947 presented Alton Jones, concert pianist, in the college auditorium on April 11 at 8.30. Mr. Jones, a piano instructor at the graduate school of the Juilliard School of Music, repeated his November Town Hall program for his concert here.

The concert was a success as an evening of cultural entertainment, and many who attended expressed the hope that more programs of this nature will be sponsored at the college.

MARCH • 1947

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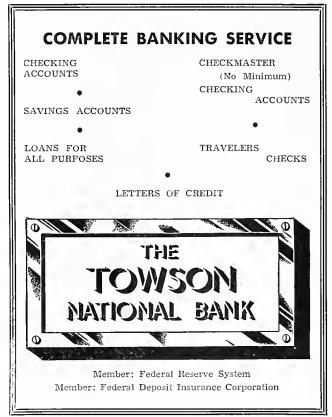
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### **About Town**

Joan Johanson

NO FOOL'EN! April is the month of delightful surprises. This is especially true for the "About Towners" who are devotees of the drama or classical music, and whose watch word is "Tonight at 8:30."

On April the 6th, Baltimore defices the maxim "East is east and west is west and never the twain shall meet" when an orchestra from out west—sunny California—comes to the Lyric to perform for music lovers. The orchestra is the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra with Pierre Monteaux conducting.

On the following night, the Metropolitan Opera Company's magnificient new tenor, Ferruccio Tagliavini, performs. An excellent concert is expected; for the New York Times stated after one of his performances, "When the tenor took a solo curtain call you would have thought a new Caruso had been discovered."

On the 14th we can look forward to an orchestra and conductor that need no flowery introduction—the renowned New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra and its equally celebrated conductor, Leopold Stokowski. This appearance, in the vernacular of addicts of the "galloping ghosts," is known as a natural, and certainly will be one of the triumphs of the entire season. April 14th is eagerly awaited by all music lovers of the city as well as those students who still listen to classical music, even though they have finished the Music Appreciation course (and no longer need to impress the teacher).

For those interested in the drama can look forward to the excellent production, "State of the Union," which is coming to Ford's on March 24th for a two week stay. This play deals with the post-war period in which Grant Matthews, a successful wartime builder of airplanes, is being groomed for the presidency in 1948. Grant is a sincere and honest individual, and for this reason it takes his clever, outspoken wife to call the real turns. To say that this play is the Pulitzer Prize winner of 1946 is recommendation enough for even the most discriminating of theater goers.

Remember:

At the Lyric—

April 6—San Francisco Symphony

April 7—Ferruccio Tagliavini

April 14—New York Philharmonic Symphony

At Ford s-

March 24 (for 2 weeks)—"State of the Union"

This Month's Profiles: Ann Clotworthy Bill Riordan

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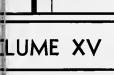
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# Tower Light



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# From The Administration . . .

A RECENT ISSUE of the Tower Light discussed the needs and merits of a summer session at S.T.C. The State Board of Education has ruled that there will be no summer school at the teachers colleges this year and for the sake of argument I would like to discuss some of the advantages of discontinuing the summer school practice.

The accelerated program adopted at Towson in January, 1942, was accepted by the majority of students as was evidenced by the large attendance at the first summer school in 1942. All during the war years summer attendance indicated the desire of students to follow through with the accelerated program. To attend summer school became a patriotic duty! No one thought of vacations while friends and relatives were serving in the armed forces or else working long hours in war industries. There was great need to shorten the period of training so that new teachers could help fill the ranks depleted by those leaving for military service. If one will compare the attendance at summer schools of those early years with the attendance in 1946—the first after-the-war-session—one will find a great difference. The number in 1946 would have been even smaller except for a number of former graduates who returned for additional work. Although there is still a shortage of teachers the schools of today need better prepared teachers. Let us look at some of the values to be gained in not attending summer school at Towson.

The first value in having the college program extend over a period of four years is that the student has one more year to mature and assimilate the courses followed in college. Most of the students in the teacher-education program come direct from high school and if they follow through with a three-year program would be under twenty-one years of age when they began their teaching career—which is an early age to take on the responsibilities of a profession. There are many gains that could be made during the four summers between high school and college graduation. Many opportunities are available for summer employment. At the top of the list are camp positions where students gain valuable experience working with children and at the same time find healthful recreation in outdoor living. The counselors at these camps are carefully selected from various colleges and much can be gained by an interchange of ideas among these counselors. Other positions can take students far

afield and enable them to get a taste of the business or industrial world which adds to the total education of the prospective teacher. All too often persons in the teaching profession know little of other professions and work and are not understanding of the problems of children from these walks of life.

With the entire Towson population—students and faculty—having varied experiences during the summer months, classes the following year can be enriched by a sharing of these experiences in class and out-of-class discussions.

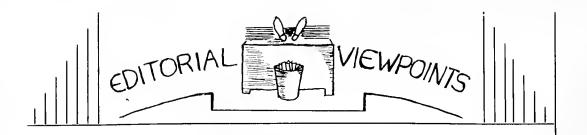
Summer travel is again possible and it is needless to discuss the advantages that come from travel in these United States and neighboring countries in the understanding of national and international problems.

In this discussion I am not forgetting the small majority of students—veterans and older students in the teacher-education program—for whom it is urgent that work be completed as rapidly as possible. These students, however, can attend summer schools in this area, secure the additional credits, and transfer these to Towson. Attendance at other summer schools offers many advantages. A small summer school such as one held at Towson must necessarily mean a small offering of courses. Large summer schools have many more courses from which to choose. Study at other institutions can add to the liberal education of students and enrich the college classes to which these students return in September.

Junior college students should study carefully courses offered in neighboring colleges and if they wish to add to their credits by attending summer school should choose courses that will enable them to learn more about the professional fields they are interested in entering. Also they should choose courses that will not be offered at Towson during the two year junior college program.

Finally, I believe there is an advantage in taking a vacation from one's family—even the college family. With students and faculty leaving the college for the summer I believe each will return to the campus with an enthusiasm that would not be found if the college year was continuous.

REBECCA TANSIL



# Men's Housing

WE UNDERSTAND that the Administration and the Men's Club have been discussing housing for the veterans attending this college. It is to be hoped that they find it possible to give our men housing on the campus next year.

Due to the housing shortage in Towson and the surrounding area, many of the men students must live several miles from school. Consequently, hours that could be spent for study or in the enjoyment of college social life, must be used for travel. Since these students are usually in school only during class hours, they generally do not take an active part in school activities. This lack of interest has been reflected in the pathetic conditions of many of the clubs at S.T.C.

Those men who have been able to find living quarters in Towson are paying heavily for them. One such man has a rent of twelve dollars a week for one room.

Not only would these students benefit if the college were to provide housing for them, but the college itself would be strengthened by having its students together in a more unified body. Such cohesion makes for better spirit and more pride in the school. Therefore we think it wise to provide housing for our men students soon, if this is at all possible.

# The I. R. C. Campaign

1N THE recent campaign to feed and clothe Elphie and Johann, the Campus School contributed 600 pounds of food and clothing, while the College collected 190 pounds. The International Relations Club, which sponsored the drive, wishes to thank the students and faculty of both schools for their cooperation. We think the 1.R.C. deserves a lot of credit for fostering and executing such a worth-while venture.

# Freedom of the Press

OVER NO NATION does the press hold a more absolute control than over the people of America, for the universal education of the poorest classes makes every individual a reader . . . Governed, as we are, entirely by public opinion, the utmost care should be taken to preserve the purity of the public mind. Knowledge is power, and truth is knowledge; whoever therefore, knowingly propagates a prejudice willfully saps the foundation of his country's strength.

Washington Irving

### $\sim$

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BERNICE SHUGAR



THE TOWER LIGHT

# Men's Hairdos

by Gwenn Blizzard

FOR CENTURIES women's hairdos have been a favorite target for males. The topic has long been one of the husband's favorites, not only because a goodly slice of his salary goes to his wife's hairdresser, but because he finds the latest coiffure quite silly and outrageous. Magazines, newspapers, and newsreels show current styles. The husband feels free to criticize the little woman's current head-dress, or embarrass her at the breakfast table because her curlers rattle every time she turns her head to refill the toaster.

But what about man and his hair? Do you hear anything about the male coiffure? Have you ever seen a man modeling the latest hairdo? Does his crowning glory draw attention or admiration to any degree?

No. The only time a woman notices her husband's crowning glory is when it is uncombed or in need of cutting. Other times she lets the subject ride. If hubby's hair is thinning a little, no great to-do is made about it. If the oil is fairly dripping or if the tonic is strong enough to walk, wifey simply smiles and goes her way, humoring him.

Male coiffures fall into two groups—those man wears from choice when he is young and those he wears from necessity when he is older. The former is never very original and he never changes it. When he gets older, however, he is forced to change. These coiffures range from long bobs to smooth shiny ovals. On a clear day when the visibility is good, it is astounding how many hairdos you can spot. There's the mop type. The wearer has a wild look and his hair reminds you of the lion you saw in the zoo. Then there's the style that dates back to dad's youth when the hair was parted in the middle and drawn back on either side in a wave. The man who wears his hair long on the sides to afford a brief curl in front of the ear reminds you of the glamorous Frenchman of centuries past. The sheepdog or pre-historic type is quite popular among the geniuses. The waiters wear bushy sides that closely resemble globs of steel wool stuck on for ornament. The tough, devil-may-care type as worn by Tarzan or Frankenstein is sported by many. Best of all are the soupbowl head-dress and shoestring coiffure. The soupbowl is frowned upon by many barbers but it is quite neat. What happened on top of the head is debatable, but the edges are even anyway. The shoestring style is the last resort painstakingly arranged to camouflage Baldy. Each of the tiny, lonesome strands is carefully placed where it will do the most good.

Most men wear the same basic hairdo all their lives and would not dream of changing, because they have finally reduced the task of haircombing to such a minimum that only a scant minute each day is given to arranging their hair. They never have to fuss with anything like curlers, shampoo their hair right along with their shower, and have it cut once every two weeks.

The haircut that is most enjoyed by men is the one that looks least like a haircut. What the men really go to a barbershop for is a good neck-washing and the sound of scissors in their ears. If the barber does slip up, the victim comes home looking like a sheared sheep.

Of course, some men are less particular about their hairdos. For instance, artists, musicians, and Senators think they look more impressive shaggy. Tramps look this way because they can't afford to look any other way. At the other extreme are the salesmen, brokers, doctors, and actors who either plaster their hair down with goo or let it get so dry and lifeless that it looks like wire instead of hair.

Later in life the hair, like anything else, changes. White spots appear at the hairline. Some unfortunates at about fifty find their heads poking through their hair. So, the man moves his part lower and lower to have more hair to cover the vacancy. If this does not work, he starts letting the hair grow and combs it straight back. Of course, if the wind blows his hair forward, his secret is discovered, but this risk must be taken.

Women worry about their figures. Men worry about their hair. The man thinks more about his hair than his wife, work, or income tax. When he reaches the critical stage, he is a sucker for all kinds of hair restorers and tonics. Sometimes a toupee or wig will conceal his loss or he may sport his bald head in defiance and tell himself that it stands for dignity, wisdom, or jolliness.

Men scoff at women for their superstitions and flightiness, but these are nothing compared with the horrors that haunt men about their retreating hairline. They are afraid of exposing their heads to the sun, or afraid of combing the hair wet. On the other hand, (Continued on page 4)

# I Can't Say "No!"

by BILL JAEGER

ONE THING that has plagued me all my life is my inability to say No to my friends. When an acquaint-ance requests a two-spot or even such an insignificant thing as a cigarette I can't find the strength or courage to shatter his dreams of an easy touch by pronouncing that simple two-letter word. I can say, "Well you see Jack it's . . ." or "You know how I'd like . . . " but that's as far as I get. I lack the vigor to drive myself to the use of that one word which would allow me to escape with my last two ones or my one remaining 903.

Let me make this one point clear—I am not in my heart a generous man. I don't enjoy giving anything away. I am by nature as tight as the skin on a bald man's forehead. However, I am unfortunately easily swayed to pity by any show of pain, want or longing. The pleading look in the eye of someone selling tencent chances on a refrigerator can place me in a purgatory until I sign for at least two. The fact that I don't need or want a refrigerator makes no difference at all. It hurts me to give away my last stick of gum, last pencil, last stamp, or last piece of note-book paper.

One afternoon in the school corridor a friend spied a book in my arms and asked permission to borrow it. I needed the book for a science class two hours later, but his eyes, drooling disappointment, touched my stomach (where I realize all my emotions) and prevented me from giving a negative answer. I handed him the text and expressly stated that I must have it returned before that class. Of course I didn't see the book for a day and a half. As the culprit handed it to me he apologized and cursed his forgetfulness so earnestly that I had to advance him two dollars and twenty-five cents to allow him to drown his sorrows at the local pub.

That evening I withdrew to the solitude of my study (the closet in my room) to weep over my lack of backbone. I was in misery, truly humiliated in my own eyes for not refusing the money. "That word" I thought. "That one word. I must learn to say it. Hereafter I must say 'No'!" I slid the word from my tongue—I spat it through my teeth—I shouted it into the darkness. I then lit the overhanging lamp and wrote the offending word on a piece of paper, staring at it for perhaps half an hour. I confronted it, man to word. I inspected my arch-enemy. Here it was nothing, a mere consonant followed by a familiar vowel. I felt a surge of strength pound through my varicose veins and a sneer curled my lips. I attacked it openly

—I deluged it with a verbal onslaught, careless as to where I threw my caustic curses. After mauling the foe to my utter satisfaction do you think that I destroyed it? Perhaps burnt it or tossed it away? No, I crumpled the paper in my fist, vowing to prove my mastery by using it, actually vocalizing it before and in the company of other human beings.

I left my thought chamber a determined man, slamming the door behind me as an expression of my unconcerned and reckless attitude.

Leaving my room for the open streets, I was halted by a young chap I vaguely knew from school. "Listen pal," he began. Ah, just the test I wanted, the test I needed, the test I was primed for. I straightened my back and let him ramble on. His words were drowned by the sweet roar of imminent triumph in my head. I glared into his eyes. That was a mistake. Too late I realized it! Those grieving, pleading, vexed, wounded, hurt, foresaken looking eyes. My stomach shuddered, trembled, growled, then violently shook with emotion. Good God, I was lost!

I'll never forget that fellow. He turned out to be deeply thankful. Why, he even walked me home, after we pawned my watch to buy his mother a birth-day present.

### MEN'S HAIRDOS

(Continued from page 3)

men are always willing to take any advice that will help them hold their crowning glory.

Of course, male hairdos haven't always been so set in their styles. There were times when a new creation was a sensation. Some women even copied the styles, but they look back on them with horror, and no woman would be caught wearing them now.

At various times, men wore their hair in long curls, upsweeps, pigtails, pageboy, and shoulder length. Men wore their hair long like Bacall's and wore the upswept knot that husbands criticize the wife for now.

Even if women would put their full strength into a movement to improve men's hairdos their efforts would undoubtedly prove worthless. It is a hopeless case. And the pity of it all is that the women are going to have to live with the animals that sport such horrors!

# We Have Been Fooled . . .

by Pauline Pac

BEN FRANKLIN had interests other than kites, keys and Constitutions. These "other interests", Madame Brillon and Madame Helvetius, are repeatedly ignored by staid writers of American history. Consequently the average person knows Franklin the statesman, philosopher and inventor; a few know Franklin the MAN.

In 1776 Franklin was chosen as representative to France by the Continental Congress. (For further details about Franklin's political activities consult your history text.) From the moment of his arrival he became a celebrity in France. Women adored him. He adored women. Only under such congenial circumstances could Franklin's extra-political affairs have occurred.

There was Madame Brillon, wife of a treasury official much older than she. She met Franklin soon after he arrived in France and instantly loved him. She adopted Franklin to succeed her deceased father. In a letter to Franklin she wrote, "Never call me anything but 'daughter'." However, Franklin and Madame Brillon were not father and daughter and there was spice in their friendship. She wrote him, "People have the audacity to criticize your habit of always asking me for what I always refuse." She promised to be discreet in the future.

Franklin did not like his women to be discreet. He submitted a constitution to her. Among the articles of the treatise were:

Article 6—That the said Mr. F. on his part stipulated and covenants that he is to call at the home of M'de B. as often as he pleases.

Article 7—That he is to remain there as long as he

Article 8—And that when he is with her, he is to do what he pleases.

The affection and letters between Madame Brillon and Franklin continued to the end of his life, whether he was in France or far-off Philadelphia.

Then there was Madame Helvetius, widow of a rich farmer-general. Franklin and Madame Helvetius became instant and permanent friends. She was so

beautiful that Franklin paid her one of the greatest compliments of that period. When Madame Helvetius accused Franklin of having put off a visit she expected, he replied, "Madame, I was waiting 'til the nights are longer."

Franklin's devotion to Madame Helvetius was open and frank and he wrote about it to his friends. "If that Lady likes to pass her days with him, he would like as much to pass his nights with her, and since he has already given many of his days to her, although he has such a small remnant of them to give, she would seem ungrateful to have never given him a single one of her nights." Just when Franklin proposed marriage to Madame Helvetius and how seriously he meant it neither of them are certain. In any case he did propose and she refused. Franklin had never been a tragic lover and he was not one now. He kept the affair on a light, engaging level.

There was a reason for Franklin's great success with women. He treated every woman as if she were a person. Because he loved, studied and valued women they were no mystery to him and he had no fear of them. Statesman and scientist, he took women into account as any other force of nature. Franklin was unsurpassed by any man in his range of natural gifts.

# Profile of The Month

?????? . . . Returned to S.T.C. after four (happy) years in the Navy, can tell you how to go from gob to chief petty officer in 10 easy lessons . . . frequently exclaims: "Had a rare time!" . . . swings a wicked tennis racket . . . has been heard to threaten Dr. Hartley with defeat . . . favorite locale: Hawaii by moonlight . . . secret desire: to be a school teacher . . . big question bothering him: "What Do They Do On A Rainy Night In Rio?"... likes: cakes in the book shop, writing short stories, cross-word puzzles, walks through Glen on spring days, imperial crab, bow ties, music like "The Old Lamplighter", and Hawaii . . . dislikes: an insincere smile—(how come he goes for a Smyrk?) . . . pet peeve: "Girls' skirts are getting shorter."

(Answer on page 8)

### The Once Over

by Edward Cline

WE REMEMBER that at the beginning of the year the faculty was inferior to us in brains. By the end of the first semester they had learned a lot. We fear that by the end of the year they will know much more than we. Probably they have been studying nights. It's very hard to understand.

One way to spike the guns of critics is to ask them to help. We were in fine fettle criticizing various organizations in school. The Tower Light Editor asked us to help. We find that criticizing was much easier.

We've been eating three meals a day with women for several months now. We wish they would stop discussing such insignificant subjects. We'd like to hear something besides, "Ellen's new boy friend" or "Mary's lovely hairdo". Don't get us wrong now, we love them but we think that they were given brains too. Come on girls! Let's raise the standard of conversation to a college level.

We think Miss Baker deserves a lot of credit for the fine meals she has been giving us. From what we've heard, students in other colleges are paying more and getting much inferior food. We believe that she is doing a fine job.

We are getting awfully tired of the note of despondency and hopelessness that American men of letters keep striking. Eugene O'Neil's last play, "The Iceman Cometh" which appeared here in March dug the intellectual rut deep enough to bury the rest of them. We wish they would all jump in. Now is the time for new ideas and obviously new leaders in ideas. We need men of courage and conviction to take us out of the morass of despair and self pity we are in.

"Conscience does not stop you from sinning. It just stops you from enjoying it". We read this recently and thought it might be of interest.

We must avoid confusing every leftist trend in the world as a trend back toward Communism. Many people seem to forget that when our country was first formed that it was considered dangerously radical. Trends toward giving greater security to people are to be expected in countries where the people have not had security for many years. With the economy of most countries in a severe plight the people are demanding that they be taken care of. If we accept these tendencies and try to guide them, our position will be stronger than if we futily try to stop them everywhere.

Let's stop seeing red everywhere we look. Our own type of government holds as much appeal to other people as Communism to us.

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### The Film World

by Marian Cabnet

DO YOU STILL remember that horrible iron man whose movements were controlled by a little clock that the owner kept? Or perhaps the murderer with the club foot made a lasting impression upon you. You screamed in horror when you saw the hero surrounded by a fire and a group of hungry natives, but you knew that next week he would be saved somehow, no matter how impossible the situation seemed. We all enjoyed the serials for what they were, for they become a permanent part of our childhood reveries.

Today you would probably be bored with the serials you enjoyed as a child; yet how far have the Hollywood pictures we see today deviated from the simple adventure story? Again and again, when we see a Hollywood production, we know that life is not at all like what is being shown us in the film. The adventure story has been replaced by an adolescent love plot. In order to maintain any enthusiasm or abiding interest in the film other than one based on a child-like fancy, we must somehow find a way of convincing ourselves that the destiny, the feelings of the heroine and hero have some real importance, some real significance.

When viewing the European films such as The Last Chance or Brief Encounter one realizes how starved the American public must be for a true representation of life in the motion picture. Perhaps the American public would enjoy seeing plots about everyday characters, or plots about the problems facing people in other parts of the world. How has the terrible war effected people all over the world? What has the brutality of faseism done to human beings? Does Hollywood honestly attempt to portray the problems facing hu-Our knowledge of modern life in other countries is journalistic and insufficiently human. The movies could do so much to spread understanding of other nations, for our very existence depends on peace. Can we honestly say that Hollywood portrays a true picture of our social, domestic and economic problems? When we ask this question, we are immediately confronted with the argument that the American films are mostly for the purpose of entertainment, but can we deny that the films communicate feelings, no matter how banal they may be, fix ideas, illustrate moral attitudes, create tastes in clothes and mannerisms, and influence our religious and political views.

The motion picture industry in the United States is more highly developed and commercialized than in (Continued on page 8)

# Kef's Korner

by F. Sam Keiffer

BASEBALL AND TRACK teams are seen working out daily on the S.T.C. campus . . . Spring brings the Orioles back to Baltimore and the Teachers return to the sports world again . . . The baseball team has almost as many managers as players . . . Mr. Minnegan stays at Towson, contrary to a Baltimore newspaper report. ... U. of M. will have to get along without our genial athletic mentor . . . Al Fort, Charley Smith, and Gene Crouse will share the mound burden for the Teachers this season . . . Towson Teachers released pitcher Bob Moxley, enabling him to play pro-ball (sum undisclosed).

Here's wishing Dave Cornthwaite and his racquet swingers luck . . . With a fair break in the weather the tennis team should be able to get some outdoor practice before their spring program confronts them.

The Towson "5" is going slightly "big time." Our quintet plans to have week-end trips out of state next season . . . Drexel Tech., Franklin and Marshall, and Elizabethtown (Pa.) Teachers are slated as opponents next year . . .

The Men's A. A. dance was a big success, which surprised the writer as he was convinced the school wouldn't support an informal dance. Here's hoping all the other dances here at school receive as much support as the Men's A. A. dance.

Let's all hope for a victorious baseball team and back them all the way.

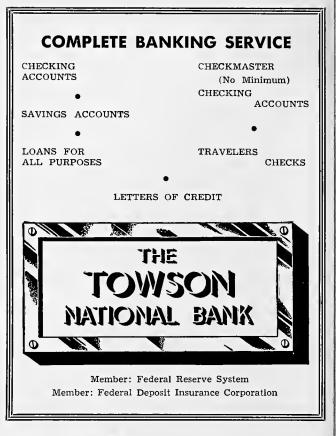
### THE FILM WORLD

(Continued from page 7)

any other country in the world; but why has it not succeeded in raising the cultural level of the American people? Hollywood produces pictures that will appeal to the majority of the population. To conduct experiments in art would be rather risky financially, when we recall that one experiment may cost a million dollars. Genuine works of art have something new and individual to convey. They require thought and like good music, are rather difficult to absorb at first. Broadway, or actually the legitimate stage, has succeeded in portraying art, but most people see very few theatrical productions. The motion picture has long since taken its place.

### Answer to Profiles

DAVE CORNTHWAITE





# A reminder

END-TERM IS A BIT LATE FOR REQUISITIONS • • SO WRITE TO-DAY FOR COLOR CARD AND FOR PRICES • • • THEN

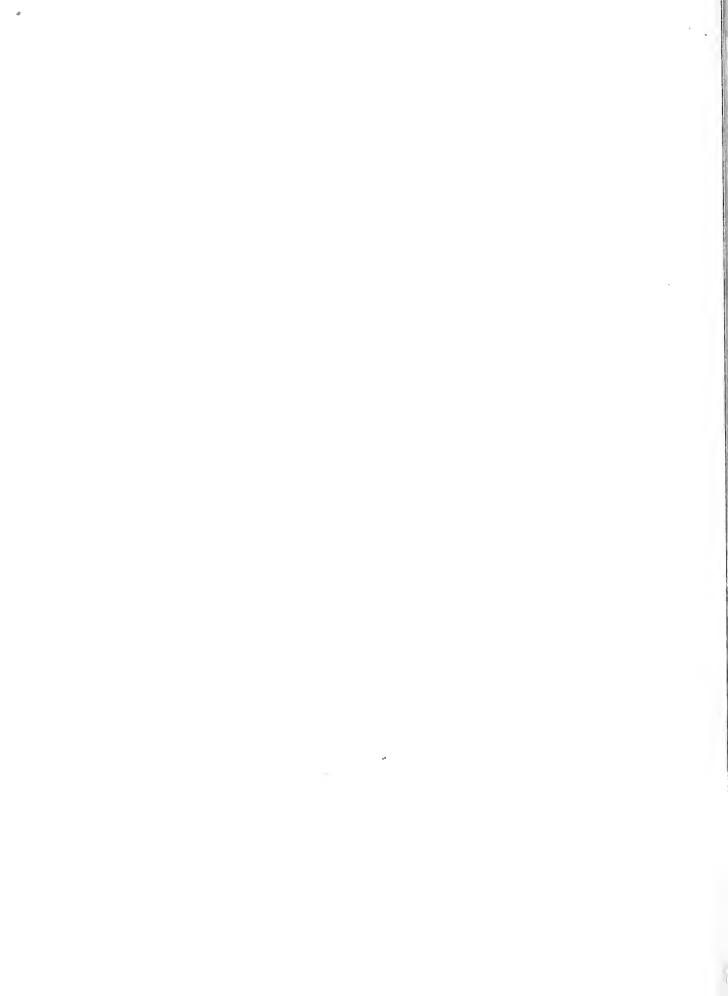
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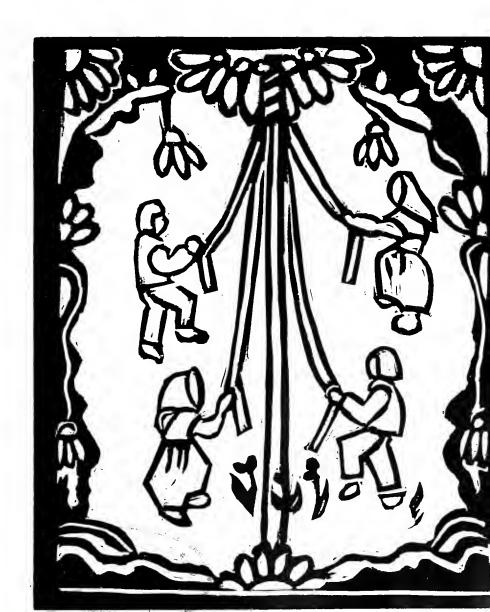


# Tower Light

LUME XV

MBER 8

**AY, 1947** 





# More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

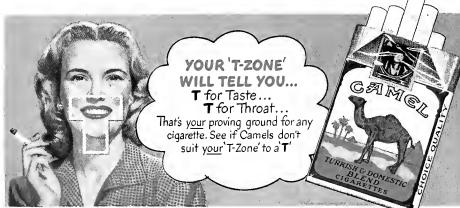
Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality.

Let Polo STAR Cecil Smith tell you in his own words: "That cigarette shortage was a real experience. That's when I learned how much I really appreciated Camels!"

Yes, a lot of smokers found themselves comparing brands during that shortage. Result: Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before in history. But, no matter how great the demand:

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Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Cumel than any other brand.

# MAYDAY



JANE DOWNING

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;

Tomorrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;

Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."

MAY DAY—that wonderful day of flashing colors of red, yellow, blue and green being looped and twisted around the stately, dignified May Pole—May Day—the glorious day that the newly chosen Queen and her lovely maidens reign over the festive kingdom—May Day—the day of gladness—the day of light-moving dancers with swirling skirts, tripping over the green grass, jesters performing before the Queen in an effort to bring smiles to her majesty's lips—May Day—the day of blossoming flowers, filling the air with subtle fragrance and music forever sounding over all. This is May Day as we know it and love it, for in its few existing hours it symbolizes the beauty and loveliness that a heart feels all Spring.

Everyone is interested in the origin of May Day, but as we look back through old records of past centuries we discover a possible two explanations of the celebration. One theory is that May Day is connected with the Roman goddess Maia, the daughter of Mercury. The other theory is that May Day is the direct outcome of the Romans' worship of the goddess Flora, symbol of Springtime and flowers. At any rate, the celebration of May Day has continued from early days up through the centuries.

With the coming of Christianity the celebration was continued. The Christian Church wisely did not forbid this "heathen" festival, since the old purposes had long been forgotten. Still, the Church did not officially recognize it.

May Day was celebrated during the Middle Ages and later, in England, it became a public holiday. The May Day of England was somewhat similar to our own. At dawn everyone who was able to walk went to the forest and fields to pick flowers and blossoming tree limbs. After filling their arms full of sweet smelling flowers they would return to the towns and villages. A tall Maypole was set up and the prettiest girls present were chosen to dance around it and wind its ribbons in and out, just as we do here. The Queen was chosen from the girls at the festival and reigned over

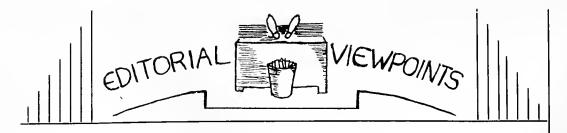
all. There was much frolicking, singing and dancing. Small bands of Chimney Sweeps would wander through the town dressed in brilliantly colored fantastic clothing. They carried brushes and shovels and beat them together when the dancing started. Another figure present was called "Jack-on-the-green." Surrounded by ribbons, herbs and flowers, he would dance about with the Chimney Sweeps and, as a rule, collect most of the money when the "hat" was passed. The Milk Maids carried buckets trimmed with ribbons and flowers in their hair and danced in light, floating dresses. Sometimes a myriad would lead a flower-bedecked cow and dance about her as she moved. Toward night, there were plays, which were usually centered about Robin Hood. It is believed that Robin Hood invited King Henry VIII and his Queen to see the manner in which he and his men lived. The men made two thrones for the King and the Queen and decorated them with Mayflowers. This is supposed to have made a very good impression on Their Majesties.

England celebrated May Day until the time of Oliver Cromwell and then all kinds of celebrations were stopped. Cromwell was a Puritan and the Puritans both in England and America felt that festivals were sinful. After Cromwell's reign, England resumed the old celebrations. The last "May Pole" erected in London was one hundred feet in height and was on the spot where the Church in the Strand stands today. When taken down, it was used as a support for Sir Issac Newton's telescope.

In America, perhaps the most important May Pole was set up on May 1, 1627 at Merry Mount under the leadership of Thomas Morton. Hawthorne says, "It wasn't althogether a dignified celebration but it was a spirited one. In the train were minstrels, not unknown in London streets; wandering players, whose theaters had been the halls of noblemen; mummers rope dancers, and mountebanks, who would long be missed at wakes, church ales and fairs; in a word, mirth makers of every sort, such as abounded in that age."

The Pilgrims could not understand the happy occasion and so, together they marched to Merry Mount and chopped down the May Pole.

However, not even the Pilgrim fathers could bring an end to the festival for the celebration was held again and again. Today we celebrate May Day in our various colleges and villages throughout the world.



# Swimming Pool Fund

IN 1943, the Alumni Association of this school decided to erect a tribute to the men and women from the college who served in World War II. Plans were drawn up for an outdoor pool, and the students agreed to help raise some money toward the project, since most of the students then in the school would be alumni by the time the pool could be built.

Rallies were held in the gymnasium, raffle tickets sold, concessions set up-Students organized themselves in teams to systematically tackle the job, and contributed generously in bonds and stamps.

By the end of last year, the quota of \$10,000 in maturity value of bonds had been reached, yet no building was begun on the project.

Even though the original quota has been reached, the State Board, which has itself contributed generously to the fund, will not approve building plans now because of the high cost of labor and materials. It is to be hoped that conditions will be favorable for the beginning of construction sometime next year.

In the meantime, it is up to the students to decide whether or not they would like to inaugurate another fund-raising campaign next year. This action would not only serve to raise the amount contributed by the student body, but it would also give newer students the opportunity to take an active part in the drive for a pool that will serve them as well as students of former years.

# Teachers and Education

"NO PROFESSION requires greater native talent than teaching children. No calling demands more understanding and patience or a greater store of information. No practitioner needs more highly specialized knowledge, more technical precision and artistic skill than does the teacher. Those who teach should represent the nation's best talent, because the qualities of the teacher are inevitably translanted into the national life."

"In 1920, twenty-two percent of all college students in the United States were attending teachers colleges; in 1945-46 only seven percent."

"The carefully selected, highly educated, professional teacher is vanishing from the American scene at a time when our country must develop the talents of all its children."

..... These excerpts have been taken from "Our Children," the annual report of the teaching profession by the Executive Secretary of the National Education Association of the United States.

~

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THE TOWER LIGHT

# A CANNIBAL KING . . .

Lucille Burroughs

CHIEF KILL STEW EAT yawned luxuriously, turned his back to the sun, and closed his eyes slowly and purposely. To the chief it was heavenly to float along with the quiet ripples of the lagoon and to dream about the joys and leisures bestowed upon him. Each day and night in his cannibalistic fashion, he thanked the great Witch God who had sent this good fortune causing him to be forever Lord and Master over this tribe in Hikakaska. Heretofore, he was merely a brave warrior, killing men for food, from day to day, as did all other warriors, but one day when the strange metal bird with a broken wing crashed in the lake, his necessity to hunt and kill ceased. He was the only warrior present when the great bird fell from the sky so he swam out and proceeded to examine the bird and things floating around it. He took as his own each discarded article, including the soft, rubber boat-like thing which stayed on the water even if he lay upon it. After boasting of his extraordinary powers to the other warriors, they brought him human meat and charms to the one who could lie like a duck on the water and not sink.

Life became lazy, though happy for the chief who no longer hunted, but spent hours on the raft sunning first one side and then the other. A delightful happiness was his with each rising sun of a summer's day on the lazy, lilting lagoon. He was resplendent on his private yacht (the raft) and entirely oblivious to the surrounding world. Most days one would come upon him arrayed in peculiar apparel, floating calmly with the quiet breezes on the still lagoon.

On one typical sunny noon his garb was more unusual than ever. His rotund body was draped with a grass skirt—the only article of clothing worn by the Hikaskan cannibals. Four necklaces which were evidently Air Force souvenirs encircled his monstrous, chocolate-colored neck. One could recognize a priceless necklace as the chief's own—the one of human teeth showing success in great hunts. Three bracelets dangled from his wrist and two fancy garters adorned each of his upper muscled arms. Perched atop his huge stomach were two hats, one a baseball cap covered with charms and toy trinkets, and the other a top hat, impressive in its bareness. A corn-cob pipe was clenched by sharp white teeth in the style of the typical mountaineer.

The grin on Chief Kill Stew Eat's face was one of ecstacy and contentment, as he absorbed the beauty

of the day through half closed eyes. His double chin rested happily on his triple chin; many foods had he stuffed since he had become the revered one. His muscular legs (now grown fat) dangled in the water revealing his lack of activity in the new life he had acquired.

After quietly sleeping for less than an hour aboard his craft, Chief Kill Stew Eat awoke with a start. His sixth sense warned him that something was brewing, and he was immediately afraid. At once he sat upright in the rubber raft and peered left and right across the lagoon. Nothing was there of which to be afraid, so once more the chief gingerly distributed his 350 pounds comfortably on the raft. Five minutes of non-disturbed relaxation followed before the chief again sensed an approaching danger. Perspiring freely, eyes bulging, frightened and uneasy, the chief arose and carefully scanned the water surrounding the raft.

There, flashing in the sun just a few yards away he saw the pointed teeth of a ferocious looking maneating shark. As quickly as his languid mind would allow, Chief Kill Stew Eat decided to elude the shark before it saw him and formed opinions of its own. Using his wide flat feet as paddles, the chief vigorously started toward the opposite shore, nearly a hundred yards distant. The sudden stir in the water aroused the shark and, as he saw the rapidly diminishing figure he, too, ceased basking in the sun and sped after the retreating chief. Chief Kill Stew Eat had a good start, but the shark was gaining and the evil look in his eyes cautioned the chief that it would be unwise to lose any time. With every fiber of his being, with all the effort he could muster, he strained to outdistance the shark. Now only a few yards from the shore, he sprang from the raft and half fell in the water. He lumbered as rapidly as possible to the shore, his immense frame waddling as he did so. Breathless, he tumbled in a heap at the foot of a shady mangomango tree.

Fanning himself with a leaf of the tree and still breathing heavily, he thanked the unknown god for his miraculous escape. Still the feeling of impending danger lurked about him, for as he glanced around he realized that he was in unfamiliar territory. What should he do; should he recross the lagoon? He didn't enjoy that prospect, however, for in his mind's eye he saw the glistening teeth of the shark sinking into

(Continued on page 4)



### Radishes

IN CONNECTION with their study of soil propagation, which was begun early in February, members of the third grade in the Lida Lee School recently planted many rows of radishes on the hillside opposite the Glen.

These third grade pupils learned through their studies that contour plowing should be used on a hillside, and wrote to Farmer Brown, asking him to do the plowing for them. Since the area to be plowed is small, and the tractor large, the farmer felt it would not be possible to turn the tractor around as often as would be required. Therefore the land was plowed in straight furrows, and the gardeners placed stones in the plowed ridges to keep the soil from running down the incline.

When the ground was ready, the radish seeds were planted. In due time, with the aid of the sunshine and rain, young plants popped through the soil, "all in rows", as one pupil exclaimed. His teacher, Miss Hill, had to help him understand that since the radishes were planted in rows, they would naturally grow in rows.

The daily progress in the life of the radishes is recorded in a dairy being kept by all members of the class. A typical entry reads as follows:

"April 9—We marked spaces for our gardens with stones. We had 5 streets. We named them Mountain Side Drive, Charles St. and Thomas Ave. We cleaned away sticks, racked the soil fine and made little stone walls to keep the soil from washing away."

Each pupil has made a wooden marker to place in the rows of the garden. These markers are pieces of wood painted white with brightly colored figures of animals or vegetables nailed to the tops. The markers are being kept in the class-room until Glen Day, when they will be placed in the garden, so that visitors may view them as well as the radishes. At the end of the year, the students plan to take their crop home for their parents to see.

# Prophecy (Poem)

BERNICE SHUGAR

You wouldn't think to look at me
I have poetic urges
To write a sonnet or a verse
Or melancholy dirges.
You'd never even guess that I
Will maybe write a play
A novel like "The Citadel"
Or "Arrowsmith" some day.
Perhaps you think my works of art
No niche will ever fill;
I'll tell you now, my dear sweet friends
You're right; they never will.

### A CANNIBAL KING

(Continued from page 3)

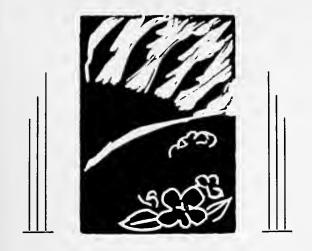
his fat body. He could possibly call upon the warriors of his tribe to rescue him from this precarious predicament. If he did call, suppose members of a warring tribe should answer. Would they dare molest the regal dignity of the chief who floats upon the water? Never, for his great powers were known to all tribes on Hikakaska. And so, he raised his voice in a loud plea, hoping that his warriors across the lagoon would hear and come to his aid.

Indeed someone did hear and someone did come. Unfortunately they were not his warriors but members of the enemy tribe, Unga-Munga. His former illusions of granduer were shattered as many spears pointed at him instantly. In his most dignified manner he stated,

"You cannot touch me, I am the great Chief Kill Stew Eat, who floats upon the water."

But his cries were in vain, for they continued to drag him toward their village. As the dancing black warriors pondered over his enormous size, the chief visualized the great pot of steaming water and the village of hungry people.

The Second National Bank of Towson, Md.



# For the Beauty of the Earth

For the beauty of the earth There is no least of these, For the rambling verdant hills And the foamy seas.

For beauty of the crimson rose
The evening's purple hue,
The snow that bends the emerald pine
The morning's cloak of dew.

For dandelion's glowing gold The bluebird's matchless blue, The silver crashing waterfall Warm brown the fawn so new.

For beauty of the Maker, Who, Stirred breathless harmony and art And fashioned with a rainbow brush The magic they impart.

So on, forever, tinted life
Dash on grey rocks, O seas,
Let Nature's trumpet sound to all
The sky, the lake, the trees.

For towering oak that lofty sways Amidst a mighty breeze, For the beauty of the earth There is no least of these.

RUTHE K. STROH, JR. Special

# Spring

M. Worley

IT IS SPRING and your thoughts wander back over the years, and you are lonely.

You want to come home but you have no home; you want to rest but there is no rest.

The world surrounds you with a sad beauty and suddenly you realize there was no beginning and there will be no end.

In your search for the truth you have lost sight of the sky. The shell which harbors your soul has become brittle. It is your shield for lost aims and forgotten loves.

The universe awakens a little more each day. It bathes your memory, reviving residual hope.

It is time once more to pick up the thread of your search. You struggle to break the chains of this proud, hypocritical world, climb higher into the world of harmony and truth.

# Our May Court & & & & &

MARY LOU WALLACE

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY, here at our school, represents more than just the Senior class beauty. Her personality and temperment should be as gracious as her beauty. Louise Coffman, this year's Queen, more than fulfills this bill. The small, dark-haired lass from Timonium is well known not only for her natural good looks and lovely smile, but also for her truly lovely manner. In class, Louise is quiet, assured, well-informed, proof that beauty can also have brains. (And she is a good cook, too.)

Jean Nelson, our Maid of Honor is the girl with the pert nose and the smart clothes. Tall, tawny haired, striking, Jean is the kind of girl you look at twice. An honor student, and member of the Kappa Delta Pi, this graduate of Baltimore's Eastern High School is certainly easy to look at.

The ten lovely girls in the court are representative of our student body in that they hail from both the city and several counties. Charlotte Diener, Marian Smyrk, Coryne' Harmison, Shirley Zimmerman and Peggy Crump are Baltimoreans; while Etta Jane Murray, Nancy Dallam, Betty Townsend, Cathy Comstock and Cecy Moran are county students. In the line of vital statistics, there are 3 brunettes in the court, 4 blondes, and all the rest brownettes. That's right—no red-head! Four of the girls, Marian, Coryne, Etta Jane, and Shirley sport rings on that certain finger, but the rest of them are free and beautiful.



CHECKING ACCOUNTS CHECKMASTER (No Minimum) CHECKING

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

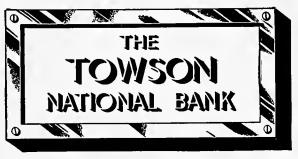
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# DE LUXE SADDLERY

*Importers* 

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### Hot Air in the Ether

C. Doenges

AN INTEGRAL PART of the modern American mode of living is the radio, and the news commentator and analyst is a vital cog in that industry. For years now, especially since the beginning of World War II, Americans have been avid listeners to the so-called experts, whose analyses and prognostications of world events have thrilled countless millions. The potato grower in Maine, the Wall Street financier, the coal miner in Pennsylvania, the slum-dweller of the Chicago South Side, and virtually every other citizen of this country have become chronically addicted to the words of the newscasters. The major networks have taken complete advantage of this new American sweettooth and have staffed themselves with what is perhaps an overabundance of smooth-talking commentators, whose only claims to fame are high-sounding names and an ability to intrigue the public.

One of the more famous personalities in this profession is Gabriel Heater, whose opening commentary, "Ah yes, there's good news tonight," has long been a by-word to comedians, because, when properly spoken, it is guaranteed to produce tumultuous laughter. As for Mr. Heater, he is one of those rare types of broadcasters who can make even the most savage tragedy sound unimportant. If difficulties could be overcome as easily as Mr. Heater would have us believe, the recent war could have been terminated several days after it began. Another member of this minute clan of well-wishers is Lowell Thomas, whose name and daily quarter-hour broadcast have become household traditions. His program is a basic one, as he is usually at some resort, and when he goes on the air he tosses constant puns at his faithful announcer and reads several trivial, but humorous excerpts from the news.

Sharply contrasted to the see-no-evil-reporters is the rapidly growing group of commentators who go beneath the smooth outer surface of the American government and come up with loud accusations such as "Moe Blatz is a Communist because he wears red ties and drinks vodka," or "Senator Blooper was seen reading a copy of 'P.M.' and eating caviar, and therefore is unfit to hold his seat in the upper house." Leading this field is Drew Pearson, whose radio program and syndicated newspaper column, "Washington Merry-go-round," are said to exert more influence than the works of any other correspondent in the capital. Mr. Pearson is rapidly amassing a fortune because the

(Continued on page 7) THE TOWER LIGHT

# Library Additions

The Dragon and The Eagle by Delia Goetz; Vanguard Press, XXX. "... an exciting account of a whole period of Chinese-American relations," from the Flying Cloud to Flying Tigers. Published in collaboration with Foreign Policy Assn.

Yes and No Stories by George and Helen Papashvily; Harper Brothers. A book of Georgian Folk Tales by the authors of Anything Can Happen. This is living literature of the peoples living between the Black and Caspian Seas.

Steamboats Come True by James Thomas Flexner; Viking Press. Who was the inventor of the steamboat? Mr. Flexner is frankly more interested in personalities than in mechanics; tells of race for success; satisfying those wanting the mechanical facts; emphasis is, however, on the nature of inventive genius and its effect on the world of men.

Horses I Have Known by Will James; World Publishing Co. Will James knows the horse of the western plains; here he tells the stories of a number of horses, good and bad, that he has known. "The equal of anything Will James has written."

The Dark Horse by Will James, Grosset and Dunlop. The story of a thoroughbred wild horse with a pedigree a mile long and dating back to B.C. Charro and Colonel, the dark horse and his companion, rank with Smoky.

### HOT AIR IN THE ETHER

(Coutinued from page 6)

programs on which he conducts his "mud-slinging" campaigns against public officials are very much in demand. As Mr. Pearson's New York counterpart, Walter Winchell has the largest radio audience of any commentator, and he too takes great pride in ridiculing high government officials. Unfortunately Mr. Winchell does not stop here, but, possessed with a Louella Parsons complex, he delivers dissertations to his listeners on the marriages, divorces, and expectancies of prominent people.

That the radio commentor plays an important part in the American system, has been established; but, as for myself, I'll stick to the funny papers, especially L'il Abner and Dick Tracy. When Campus-Minded Girls
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### The Once Over

WILLIAM CLINE

WE HAVE just read Thunder Out of China by Theodore H. White and Annalee Jacoby. Though we enjoyed the book we are of the opinion that there are far too many "eye witness" accounts. Since John Gunther started his "Inside" series, every correspondent overseas has given his personal viewpoint upon some aspect of the international situation. We think it rather presumptuous of Mr. White and Miss Jacoby to attempt to explain China in a few hundred pages composed mostly of opinion. It is time that real scholars studied the Chinese situation from every possible angle. What is needed now are facts, not opinions, as to whether the Communists or the Chiang government is best. We need to have the true picture of the happenings in China before we can condemn either party.

Joe Miller was a popular English actor. When he died in 1738, a London publishing house decided to use his name on a new book. *Joe-Miller's Jests* was published in 1739. It was the first best seller on record. We'd like to reprint a joke or two, but our censor won't allow it. Boston would probably ban the book.

We are sure that Boston sponsored "Godey's Lady's Book." This was a household authority in the middle of the nineteenth century. "The perfect hostess" wrote the editor, "will see to it that the works of male and female authors are strictly seperated. Their proximity on the shelves, unless they happen to be married, should not be tolerated."

The executive council of the S. G. A. works hard preparing a budget. When the budget comes upon the floor, some of the students think it a bad one. Then they get up and wrangle over it for an hour, usually accomplishing nothing. Instead of the opposition trying to think on their feet while discussing the merits and fallacies of a budget that the council has worked on for a period of weeks, they should formulate their ideas before the meeting and then present their case. This would save much time and trouble.

We like the enthusiasm with which Mr. Levine tackles a job. He almost single-handedly aroused student interest in the variety show. A few people like Mr. Levine more than counteract the many who sit around and dully repeat that "there just isn't any school spirit here."

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# Tower Light

OLUME XV

JMBER 9

NE, 1947





# More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

Yes, experience during the shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality!



IVING Champion Mildred O'Donnell hasn't forgotten the war shortage of cigarettes. "I never realized there were such differences in cigarettes until the shortage," she recalls. "That's when I really learned what cigarette suits me best - Camel.'

Millions of others had the same experience, with the result that today more Camels are being smoked than ever before in bistory. But, no matter how great the demand:

> We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos. properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

# More Doctors Smoke Camels than any other cigarette

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.



## Dr. Wiedefeld's Farewell Message

I KNEW when I accepted the presidency of the State Teachers College at Towson and thereby assumed leadership for the education of the teachers of Central and Southern Maryland, that I was moving into the culminating activity of my professional career. I promised myself that it would last just ten years. I did not know that a second world war was in the offing and that it would crowd ten years of problems, and handicaps, and changes, and accomplishments into nine calendar years. But that is what happened and so my ten years are up. I leave you for whatever work awaits me. I want a good vacation first in which I hope to do a deal of "tinkering" and "pottering." Before I tire of that I am sure there will be jobs to do

and I shall begin a new kind of living. I am looking forward to it with enthusiastic expectancy.

I shall miss all of my associates at the college. I am leaving one of the finest college faculties in the United States, and I bequeath to my successor a staff of assistants in the library, the offices, the dormitories, the shops, the kitchen, the power house, the laundry, and the fields which is unequaled anywhere. I pass to him also a student body fine in all respects and having potentialities for becoming finer.

From now on we shall be fellow alumni and I shall be happy at all times to work in the interest of my alma mater.

M. Theresa Wiedefeld

## Looking Back . . .

THE LAST four or five years of Dr. Wiedefeld's administration have been critical ones in the history of this college.

With the advent of the war, our college like all colleges was stripped of its men students and teachers. Many Maryland teachers left to go into the Service or into more lucrative warwork. The demand was put upon S.T.C. to help alleviate the teacher shortage.

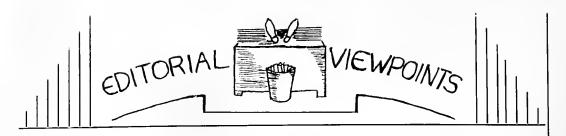
The College under the able leadership of Dr. Wiede-feld made creditable efforts to relieve the situation. Ten-week summer courses were give to allow students to graduate in three years instead of four, and cadet teachers were sent out for the elementary grades after a special six weeks training course. In nineteen forty-five tuition was eliminated. These temporary adjustments helped carry the Maryland school system through the war years. However, the real relief came this year when, partly because of the arguments of Maryland's teacher colleges, the state government raised teacher salaries.

At the close of the war the college responded to the sudden influx of students in all schools by installing a Junior College Division, where veterans and high school graduates have been given excellent instruction without being subjected to the overcrowding so common in most other colleges.

Besides leaving behind a fine record of achievements, Dr. Wiedefeld has instigated several plans for our future.

Under her able guidance, our college has begun to grow. The coming years will see the continuance of that growth. We shall miss Dr. Wiedefeld, but we hope that she will keep in contact with us, and that she will see many of her plans for us bear fruit.

WILLIAM CLINE



#### Method vs. Matter

IN THE EVENING SUN of May 15, Mr. William E. Wilson presented an article entitled, Teacher Training, in which he discussed method vs. matter in regard to the training of teachers for the public schools of Maryland. Mr. Wilson introduced a hypothetical graduate of a liberal arts college whose sad plight upon trying to obtain a position with the Baltimore City Board of Education was related.

According to the article, the candidate was turned down because, even though he had earned two degrees in the subject which he wanted to teach and had taught in a private school, he had no Education courses and no practice teaching.

We sympathize with Mr. Wilson's would-be teacher in his desire to have the best possible training in that subject which he expected to teach. And we agree that perhaps the curricula of such an institution as ours does show a lack of complete training in any one course. But we cannot understand Mr. Wilson's readiness to discount the value of the Education courses we get here. Surely even he has had the all-too-universal experience of wasting time and energy in the class of some particularly brilliant scholar who knew his subject matter well but could not get any of this knowledge across to his students.

There is more to teaching than just knowing the subject matter to be taught, and it is in recognition of this fact that Maryland insists that its teachers know the *how* as well as the *what* of the profession.

We would also have Mr. Wilson remember that our college is primarily a training school for elementary teachers and that, as such it must be concerned first of all with the welfare of the children to be taught. An elementary school child—according to that "vague" course, Educational Psychology—is in the most formative period of his life. He is much more influenced by the personalities he comes in contact with than by any subject matter that may be presented to him.

Under our present system, the elementary teacher is in charge of the child for about six hours each day. Is it not much more important therefore, that she know something of child psychology, that she know the growth patterns of children, that she know how to account for the actions of certain children of certain ages, than that she know about the epic Beowulf or the writings of Chaucer?

Subject matter is important, and our college has not neglected it. But it must be remembered that our "major" is THE CHILD. Even Mr. Wilson will admit there is no more important subject.

## Knowledge

KNOWLEDGE is of two kinds: we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.

Samuel Johnson

#### S

#### THE STAFF

#### EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Mildred Levy Helen Nitkoski

#### ASSOCIATE

WILLIAM CLINE

LITERARY EDITOR

#### SPORTS EDITOR

SAM KEIFFER

#### ART FOITOR

SYLVIA ROSEN

#### BUSINESS MANAGER

PHYLLIS KESSELING

#### CIRCULATION MANAGER

MARGIE WORLEY

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MR. W. FRANK GUESS
DR. CURT E. WALTHER
MRS. BERNICE BROUWER
DR. EUNICE CRABTREE

#### COVER

SYLVIA STEIGLEMAN



## To The Students .

NEXT YEAR the Tower Light will undergo a transformation from a literary magazine to a newspaper. This will necessitate changes in the staff structure and in the type of material used. The new staff will consist of an Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor elected by you to supervise the new publication, and those departmental editors and writers necessary for the smooth running of the paper. Emphasis will be on material that is timely and of interest to the various groups of students present on our campus.

A "Letters to the Editor" column will probably be instigated and from your letters the staff will decide what kind of articles you want in your paper. Columns such as book-review, movies, fashions, etc., have been suggested. Some of these will be given a trial and your reaction will determine whether or not they will remain. The staff hopes that the students will respond to our plea for opinions and criticism.

The Constitution for the new Tower Light reads as follows:

#### Preamble

The Tower Light is the official publication of the Student Government Association of the State Teachers College at Towson.

Article I Name

The publication shall be called the Tower Light.

Article II
Purpose

The purpose of the Tower Light is to provide an organ for the student expression, to further worthy projects in the school, and to report all activities of interest to the students.

Article III

NATURE

The Tower Light will be published semi-monthly during the school year. There will be approximately sixteen issues each year.

Article IV

STAFF

Section 1: Election-

The Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor of the Tower Light shall be elected by the student body of the college during the regular February elections of the Student Government Association.

Section 2: Term of Office-

The term of office of these staff members shall be from February to February.

JUNE · 1947

Section 3: Eligibility—

Any student not expecting to do practice teaching during this term of office is eligible for the positions.

Section 4: Duties—

It is the duty of the Editor-in-Chief to formulate policies, edit all material contributed for publication, and to act as liaison officer between student body, staff, faculty and printer.

It is the duty of the Managing Editor to make assignments and to be responsible for collecting all material from contributors.

Section 5: The Rest of the Staff—

The staff of the Tower Light shall be appointed by the Editor from members of the student body; it shall consist of those department editors and contributors which are necessary for the most efficient operation of the newspaper.

Article V

#### AMENDMENTS

Amendments to this constitution must be approved by the Executive Board of the Student Government Association by a majority vote of the members of that body.

Any suggestions would be greatly appreciated and carefully considered.

There are several difficulties inherent in changing from a magazine to a newspaper. Some are general ones such as the necessary changes in the type of material and point of view of the publication. Others are peculiar to our college. The different parts of our student body—Junior College, Elementary Division and next year, the Junior High School and Kindergarten Divisions belong in the latter group. Certainly a literary magazine was ineffective as a medium of expression for such a diversified group of students. We sincerely believe that a newspaper, written by, for and about the students, will better answer this need.

We, the Staff, pledge to do our job to the very best of our abilities. With the support, tolerance and cooperation of the student body, we will do our utmost to make the Tower Light a newspaper that you will be eager to read and proud to own.

THE TOWER LIGHT STAFF

Results of the Tower Light elections:

Editor-in-Chief—WILLIAM CLINE Managing Editor—BILL WOOD

## Taking a Walk

BERNICE SHUGAR

I herewith state, affirm, declare: I will not walk from Here to There, But for the good of flesh and soul Go rambling toward no certain goal.

Nor will I have a limit set
Upon my time—a gnawing threat
To harass me and dim my pleasure.
I'll have no smug-faced gadget measure
The seconds when I wish to stand
And stare at birds or grains of sand,
Or follow trails still unexplored
That lure with promise of adventure
Which no Real Walker could afford
To miss—by having an indenture
With something stubborn as a mule,
Inviting Nature's ridicule.

And so I state, affirm, declare: I will not walk from Here to There, But turn me homeward when I will— Regardless of a watch's skill.

## To The May Queen

Persephone returns again to Mother Earth Who sad, neglected, waiting her rebirth From mourning, joyous lifts her weary eye And hopeful, sees the queen of spring draw nigh. Her scepter swaying, Spring assumes her reign, Awakes all life within her wide domain. Men, praising Earth for her glorious display Make pageants, fetes, to welcome this glad day. Gather we now to pay homage to the Spring. Beautious Queen, behold your subjects bring Tributes of melody, of love, and joys, All pleasing scenes that royalty enjoys. We gather round your throne, this happy day So accept our humble praise, fair Queen of May.

Helen Hanson

## Waterworks by Night

BERNICE SHUGAR

I walked past the reservoir at night—Dynamos throbbed; the filters hissed; From the water an ethereal mist Rose slowly in the pale electric light. The waterworks is an eerie sight—A dim gnome world with lamps around, Pulsing to the dynamos' low sound, Hidden in the Goblin quilt of night. It would surprise the town to learn That an elfin world of fitful misty glow, Filled with the hum of a goblin dynamo, Lies behind the faucet that they turn, That a universe like those of fairy lore Lies unsought, in the common reservoir.

## "Beginning or the End"

Joan Johanson

"The Lost Week-End": The week-end before exam week when you should have been studying, but went out instead. Hmmmmm!

"One Exciting Week": May 30th to June 6th.

"Blue Skies": Exam Monday.

"Night and Day": Cramming.

"Deadline at Dawn": Staying up almost all the night before the toughest exams.

"Valley of Fear": Room 220.

"The Strangers": The famous men I forgot to study. "The Killers": The questions I was sure they wouldn't

ask (so of course didn't study).

"Beast With Five Fingers": The characters who cover up their answers.

"Undercurrent": Psst! psst! What's the answer to No. 36?

"Decoy": Violent cough—deep moan—No. "36 is true."

"Deception": Oh, those ingenious cribes.

"The Mad Monster": The eager-beaver who never worries about exams because he studies all semester long.

"They Made Me a Criminal": Teachers who give finals.

"Smash Up": Comparing your answers outside with the class brain.

"Nobody Lives Forever": The feeling you get after handing in the last exam.

"Tomorrow is Forever": Awaiting the grim results. "Stairway to Heaven": Hallelujah! We made it—

See you all in September!

THE TOWER LIGHT

#### Readin' this Summer

HERE ARE a few of the books, from the old and new, our library correspondent thinks might make for summer reading pleasure. The categories are varied, in keeping with tastes, in light of Miss Yoder's remark that "some folks want the heavier stuff" and with our own feeling that summer reading might be light reading.

One new book which is on the "Should Be Read" list is Mrs. George C. Marshall's Together. The story of General of the Army George C. Marshall has reached a high point with his position as Secretary of State; his wife here fills in the years that went before. Together is one of the most heartening books of a dark decade. Also, as General Marshall will not write his own memoirs, it is a most important book. Aside from its topical subject matter, it is one of the great love stories of our time."

For the short story fans, there are two new volumes by Eudora Welty in the STC library. A Curtain of Green, which numbers among its contents seventeen stores, has Time and The New Yorker waxing lyrical. The Wide Net, containing eight long stories, prompted Sinclair Lewis to say that the authoress "has become possibly the most distinguished of the new storytellers." Miss Yoder tells the writer that Mr. Guess has recommended both books.

Now comes a book which one person has classified as "tough", Robert Lowell's Lord Weary's Castle. This book has received the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry. This volume contains thirty-two new poems as well as ten poems revised from an earlier volume. While this might take a little time to digest, Lowell is a poet of whom we should at least have nodding knowledge. On second thought, don't ask for this book at the library!!!! Yours truly has decided to take it. Line forms at the right.

Special!!!! For the graduates, and those that flunked Dr. Walther's Economics course, we present Fritz Sternberg's The Coming Crisis. Here's some quotations from the jacket—"We shall not avert the economic crisis of 194? Will we meet it better than we did in 1929? If we fail, the world may face a new war. A long proven record for accurate prediction, based on all facts and clear reasoning, makes Fritz Sternberg one to be heard and heeded now. At the end he offers a program for progressives".

These are just a few suggestions. Wander up to the library and browse around, you may find some other book to help fill out your reading schedule to your satisfaction.

Francis Barnette

## What Are You Doing This Summer?

VINNIE LOWE-

Sleep, get married, play baseball.

ANN CLOTWORTHY—

Waiting for the plane to come in from Panama.

GEORGE LEVINE—

Sleep, paint and garden.

IIM DARNABY—

Follow his philosophy..... Eat, drink and be merry for today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday.

DICK HANDLER-

Play ball for the Orioles???????

GINNY YOUNG—

Work in Washington "If I don't fail and go to summer school."

RUTH DEHOFF—

Work in a hotel in Massachusettes as a waitress with Edith Paul, Margie Worley and Marie Sanderson.

GINNY SPALDING—

Stay in Baltimore and work. (Can't imagine her not going home to see that ex-Air Corps man.)

MARGARET HENNLEIN-

Work on the farm at home. (You know what happened to the Farmer's Daughter.)

IOE SCOTT-

Play golf and perhaps play in a band.

SHIRLEY TALBRET—

Take a vacation....it's been three years since I've had one.

JEAN NELSON-

Work at a camp in Pennsylvania.

BILL WOOD—

He and his convertible are going to give the gals in California a break.

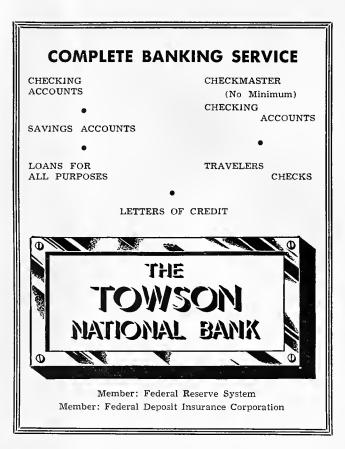
Кеттн Кемвого—

Make trips in the general direction of Annapolis (could there be a woman involved?)

JOHN HILKER-

Work at Greenspring putting milk bottles on top of artesian wells to rinse them out.

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#### The Once Over

WILLIAM CLINE

WE WENT to the Washington Zoo the other day. The penguins that Byrd brought back this year are there. They are placid, even dispositioned birds. They stood and stared at the people, other penguins and the scenery with the same expressionless and vicious look. They reminded us of a group of college students listening to a lecture.

We have heard much blame heaped on the heads of the German people for their belief in the divine right of Germany to rule. It is right that those Germans be chastised for such illogical beliefs. However, let us not think that this is only a German fault. We quote here a speech given in the U. S. House of Representatives on August 15, 1916,

"I have an abiding and an unbounded faith in the great destiny and in the undying glory of my country. I believe that the time is not far distant when we shall have complete military and naval, economic and industrial, intellectual and spiritual prepardness; when American genius and American influence will dominate the nations and overshadow the earth. . . . and whether proceeding from the mouth of an ambassador or from the hot throats of Federal guns, the mandate of the great Republic will be heard and obeyed throughout the earth."

We hear others deploring educational regimentation in the countries and we agree that regimentation is a bad thing. Yet we remember that in 1922 the "Committee on Studies and Textbooks" of the public schools of New York City (consisting of principals and teachers) declared in their report of March 27, 1922: "The textbook must contain no statement in derogation or in disparagement of the achievements of American heroes. It must not question the sincerity of the aims and the purposes of the founders of the Republic or of those who have guided its destinies . . . . (In discussing the American Revolution), "everything essential is accomplished when it is made plain to the pupils that the Colonists had just grievances; that they rebelled because they could obtain no redress; that they were inspired by a fierce love of liberty; that they counted neither the cost nor the odds against them; that the dominating spirit of the Revolution is found in the words of Nathan Hale: 'I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country'."

A necessary adjunct to a college education is a course in logic. Too many students think that the word discussion is synonymous with argument.

#### From the Graduates



WE'VE ALL HEARD the old saying, "College days are the best days of your life.'' How true that really seems to us asour college days are ending. Our four years at State Teachers College have been free and happy ones. We represented one of the last war time classes. We were small in number but were large in

plans and ideals. Through the cooperation and help of our college president, Dr. Wiedefeld, our class advisor, Miss Roach, the members of the faculty and our fellow students, we were able to achieve at least part of our ideals.

Yes, our college days have been successful, but without the generous advice and aid of Miss Roach, who patiently saw us through many trials and struggles, our success could not have been great. Her friendship will always be a bright light in our memories of the days at Towson. We are indeed indebted to her.

Because we were perhaps one of the smallest classes at the college we had the opportunity of knowing the faculty members and Dr. Wiedefeld very well. Through our activities Dr. Wiedefeld became acquainted with us. It was with regret that we learned of her leaving the college and we sincerely believe that the spirit of friendship which we feel toward her will remain a strong link in the chain of our college memories.

We cannot possibly say farewell to the days of happiness found here at Towson. There are too many things we can never forget or put aside. Our hearts are sad as we think of leaving behind our college friends, but we can always look forward to a bright future and to meeting again. So, it's not "farewell" from the seniors, but "so long for a while." We will always be with you, at least in our memories!

ETTA JANE MURRAY,

President of the Senior Class.

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## Calendar for 1947-1948

Registration—First Semester							
All Freshmen							
All other studentsFriday, Sept. 12							
Schedule of work for first semester:							
All FreshmenThursday, Sept. 11							
All other students							
Dormitories open for resident students:							
Resident Freshmen3 P.M., Tuesday, Sept. 9							
Other resident studentsFriday, Sept. 12							
Thanksgiving recess begins4 P.M., Wednesday,							
Nov. 26							
Classes are resumed9 A.M., Monday, Dec. 1							
Christmas recess begins4 P.M., Friday, Dec. 19							
Classes are resumed9 A.M., Monday, Jan. 5							
Founders DayThursday, Jan. 15							
First Semester endsThursday, Jan. 29							
Second Semester—							
RegistrationMonday and Tuesday Feb. 2 and 3							
Classes are resumedWednesday, Feb. 4							
Easter recess begins4 P.M., Wednesday, Mar. 24							
Classes are resumed9 A.M., Tuesday, Mar. 30							
Second Semester endsFriday, June 11							
CommencementTuesday, June 15							
LIDA LEE TALL SCHOOL							
Regular work beginsMonday, Sept. 8							
School closes Friday, June 11 (185 days)							

The Second National Bank of Towson, Ald.

## Kef's Korner

F. SAM KEIFFER

SPRING IS HERE and almost past . . . . The Glen activities have increased... The athletic departments have geared their programs to meet the students' demands . . . . The feminine set is out these days with softball, badminton, volleyball and archery, taking up the lassies time . . . The men have spread their activities to include intercollegiate baseball, track, golf, and rifle, and tennis . . . Coach Minnegan soon hopes to be a full fledged "Doctor" . . . We'll officially tab the new gym "Dr. Minnegan's Health Farm" as soon as he receives his purple hood . . . In bygone days, Towson had national championship soccer teams; ah, for the return of glory to our campus... Of the original active "hatchetmen" only three made the baseball team... Thanks to Mr. Von Schwerdtner for the excellent job turned in with our baseball team . . . . Towson has definitely become big time in the athletic world as well as the academic . . . Take a look at next year's schedules . . . Like to wish the various teams of our school the best of luck during the coming seasons ... Although Towson didn't win every contest during the past season, we walked away with the "Sportsmanship" crown—let's keep it . . .

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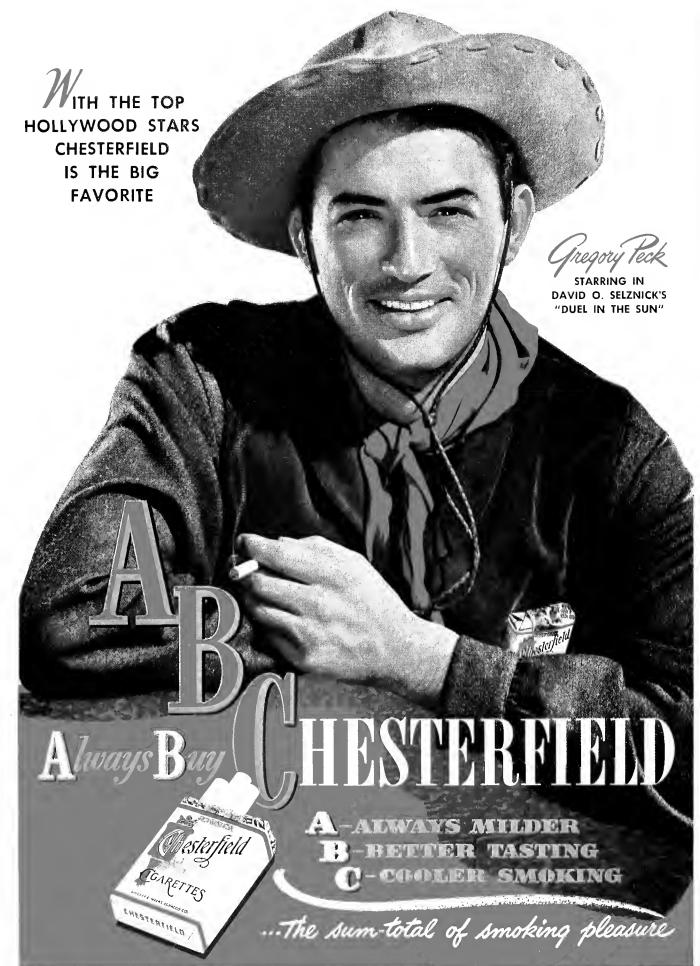
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